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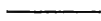
A BRUSH WITH THE HALF-BREEDS.

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Young

.. THE ..

# YOUNG NEWSPAPER SCOUT.



An interesting narrative of a boy's adventures in the Northwest during the Riel Rebellion.



BY  
FORREST CRISSEY.



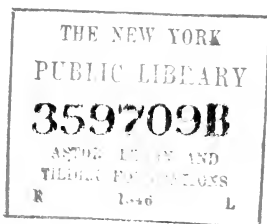
Author of "A LODI GIRL," "THE YOUNG EXPLORER,"  
... ETC. ...



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## PREFACE.

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Canner- June 25, 1946

THIS book is written by the author in the belief that boys enjoy best those stories which are truest to real life in characters, plot and coloring. It has seemed to him that their interest in a "hero" who has the faults and limitations of "a good average boy," acting under environments of ordinary importance and probability, is keener than in an impossible prodigy of juvenile wisdom and courage who finds himself in a complex tangle of stupendous difficulties, from which he frees himself by a series of daring adventures sufficiently melodramatic to appal the "heavy villain" in a third-rate tragedy.

The boy who has a single real adventure, in the usual juvenile acceptance of the term, is a rare exception, for in *outward* circumstance and perils most boyhoods are commonplace enough. What, then, shall be said of the books which picture their boy heroes as suffering from an epidemic—a veritable cholera-infantum—of material perils? Certainly they are not true pictures of boy life as an average, or even as an average of reasonable exceptions.

It is to be doubted whether the time has come when the mass of story-reading American boys can

be vitally and surely interested in a true picture of "average" boyhood; but the author does believe that boy readers are bright and keen enough to derive greater pleasure from the account of the struggles of a boy of only average qualities against odds and obstacles of reasonable number and difficulty, than from the narrative of the "adventures" of a boy of impossible virtues, triumphing over perils which, both in character and number, could in no human probability have surrounded one boy in ten-thousand.

The author does not imagine that he has given in the following pages a true picture of the vicissitudes of an average boyhood; but he hopes that the adventures of "The Young Newspaper Scout," are fairly representative of the character, perils and triumphs of the "average of exceptions" which lift the lives of frontier boys from the lines of uniform common place in which the careers of most boys are spent. He is at least confident that his readers will not find a single "situation" in the following story which is not justified by reasonable probability. More than that, he believes that the same justification of probability will apply to the story as a whole, both in the environments and situations with which Rodney found himself surrounded and in the action which they called forth.

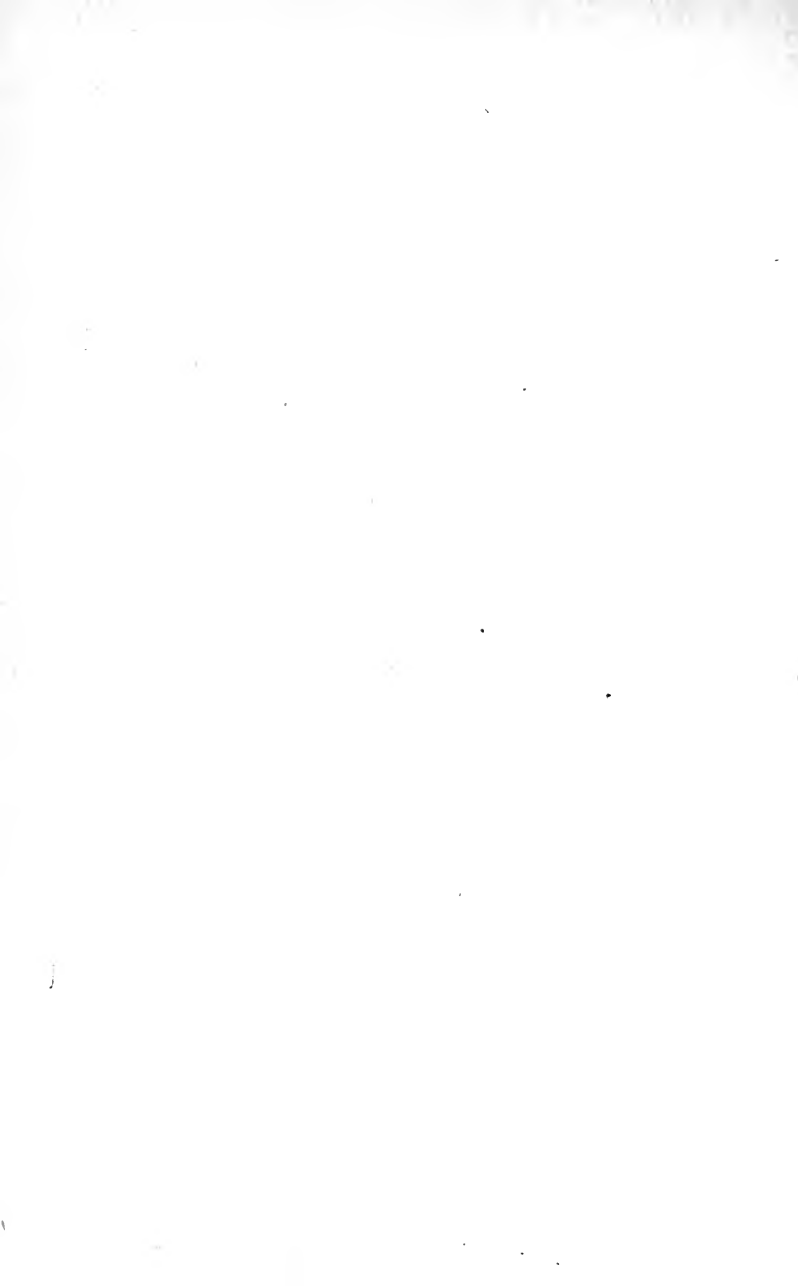
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## CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. IN DESPERATE STRAITS.....	9
II. A NEW HOPE.....	14
III. FORTUNE OF WAR.....	26
IV. PROUD PREPARATIONS.....	33
V. A BRUSH WITH THE HALF-BREEDS.....	40
VI. A FIERCE BATTLE AT FISH CREEK.....	52
VII. THE LOST CHILD.....	64
VIII. A FORAGING EXPEDITION....	77
IX. AN INDIAN AMBUSH.....	92
X. UNDER DOUBLE FIRE.....	101
XI. CAMP SCENES.....	109
XII. THE ROUT OF THE REBELS.....	117
XIII. IN AT THE CAPTURE.....	127
XIV. ON THE TRAIL OF BIG BEAR.....	134
XV. THE CACHE.....	143
XVI. THE NIGHT ALARM.....	153
XVII. THE RETURN.....	162
XVIII. AN INDEPENDENT VENTURE.....	170
XIX. A SMALL FOOTING.....	179
XX. A GREAT TRIUMPH.....	188



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
A BRUSH WITH THE HALF-BREEDS.....	Frontispiece.
RESCUE OF THE LOST CHILD.....	72
THE FORAGING EXPEDITION.....	90
“HANDS UP!”.....	124
PINK-EYE’S REVENGE.....	141
THE GREAT FIND.....	147
THE CAMP SCENE ON THE TRAIL OF BIG BEAR.....	159
RODNEY SHOWS HIS MOTHER OLD PINK-EYE AND HIS RIFLE AND SADDLE.....	169
RODNEY AND THE CHICAGO NEWSBOYS.....	177
“DEAR SIR—COME AT ONCE; WILL PAY YOU \$200 AND EXPENSES”.....	192



## CHAPTER I,

### IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

IT was almost sunset of an April day in 1885, when Rodney Merton came again in sight of Ft. Qu'Appelle, after the first nights of absence from home that he had ever experienced. He had left his mother's cabin early Monday morning and it was now Wednesday. His eyes brightened as he stopped in the middle of the dusty road and gazed at the little hamlet, with its old log fort surrounded by a high palisade, the new post of the Hudson Bay Company and a cluster of cabins.

Now that he was once more in sight of home—which he mentally declared had never “looked so good” to him before—he felt that he could afford to sit down and rest for a few minutes. This was a luxury which he had allowed himself but few times during the two day's tramp from Grenfell, a distance of thirty-five miles from Ft. Qu'Appelle. His coat was hung on the end of a stick, carried over his shoulder, and his calico shirt was dark and wet with perspiration along the lines of his buckskin suspenders and wherever it touched his heated body, for it was the first really warm day of the late spring.

As the boy turned out of the road and climbed a

little knoll, which commanded a better view of the town, his steps were slow and dragging, and he frequently pressed his right hand upon his knee, as though his tired legs, which had become sore and aching with the long walk, were unequal to the task of carrying him to the summit of the rise.

Dropping upon the ground under the flickering shade of a Balm of Gilead, he stretched out at full length, and with an involuntary sigh of relief, pulled the smooth-worn visor of his home-made fur cap down over his eyes, and lay for a time in motionless repose.

Not until a kingfisher rattled his harsh challenge and dove, from the limb of a dead tree down into the still water of the Qu'Appelle river, did Rodney stir. The guilty terror in which he started up, just as the bird splashed into the water and rose with a small fish in its mouth, would have convicted him of having been asleep, even though he had not rubbed his eyes and yawned. Then he sat for a moment, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, looking dreamily at the shimmering river and the little trading post where his whole life had been spent.

His return from this first solitary journey into the world seemed a greater event to him, after his three days absence, than home-coming from years of foreign travel has seemed to many an adult. He wondered what had happened while he had been away and what his mother and the boys about the fort would say to him.

If the object of his expedition to Grenfell had only proved successful he would have felt like a conquering hero, returning to his native town, ready to receive the admiration and the applause of the inhabitants.

But absolute and hopeless failure had been his lot and he felt like sneaking unnoticed around behind the fort and post to his mother's cabin, instead of taking the main street. He did not, however, long entertain this suggestion, for the thought of doing anything underhanded or sneaking went very much "against the grain" and made him suffer severely from remorse and self-contempt wherever he yielded to such an impulse.

After a few moments of gloomy meditation, Rodney aroused himself, drew from his pocket a Winnipeg paper and re-read, for the third time, the account of the Duck Lake massacre in which the Half Breeds and Indians had inaugurated the Riel Rebellion. It was a bloody protest against wrongs which bore heavily upon nearly every poor family in the Saskatchewan and Qu'Appelle Valleys, and especially upon Rodney Merton and his weary over-worked mother.

Some years before, Thomas Merton, along with a few other hardy and courageous pioneers, had come to the valley and settled upon Government land, in the full faith that, by enduring the hardships and privations necessary in reclaiming the wilderness, he might secure a comfortable home for himself, in his old age and for his family. He and his companions

had, worked early and late in this hope, only to find, after fifteen years of unrelaxed struggle, that the Government still refused them the titles to their homesteads. Here Rodney had been born. He began early to share the hard labor and the privations of pioneering and had grown up to the age of fifteen. Discouragement, resulting from the conviction that they would never have their home "free," and the exposure to the extremes of the severe climate broke down Thomas Merton's courage and health. After a lingering illness, which had lasted through the winter, he died, leaving Mrs. Merton and Rodney to finish the hopeless struggle for a home as best they might.

During previous winters, Rodney had been under the instruction of the local priest and had made rapid advancement in studies of which most boys of his age knew little or nothing; but this fall he had been obliged by his father's illness to do almost a man's work. In addition to cutting the wood and doing all of the chores, he had managed to keep quite a successful string of traps in operation, and when he drew his pack of pelts on his hand-sled, down to the Hudson Bay post it seemed almost large enough to buy out the whole stock.

But as Leveque the local agent in charge, told him that there were forty dollars due the company from his father, after crediting up the furs, he went home with a heavy heart.

"We've got to pay it off some way, even if you have to work it out," his mother had said, in the



hopeless tone in which she had come to voice her few words.

"All right, Ma I'll do it if Leveque will take me in," Rodney had promptly replied. This was followed by offering his services to Leveque, who kept the boy during the busy season, until the family account was settled. Then he told Rodney that he did not need his help longer and that in the future Mrs. Merton would be obliged to pay for whatever supplies she wished to buy.

Hard times began in earnest after this dismissal, and it was by only the most patient industry and persistent watchfulness that Rodney contrived to keep his mother and himself in food. When the last hope of obtaining employment near home was gone, he had bravely set out to look for work of any kind in Grenfell.

Now he was returning, after having met with unvaried failures and rebuffs.

## CHAPTER II.

### A NEW HOPE.

AFTER thinking these matters all over again, Rodney picked up his coat and stick and again resumed his journey.

He had walked but a few rods when a boyish whoop burst from his lips at the sight of the tents of the regular troops, on the side of the river opposite the town, which had before been shut off from his view by a strip of timber.

As he approached past the old fort, he noticed that it was occupied.

A group of smaller boys were crowding about the entrance to the stockade and staring at the men inside.

"Who are they?" Rodney inquired of the spell-bound youngsters.

"Scouts!" was the whispered answer, from half a dozen of the awed half-breed children.

Not until then had he realized that he was in the presence of war. The fighting at Duck Lake had seemed very far off in the cold newspaper type. It made his blood leap to watch the scouts cleaning their "Snyders" and revolvers; and he found himself wishing that he might enlist with them.

But as he turned away from this fascinating sight

and continued his homeward walk the thought, which had not occurred to him while watching the scouts, flashed through his mind; they were his enemies, fighting to continue the oppression which had broken down his father and which promised to turn his mother and himself from the home for which his father sacrificed health and life itself. If he were to join either side it must be that of the settlers. He would talk it over with his mother that night. If he could only enlist as a drummer boy or "something of that kind," his pay would support his mother, and he might win promotion by his bravery. Then when the war was over and the followers of Riel were victorious, he would be given a position as captain of the mounted police. He was picturing to himself how he would look entering the through-train from the east, demanding satchel keys from unwilling passengers, and ordering his men to "go through" the baggage and search the suspicious characters for smuggled liquor and goods. He could even hear the imaginary clink of glass flasks as his subordinates dashed them out of the windows and shattered them upon the ground.

"*Look out!* Want to run right over a lot of us small folks!" good-naturedly exclaimed a genial loafer, whose tilted chair, in front of the post, Rodney had almost overturned in his heedless course.

Rodney blushed and stammered his apologies, while the hangers-on joined in the laugh.

"Well; what luck?" asked Leveque, who came to the door behind an out-going customer.

Rodney simply shook his head.

"Eh-ha! sorry!" meditatively grunted the agent, as Rodney passed on up the hill toward home, thinking that if Leveque were really very sorry he would give him work.

As Rodney came around the corner of the cabin, Mrs. Merton was dipping spoonfuls of yellow corn-meal dough from an old basin on to the board which lay in front of a populous hen coop, and stood watching the downy balls of chickenhood as they picked impotently at the wet meal in imitation of the coaxing mother hen, which set them a noisy and excited example.

She started at the sound of his quiet approach, pushed back her sun-bonnet, and smiled for almost the first time that he could remember since his father's death.

"Well; ma!" he exclaimed, as he came awkwardly and almost bashfully toward her, wondering whether or not she would kiss him. He was going to ask: "Did I scare you?" but he did not have time before she dropped the basin and spoon, and without saying a word kissed him impulsively.

There followed a moment of embarrassing silence, which was finally relieved by Rodney, as he picked up the fallen basin and rapped its edge, with a startling bang against the board in front of the coop.

"Well?" said his mother, in the hopeless tone which plainly implied "I know the worst has happened."

"No; I didn't get anything to do, ma. But I

guess it'll come out all right, somehow. Anyway they've had an awful fight at Duck Lake, and Riel's men cleaned out everything. I brought you a Winnipeg paper that's got all about it in."

Mrs. Merton looked at him in dazed astonishment, wondering what he could possibly mean by connecting the news of the bloody outbreak with the hope that their hard fortunes would finally mend.

"Have't you heard about it, yet? Why the old fort's full of scouts now."

"Yes, I heard they'd ben a fight, but I don't see what that's got to do with it," replied Mrs. Merton.

Seeing that the time was not yet ripe to discuss the daring project of joining the Rebels as a drummer boy, Rodney made no reply, but went to the spring to wash. Mrs. Merton quickly resumed her usual manner and said:

"Supper's ready—what they is of it."

The startling expression of affection into which Mrs. Merton's emotions had betrayed her, on seeing her boy safely home again and the hopeless and almost ironical suggestion in regard to the meager limitations of the supper affected the boy more keenly than any other words he had ever heard. The latter aroused him to the realization that they were in desperate need for the common necessities of life, while the caress awakened an intense and active love for his mother that he had not been conscious of before. A painful sense of the pitiful misery and loneliness of her life and the patient endurance with which she met each day of its weary

and hopeless continuance came over him. A new purpose and courage took possession of him. He would not only take heart himself and in some way keep her from want and get the homestead clear, but he would have courage for both her and himself and make her feel that she was going to be taken care of. As they sat down to supper Rodney said:

“Ma, don’t you ’spose that Riel has scouts just the same as the Government has?”

“’Course. I sh’d think so, anyway. Don’t the paper tell?” she answered, absently.

After a moment’s reflection, she added:

“Why?”

“Oh! nothing;—only I just heard one of ’em telling old ‘Two-cent’ that the Government paid ’em five dollars a day and furnished their rifles an’ rations.”

“Goodness! Well, if Riel does that he might better take the money that it costs an’ buy the settlers’ claims for ’em, outright. He might a good deal better never have begun the fight, anyway. ’Taint no use, an’ everybody’ll be poorer an’ worse off when it’s over; an’ there’ll be more widows an’ hungry children in these valleys than they is now. It would be a mercy all ’round, if Riel should be captured an’ the whole thing ended before it goes any further.”

This suggested a new line of thought to the young would-be Rebel scout and he said no more until the evening meal was finished and he picked up his hat from the door step.

“Ma! I’m going down by the fort. Mebby I can pick up some odd jobs or errands to do for the soldiers.”

Mrs. Merton offered no objections to this, and he slipped out of the door and scampered down the hill to where the scouts were quartered.

His flying feet were left far behind by the speed of his thoughts. If his mother’s view of the rebellion was right—and he had never before thought to question the correctness of her moral judgment—it might be right to get some kind of a place with the government scouts, for if the rebellion was bound to end in defeat for the settlers, and it was a mercy to bring it to such an end as quickly as possible, why should it not be right for him to contribute to help bring about such an end by joining the government forces?

But against this line of reasoning came up the memory of his father, the injustice he had suffered, and the desperate resentment against such oppression, which had grown more bitter with every year of his life.

The boy’s heart gave a quick leap at the inward question: If father were alive upon which side would he fight?

Rodney could not evade the answer: With Riel.

By the time he had joined the men and boys in front of the post, his mind was a confusion of conflicting theories, in which the thought of finding an errand to do was entirely lost. At one moment duty and honor seemed to forbid him, in spite of his

mother's hopeless view of the struggle, to do anything that might identify himself with those who had oppressed his father and neighbors, or to hinder the possible triumph of the settlers. Then the vivid recollection of his mother's words and of her present needs would fully justify to him the most active opposition to the Rebels of the Saskatchewan.

Without definitely settling the question, he resolved to ask old "Two-cent Tranquility," more about the scouts.

He found the shrewd old shoemaker at his bench, playing a lively tune upon the top of a scout's boot, with his pegging hammer, while his fingers performed that mysterious sleight by which the pegs seemed to flow from his bench, through his mouth into the awl holes in the tap.

Although the men, women and children of Ft. Qu'appelle, who did not habitually speak French unvaryingly, cheapened Toussaint Tranquilite's name into "Two-cent Tranquility," they held the old shoemaker in the highest esteem and regarded him as not only a marvel of shrewd, practical common sense, but second to the priest only in the wisdom of books. He was a kind of village premier or privy councilor for the majority of the inhabitants. His kindly and companionable nature, and his keen sense of fun extended his popularity to the children of the hamlet and made him the sharer of, perhaps, more of their secrets than any other adult person in the village.

He nodded to Rodney and jerked his hammer



out in the direction of a leather-bottomed stool, which Rodney took and waited until the cobbler's lips were released from the mechanical duty of holding pegs, and were set at liberty for conversation.

"Well, my son, did you find anything to do?" inquired the shoemaker, as he deftly "stropped" his thin, pliant knife-blade on the leather along the edge of his bench and proceeded to pare the edges of the tap.

"No, sir; nothing."

"Well, I wish you was a journeyman cobbler; so I do! I'd give you plenty to do while the soldiers are in camp here. Just look at that pile of boots to be patched! Then I've got three pairs of fine cavalry boots to make."

"But," he continued reflectively, as he rubbed the edges of the tap with a small swab dipped in a bottle of black stain; "it's a sorry thing all round! A sorry thing, my son! It'll only make a bad matter worse, for of course, every man who lives through the fighting will be deprived of his rights and property. No use for a man who has fought with Riel to stay round in these parts after this jig is over. He'll stand no chance for anything."

This put matters in a new light with the boy, who had not thought but what, if he should join Riel's forces and live through to see his side defeated, he might return to peace on the same ground that he had quitted it. This new consideration seemed almost to determine his future course, for he asked.

"How much did you say the Government pays those scouts?"

"Five dollars a day and found—all but their mount. That's a lot of money, son! Wish you could get a job like that for awhile."

"Do you know how old they have to be?" asked Rodney in a timid voice, as though he expected to be reproved for the audacity of the thought which his question would surely betray to the shoemaker.

"Twenty-one, of course. But you needn't think for a minute that your mother would let you join. She'd *starve* first."

This was what the boy had expected and he did not have the courage to press his inquiry directly in regard to the possibility of his securing a position as drummer-boy, but said:

"Don't you 'spose there is *something* that a boy could get to do for the scouts—something that mother might let me do?"

"Well, mebby. It wouldn't do any hurt to hang around there a little. You might pick up chances to run errands now and then. Those fellows are mighty free with their money. It comes easy and goes easy. Now you take those boots down to Cap'n. French an' if he don't give you a tip, I'll make it right with you myself. They're paid for."

Rodney took the boots by their straps and went down towards the old fort with the elation which comes of settled purpose.

He was admitted within the palisade but was compelled to wait for Captain French, who was

engaged inside the fort. A group of scouts were lounging about an open fire, story-telling, joking, laughing and smoking, as though their prospective dangers were mere bug-a-boos, and scouting the best sport in the world.

He listened intently to what they were saying and finally ventured nearer the group, that he might miss nothing of their talk.

"Found a man yet? I should say not!" exclaimed a young man who did not seem to have exactly a soldierly air. "An' I've got to get hold of some sort of fellow who knows enough about this valley to carry my dispatches without getting lost or captured. Every able-bodied man around here is either with the rebels or getting a scout's pay from the government. I s'pose I could pick up a fairly good man if the paper would allow me to spend that price; but it won't go over half that at the outside. If the fighting begins right away, I'll have to take up with half a man if I can't get a whole one. If I could pick up some fellow who has hunted and trapped along this river till he knows every crook and turn of it and every road and town in the valley, he'd be worth money to me, and I'd put in something out of my own pocket, for I've just got a commission for some special correspondence for the London papers, an' I'd have this fellow act as a private scout as well as to carry my dispatches to the wires."

Just then Captain French came up to Rodney, glanced sharply at the bottoms of the boots and with a "Well, my lad," handed out a quarter.

The delight which would otherwise have filled Rodney's mind at this bit of good luck was dimmed by the excitement of alternating hopes and fears which confronted him, as he considered the possibility of securing the position of private scout for the newspaper man.

He would have hung about the campfire until the group broke up, in the hope that he might find just the right opportunity to speak for the place, but he did not dare remain, now that his business was done.

He resolved to hasten back to the shoemaker, put the matter before him, and ask his aid in securing the position. When he reached the shop he found it closed. "Two-cent" was across the way, in front of the post, giving the crowd the benefit of his philosophy upon the situation. Rodney knew that it was hopeless to attempt to secure a private audience with him that evening, for it was already getting late. There was nothing more to do but to go home and talk it over with his mother.

What a fortune even two dollars and a half a day would be! And then if the newspaper man *should* be willing, after awhile, to give something out of his own pocket, that would be "too glorious for anything!" Then he called to mind just how much and how little he knew of the valley, and felt a tinge of fear and disappointment as he realized that although intimately familiar with the country for a few miles immediately surrounding the fort, the valley as a whole was comparatively unknown to him. He was glad that he could say that he had been to

Grenfell. It might have considerable weight with the man.

When he reached home his mother had gone to bed; but she wakened sufficiently to ask:

"Did you get any errands to do?"

"Yes, 'm," he replied, "Captain French gave me a quarter for bringing his boots from the shop."

His determination to talk over the newspaper-scouting project with his mother weakened at the sound of her hopeless voice and he resolved to confer with the shoemaker and possibly to see if he could get the place before saying anything to her about it.

He did not realize how very tired the long tramp from Grenfell and the excitement of the evening had made him until he kicked his pants off on the floor and stretched out, at full length, upon the bed.

For some time his legs ached so that he could not sleep; but his mind was so filled with the great crisis of his career that he gradually lost consciousness of his pain and finally sank to sleep in a splendid dream of really going to war.

## CHAPTER III.

### A FORTUNE OF WAR.

Rodney was awakened early by the drawling crow of a neighbor's rooster, for the monarch of Mrs. Merton's flock had long since been sacrificed to the family necessity along with such of his feminine followers as were not prompt in their daily contributions of eggs or engaged in rearing broods of chicks.

He bounded to the floor and was inside his pants in less time than it takes the average boy to dress for a circus, and with much the same feeling of intense and joyous excitement which such an anticipation usually inspires in the juvenile mind.

He ate his breakfast of corn-cakes in silence, and even neglected some of his chores in his haste to see the shoemaker and secure his good offices with the newspaper man.

The sight of the white canvas tents and stacks of glistening arms of the "regular" troops, about which a uniformed line of pickets were pacing to and fro upon their beats, gave Rodney a more thrilling sense of the actual presence of war than even scouts had in their more unpretentious and plebeian dress had inspired.

He leaped and ran with boyish abandon, not slackening his speed until at the very door of the shoemaker's shop.

"Why, what's the matter, son?" exclaimed "Two-

cent," as he saw the boy's agitation. "Anything the matter with your mother?"

"No—I—I—I just came to talk with you about something that I had heard down at the camps last night," stammered Rodney, panting and out of breath.

"Well, out with it!" good-naturedly commanded the cobbler, as he rolled a waxed-end upon his knee.

"There's a newspaper man down there with the scouts who has been looking for some man who lives about here and knows the valley, to carry dispatches and act as his 'private scout,' as he called it. But he hasn't found anybody yet, for he says that the men in the valley who are not with Riel want to join French's scouts and get their five dollars a day, and his paper can't pay more'n half that. But he says that he's got to have half a man if he can't find a whole one, and that if he could get some one who had hunted and trapped up an' down the river till he knew the country like a book, he'd be willing to pay something extra out of his own pocket. Do you s'pose there's any chance for me—if—you helped me, to get it? Don't you think that I might learn how to do it?" Rodney timidly inquired.

"No, you can't *learn!* If he takes you at all it'll be for what you already know an' don't have to learn. There ain't any time for learning anything except on the run. But there's one thing about it; most of the fighting that these fellows will see is going to be done right around these parts. I don't see why you wouldn't answer his purpose as well as

somebody who would set heavier on a horse, eat more an' be enough sight less gritty, honest an' willing than you."

Praise was something that Rodney Merton had known but little of; and these words from so important a personage as "Two-cent Tranquility" made the boys cheeks burn. This commendation gave him courage to ask:

"Would you be willing to go down, this morning, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, and see him about it."

"'Course, I'll go!" the cobbler almost snapped, as though the request contained an implied insult. "Didn't your father an' I summer and winter together for years when this country was new; an' didn't we always share up on anything an' everything that we had when the other was short?"

As soon as he finished tipping the waxed-end with a bristle, he hung it over a nail, took off his leather apron and said:

"Well, come on."

They walked on towards the fort in silence, Rodney being too much elated to trust himself to talk, until they approached the entrance of the palisade, when he ventured to ask:

"Will you do—do the talking, Mr. Tranquilite?"

"Yes," laughed the shoemaker. "I always do that—too much of it, I'm afraid."

"Can we see the newspaper man, who wants to engage a private scout?" boldly demanded "Two-cent" of the guard.



"That's him, leaning against the door jam," replied the guard, pointing to a slightly-built, but graceful young man, who appeared to be about thirty years of age. There was a certain fineness in the whole cast of his face, and especially in his large brown eyes, which was in rather striking contrast with the broader and less expressive faces of the scouts who came and went about him.

This expression of refinement gave the anxious, shrinking boy an added hope that his application would at least be given a kindly hearing.

"Good morning, sir," said the shoemaker, advancing toward the young correspondent, who returned the cobbler's salutation with prompt and easy courtesy, and the inquiry:

"And I may call you—ah—?"

"Tranquilite — Toussaint Tranquilite — and this young man is Rodney Merton. We heard that you wanted to engage some one who is familiar with the country about here."

"Quite right," nervously interrupted the newspaper man. "My name is Gilroy—of the *Montreal Post*. I presume it is your father who wishes to apply for the position?" he continued, glancing keenly into Rodney's face.

"No, sir. I thought that—that—perhaps—"

The shoemaker anticipated the apologetic explanation which Rodney was about to offer, and cut it short with the interruption:

"Not at all, sir! His father is dead, and he is now the head of the family, which he has mainly sup-

ported by trapping, during the winter. If you don't mind I'd like a word with you in private, an' then I'll go back to the shop an' leave you to talk it over with him."

"Certainly, Certainly," politely responded the stranger, as they turned and walked away a few rods from Rodney, who stood in nervous embarrassment, awaiting the most important decision that he had yet been called to face.

When the two men finished their private conference, in which the shoemaker praised the lad's courage, intelligence and honesty, they came back to where Rodney stood poking a gravel stone with the big toe of his bare foot.

A glance at their faces told Rodney that a probable decision had been reached, but he could hardly determine whether it was favorable or unfavorable.

"Oh, one thing more!" exclaimed Gilroy, as Rodney's sponsor was about to take his leave. "What about price? How much do you think our young friend should have? I can pay a fair price, but, of course, there's nothing fancy in it."

"No, I suppose not," reflected Tranquilite. "Under the circumstances I should say that the lad ought to be worth a good three dollars a day to you, if he does as well as a man."

"Well, perhaps," was the correspondent's equivocal answer, as he nodded good-bye to the man and turned his keen eyes upon the boy. For several moments he said nothing, but stood stroking his moustache in deliberation.

"And so you think that you want a little of the fortunes of war, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are not forgetting that you will be exposed to practically the same dangers that these government scouts are, and that they are sent into the most exposed positions doing flanking and out post duty in order to lessen the danger to the regular soldiers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, if you've made up your mind to go into the thickest of it, if necessary, and take everything as it comes along with the chance of never returning—I'll take you, and pay what your friend suggested."

If Rodney had yielded to its natural impulse he would have jumped into the air and "yelled." But he controlled his emotions and simply answered:

"Yes, sir. When shall I come?"

"To-morrow; for there's no telling how soon we may be ordered out of here. By the way, have you a pony?"

"No, sir."

"Nor any money to get one with?"

"No, sir," Rodney answered reluctantly as though he were a trifle ashamed to make the confession.

"Well, then, I'll have to scare up some kind of a mount for you. Suppose you come around this afternoon and see what luck I have in finding something that you can ride."

"Without waiting for a reply Gilroy turned and

entered the quarters, while Rodney bounded out of the stockade and toward the cobbler's shop to carry the news of his wonderful fortune.

The kindly old man shared in the boy's joy, while claiming the credit of having been the principal means in securing it.

"If this trouble will only last long enough, you'll be able to buy out the whole town," he laughingly remarked.

As Rodney went out of the door, wondering how his mother would receive the news which he must break to her, Tranquilite called after him:

"Son, if your mother don't take to the plan, just you tell her to come and talk with me."

This was a great relief to Rodney who began to fear that the most difficult obstacle was yet to be encountered in securing her consent to the undertaking. He felt sure, however, that, if it came to the worst, the shrewd old cobbler, with his reputation for good sense, would somehow convince his mother that it was best to let him go.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PROUD PREPARATIONS.

As Rodney approached their cabin and saw his mother bending over her wash tub, "doing out" some clothes for the officers, his heart gave a leap of pride and joy at the thought that very soon he would be able to relieve her from the necessity of such hard work.

"Ma—I've—I've got some news," Rodney announced, with many inward misgiving as to how she would receive it.

"Well," replied Mrs. Merton, stopping her rubbing long enough to scrape the perspiration from her forehead with her dripping forefinger. "There's no lack of news these days—goodness knows—such as it is. But if you've got some good news I'd be thankful to hear that."

Rodney had become accustomed to the hopelessness which long years of unavailing struggle and sorrow had fastened upon his mother until it had become inbred in her every tone and word. But her dejection this morning seemed greater than usual and had a touch of desperation in it which materially raised his hope that she would accept any alternative that promised relief from the grind and pressure of their poverty.

"I've had an offer of three dollars a day."

"Three dollars a day!" she repeated in astonishment, her face flushed with greater animation than he had seen it express in years. Then a quick shadow passed over it as she inquired, "'Taint to join the scouts, is it, Rodney?"

"No—not exactly. It's to carry messages an' wait on a newspaper man, who is going along with the scouts, to write up the Rebellion for the Toronto and London papers. Mr. Tranquilite got the chance for me an' I'm to get three dollars a day and all expenses—horse an' everything, as long 's the war lasts. Mr. Gilroy—the newspaper man—wants me to come back an' help him pick out a mount for me this forenoon." He felt a strong pride in using the word "mount" instead of horse; it sounded so "military."

"Well, there aint any time to lose then. It's most ten now. You better hurry."

With this she again plunged the shirt, which she had been rubbing, into the suds and dismissed the matter and him as though the occasion were as commonplace as an errand to the post for family supplies.

Rodney had expected opposition and tears on the part of his mother and this kind of a reception was so different from what he had anticipated that he was nonplussed, not to say almost disappointed. Could it be that his mother loved him less than he had thought and she could let him go to war with scarcely a moment's hesitation or regret. This latter

thought, it must be confessed, touched his pride as well as his affection. It hurt him to think that he should be *actually going to war* without even his own mother realizing the dignity and the danger of the occasion, which, it seemed to him, should impress everybody.

As he turned to go back to the fort his mother called after him:

“Rodney, now look sharp that they don’t put off any vicious brute onto y’. Git a gentle one.”

He found Gilroy in front of the fort looking at a collection of horses. They were not as sightly as could be wished; but Rodney realized that there might be times when this would be the least necessary qualification. The resemblance of one of them, which had a ponderous white Roman nose, tattered ears and Albino eyes, to a picture of a cow-boy’s steed which he had seen in the *Youth’s Companion*, at once determined his choice. The story which accompanied the illustration had described the cow-boy’s bronco as a shining example of courage and endurance, and had detailed the brute’s heroic conduct in an exciting Indian fight on the plains. This resemblance determined him to select the pink-eyed, Roman-nosed shaganappy if the choice was left to him.

“Well, which one takes your eye?” inquired Gilroy.

“I think the spotted one with the big nose,” Rodney replied.

“The boy’s head ’s level,” spoke up Captain

French who had quietly joined the spectators to the negotiations. "I know that horse. He used to be in the mounted police. He'll thrive where a common horse will starve. O, he's a stayer. Knows more than lots of police I've seen, and is just as handsome, too!"

This brought a hearty laugh from the scouts and made Rodney feel that he was getting on well for a beginning.

"How old is he?" inquired Gilroy of the Captain.

"Oh, he's of age, anyway. I never counted his teeth. Always rather count his ribs—so much handier, y' see."

"All right, I'll take him, if you think he's safe for the boy," said Gilroy, as he handed the halter to Rodney, whose heart swelled with conscious pride as he led his horse past a group of the village boys, who now seemed strangely young and insignificant to him.

Rodney spent the remainder of the day in grooming his pie bald treasure and in packing the meager bundle that was to constitute his outfit.

It gave him an honest, manly pride to have Leveque call him into the post and say:

"Now if there's anything you want to fit out with, or anything your ma wants while you're gone, you can have the credit for it."

Rodney would have liked to refuse this offer of credit from the man who had denied it to him and to his mother when he was out of employment, but he knew that his mother stood in immediate need



of many things and that he would be greatly ashamed to report for duty without shoes and stockings and dressed in his present "best clothes" which were little better than a faithful and variegated collection of patches. Consequently he was obliged to swallow his pride and accept the offer of credit. When clothed in a suit, stockings and boots he felt that he had left boyish things behind him and had entered upon the serious affairs of life.

He did not go to bed until late that night, and when he did it was in a different fashion than usual. Instead of kicking a pair of tattered trousers from legs, that had been bare-footed all day, he took off his boots and stockings with manly deliberation and hung his long trousers by the strap in the back with a dignity becoming one who had re-established the family credit, and who was going to war as a private newspaper scout on a salary of three dollars a day, and a horse that he might call his own.

He looked carefully about his loft and tried to realize that it was probably the last night that he would sleep in it for many months—perhaps forever.

When he went to sleep, it was in wondering whether people would not sometime visit that loft to see where General Rodney Merton, the famous scout of the North West, had slept when a boy.

His mother called him bright and early the next morning, and when he reached the stable to take care of Gilroy's horse and his own, he found that he was in advance of the earliest scout.

After Gilroy had lighted his after-breakfast pipe,

he called Rodney, and motioned him to a seat upon the grass.

"Be back in a minute," the newspaper man explained as he disappeared into the quarters.

When he again appeared, he carried a repeating rifle and a belt in which were hung a pair of new six-shooters, a knife and a field glass.

"Now lad," said Gilroy as he handed them to the astonished boy, "You want to learn how to use these trinkets, and how to take care of them. And what's more you've got to learn all the discipline that a regular scout is under—just what every command means, and how to obey it. I've arranged with Lieutenant Johns to teach you all he can until we get marching orders. Then you'll have to fall in line with the rest and make the best you can of it. Here he comes now, ready for business. Pick it up as fast as you can, for you can't tell what bit of information is going to let you out of some tight scrape when we get into the fighting. Lieutenant, this is Private Scout Rodney Merton—ready to be taught how to steal pigs and chickens and strip dead Injuns of their finery when the Captain's back is turned."

With this introduction, Gilroy went inside to write to his paper the important news that had not happened, and left Rodney to his first lesson in the art of war.

After the noon mess, Rodney and his teacher again resumed their drill.

Suddenly a clear blast of a bugle, from the encampment of the regulars broke the quiet of the

little hamlet. It sent the chilling thrills through and through Rodney, for he knew that it was the call to mount and march.

## CHAPTER V.

### A BRUSH WITH THE HALF BREEDS.

ALTHOUGH Gilroy had told Rodney that they might be ordered to march at any time, the sudden summons to mount was a great surprise to him, and it gave him a shock when he realized that he would have no opportunity to say good-bye to his mother; for by the time he had saddled Gilroy's horse and executed the other orders that his employer had given him, the entire company of scouts was ready to move forward.

As the scouts were to precede the regular troops, the order to march was promptly given, and they set off at an easy canter.

Rodney strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of his mother and wave her a farewell if she should chance to be observing the movement of the scouts. Just as he was passing nearly out of sight of the old home cabin, he saw her come out of the door and go to hanging out clothes, with her back turned toward him; and he could scarcely choke back the tears at the thought of leaving her without even a farewell, when perhaps he might never see her again.

However, there was too much keen excitement close about him to permit these gloomy reflections to long occupy his mind.

The sight of thirty mounted horsemen is alone sufficient to chase all other thoughts out of a healthy boy's mind; but when those horsemen are galloping out to war, and the boy mounted on his own horse with his rifle slung over his back and his revolvers in his belt, is one of their number, any feelings save swelling pride and a tremendous excitement are plainly out of the question.

Rodney was riding well at the front, between Lieutenant Johns and Gilroy, and as he turned in his saddle and glanced back over the galloping company of horses, at the regiments of "regulars," with their artillery, splendid uniforms and perfect movements, as they were just leaving the site of their recent camp, he could scarcely suppress a boyish yell of admiration.

"Oh, it's glorious!" was his mental exclamation at the stirring sight.

There was nothing to break the train of his exultant reflections until they had been several hours on the march, and the chafing of the saddle began to make itself felt on the tender surface of his legs. This irritation increased with each mile of travel, until Rodney was finally compelled to curl one leg up over the horn of his saddle, in feminine fashion, in order to secure a change of position which would temporarily relieve the blistered parts. This left the unoccupied stirrup dangling loosely.

Suddenly a loud grunt announced the presence of a pig in the stunted brush by the roadside; and before Rodney could change his position a small

razor-backed hog dashed almost in under the feet of the foremost horses. Instantly Rodney's horse wheeled, kicked, plunged and broke ranks in a way that not only promised to unseat its rider in the most unceremonious fashion, but also threatened to interrupt his soldierly career before it had fairly begun.

Finding that its violent buck-jumping failed to dislodge its rider, the pink-eyed Shaganappy resolved to try a new maneuver, and "lit out" down the road, in advance of the scouts, at a steeple-chase pace.

"Pity he ain't in the Derby—he'd take the stakes sure!" exclaimed Gilroy, as he watched Rodney's wild ride with a greater anxiety than his words indicated.

The horse and its clinging rider disappeared over the top of a wooded hill, the empty stirrups threshing the animal's sides at every plunge.

But Rodney clung to his seat with the grip of desperation. At last, as the brute's pace began to slacken from fatigue, or the conviction that it had mistaken the staying qualities of its rider, he succeeded in again getting fairly astride of the saddle.

The runaway then seemed to realize that it was ouce more under bridal control and prepared to yield the contest and settle down into obedience; but Rodney was not disposed to accept the surrender on these terms. Turning "Pink-eye," as, by common impulse, the horse had come to be named, about, Rodney regained his flapping stirrups and gave the

animal as smart a ride back to the advancing company as the runaway had made in its first dash.

He was greeted with a round of cheers as he again fell into rank.

"You won't have any more trouble with that old Shaganappy. He knows you are master now;" remarked Captain French, in a way that did Rodney as much good as the cheers of the others had done him.

By the time that the company reached Clark's Crossing Rodney had come to feel quite at home in the saddle, and the ride began to seem a trifle wearisome and monotonous. He would not admit to himself that he wanted any fighting to occur; but he cherished a secret longing that something exciting and warlike would happen.

He had his wish.

Gilroy touched his elbow and said:

"You see those horsemen along the crest of the hills, there? Well; they're Reil's scouts."

Rodney raised his glass and watched them, with the thrilling sense that it was the first sight of the enemy.

Just then the captain was heard detailing Lieutenant Johns to take a squad of twenty men and make an effort to capture the outriding Half Breed scouts.

Rodney wondered if Gilroy would order him to go with the skirmishers; but Gilroy seemed to entirely forget, in the prospect of the excitement, the presence of his private scout and dashed away with the

detachment without a word or a glance to indicate what he expected of his assistant.

Only a moment did Rodney hesitate; then he followed hard on in the tracks of his superior, in secret fear that the latter would discover his presence and send him back to the main company.

After a sharp ride of a couple of miles they halted under cover of small woods for a momentary consultation, during which Rodney was careful to keep as many horsemen and bushes between himself and Gilroy as possible.

It was decided to divide the men into two equal detachments, one of them to ride openly upon the half-breeds, the other to take a circuit and come up in form to surround them when retreating or under fire.

Gilroy waited with the party which was to lead the attack.

When a sufficient time had been allowed for the others to make their longer circuitous advance, the remaining squad pressed on to the edge of the woods, from which the Half Breeds could be seen only a few hundred rods distant, sitting quietly on their ponies and calmly watching the other body of the government scouts further down in the valley.

They had not detected the approach of Lieutenant Johns' detachment.

"Now for a sharp dash at them. If they halt to fire, do the same, and give it to them until the other boys come up behind and cut off their retreat," was the command.



Then the signal to charge was given and the twelve government scouts, including the newspaper force, leaped their horses out of the concealment into full sight of the astonished squad of Rebels, which Rodney hurriedly estimated to be about eight in number. The latter did not even pause to fire an opening salute, but wheeled and galloped toward the cover of the next stretch of woods as fast as their ponies could carry them.

"Put 'em through!" shouted the lieutenant, and the scouts urged on their horses until they rode breast to breast, with only Rodney, who contrived to keep close behind Gilroy, in the rear.

The race was more spirited and exciting than even Rodney's dreams of a charge had pictured. He had never ridden so fast in his life before, and it seemed to him that they must be going almost as fast as a railway train.

As he had never been aboard one of the latter while it was in motion, and had formed his estimate of their speed mainly in watching them across the prairie at a considerable distance, it was not wholly strange that the long, sharp, straining leaps of the animal under him should seem almost as fleet as the trains.

As the horses' speed increased, he began to wonder what would happen if they were obliged to stop short. Before he could reach any conclusion upon this problem, the scouts began to slacken their speed and fire.

“Crack!—crack!—crack!” went one repeater after another.

Rodney watched the fleeing Half Breeds, expecting to see several of them reel from their saddles; but they did not.

After some fifty rods of even more desperate riding, the scouts evidently considered themselves within rifle range, for they drew their horses to a standstill, and began firing, almost together, with a deliberate aim that sent a couple of the Half Breeds' ponies stumbling upon their knees. But they regained their feet and plunged on more furiously than before.

Rodney became so absorbed for the moment in watching the effect of the shooting that he lost thought of everything beside. When he returned to consciousness of his surroundings, he saw Gilroy's horse breaking toward the enemy at terrific speed, leaving the scouts rapidly behind.

A moment's observation convinced him that Gilroy's horse, which he knew had never been under fire before, had become unmanageable.

Would it carry the helpless correspondent so close to the half-breeds that they would pause long enough to shoot him down at short range? Then the thought flashed through Rodney's mind that they would be less likely to attempt such a move if Gilroy were not alone, and that he must catch up with his employer and lessen the danger by sharing it with him. Then there might also be a chance that, by riding close alongside Gilroy and seizing

the bit of the latter's horse, he could bring the terrified animal to a halt in time to save its rider.

The great question now in the boy's mind was not how he should stop his own horse, but whether he could overtake Gilroy before they were fairly upon the heels of the Half Breeds. He jabbed his spurs fiercely into the sides of Pink-eye and the latter responded with a sudden expenditure of reserve speed which well nigh took Rodney's breath.

In less time than he had dared to hope the Roman nose of Pink-eye was alongside the flank of Gilroy's horse and in a second more they were neck and neck.

Rodney was about to attempt his desperate plan of seizing Gilroy's bridle, when one of the Half Breeds wheeled his pony about, raised his Winchester and sent back a bullet which dropped Gilroy's horse upon its knees.

Without a word from him Rodney's horse came to a stand still within a few rods from where Gilroy had been thrown. How the horse accomplished this feat without shooting him from the saddle was more than Rodney could understand. Only a horse with a long training in actual cavalry service could have done it, he was sure.

But there was no time for him to speculate upon it then; there was too much pressing business close at hand.

The same scout who had dropped Gilroy's horse was "pumping" the empty cartridge-shell out of his Winchester, ready for a second shot.

Scarcely knowing how he did it, Rodney leaped from his horse leveled his rifle across his saddle and fired. The rifle which had a careful bead upon Gilroy dropped from the Half Breed's hands and discharged harmlessly as it fell.

The wounded man shouted to his comrade, who were some distance in advance of him and they faced about and opened up a lively fire upon Gilroy and Rodney. The former had succeeded in getting back to his horse without being struck by any of the balls which whistled about him in a rapid succession as the Half Breeds could pump their Winchesters. Finding that his horse was severely wounded, Gilroy quickly drew his revolver and put the animal out of its suffering by sending a bullet through its head. He then threw himself at full length on the ground and using the dead body of the horse as a barricade and "rest" for his rifle, proceeded to return the fire of Rebels with an accuracy which was impossible to them, mounted upon their panting and exhausted ponies. Rodney was also intrenched behind his Shaganappy, which stood as motionless as though being carried or caressed.

If the range between the dueling parties had not been so great probably both would have suffered severely, but the singing of the balls close about them, and the loss of Gilroy's horse were the nearest approaches to fatalities which the newspaper scouts sustained. Nor could they see that their shots, aside from the fortunate hit made by Rodney's first ball, had any effect upon the Half Breeds. However,

the wound that Rodney then inflicted upon the daring spy no doubt saved Gilroy's life, for the two were in close quarters and Gilroy presented a fair and unprotected target for the Half Breeds aim.

Meantime Lieutenant Johns and his men galloped rapidly forward to Gilroy's relief, and when in line with him, halted and joined in the interesting fire with which he was plying the Rebels.

Had the lieutenant's object been to drop as many of the enemy as possible he would have charged the Half Breeds; but as he only wished to check their retreat until the other detachment of scouts should appear, the distance answered his purpose as effectively as nearer range.

Suddenly from out the woods a couple of hundred rods in the rear of the defensive party, came in view the other ten government scouts. A quick charge down the hill brought them in range of the Half Breeds, who were thrown into confusion by this unexpected rear attack. Without waiting for the second party to come within close range, they lost no time in giving the word of surrender and brought to a speedy close Rodney's first experience under fire.

After the prisoners had been disarmed, and all save the one whom Rodney had wounded securely bound, Gilroy grasped Rodney's hand, exclaimed:

"My lad, that first shot of yours was a lucky one for me—and a plucky one, too! It saved my bacon sure as you're alive. I supposed you were back there with the others, where, by good rights, you

ought to have been. But I'm mighty glad, as things turned out, that you were on hand; and I shall not forget this turn, either."

Just then Lieutenant Johns laid a hearty hand on Rodney's shoulder and exclaimed:

"Boy, you're a brick! Never saw a grittier piece of business in my life! That's what I call good fighting. You couldn't have done better if you'd been an old hand at it. You did the right thing at the right time. If all of my men do as well I'll be mighty thankful—that's all I can say. You plunked that squaw-man just in the niche of time."

Rodney blushed under this praise, and when he could speak replied:

"It was all so quick that I don't hardly know how I happened to do it."

"Of course! That's the way it always is in this kind of fighting. No time for fine figuring. And the men who can grasp the situation and do their work before they know how it's done are men we're looking for. No, sir; there wasn't any fool fighting in that little brush!"

"Was the man badly hurt?" asked Rodney in a tone which betrayed the hope that he had not inflicted a serious injury and the fear that his shot might have been fatal.

"Hit him square in the right shoulder. You punished him well for his recklessness; but I guess he'll pull through all right. He's back there gritting his teeth pretty hard," replied the Lieutenant Johns, with a levity that made Rodney shudder.

"If you please, I'd like to let him have my horse to ride back on," said the boy.

"Well, that's what I'd call—" But the lieutenant did not finish the sentence.

However, Rodney had the satisfaction of seeing the man whom he had wounded, ride back on old Pink-eye; and after they reached camp the tender-hearted boy not only devoted every possible moment to making the man as comfortable as his injuries would permit, but also suffered, in keen sympathy, the pains which, through the inevitable fortunes of war, he had inflicted.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A FIERCE BATTLE AT FISH CREEK.

THE scouts were joined at Clark's Crossing by the regulars, and the camp presented a very imposing and warlike appearance, at least to Rodney's eyes. The story of his courageous conduct in the capture of the prisoners evidently went the rounds among the regulars, many of whom had a cheerful greeting for him, treating him as nearly like a companion and an equal as men can treat boys.

But the intimate companionship which sprang up between the newspaper correspondent and Rodney was the greatest satisfaction that had yet entered into the life of the shy, quiet boy.

In a few confidential chats by their own camp-fire, Gilroy drew the boy out and discovered that his intelligence was equal to his courage and faithfulness and that his knowledge of good books and the things best worth knowing was far in advance, both in range and thoroughness, of that acquired by the average boy under the best educational environments.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, Captain," said the correspondent to Captain French; "that lad's got sound parts. He's lived in that little frontier town and picked from a priest and his library more real culture than I had, at his age, after attending



one of the best private schools in England. All he needs now to make him a broad man is the worldly wisdom that he'll get in knocking about the world—and I guess he'll pick that up fast enough. Anyway I mean to do the square thing by him. I believe he's got the making of a good newspaper man in him."

It was enough for Rodney to know that Gilroy seemed to like him and gave him the hearty good fellowship that only an adult companion could have expected. It was something to which Rodney had never dared aspire.

It seemed to Rodney that he had never listened to anything quite so interesting as Gilroy's account of the great newspaper offices that he had visited and their wonderful printing-presses.

Rodney purposed to ask more about these, but the exciting events which followed the division of the troops, on the third day at Clark's Crossing, put all but present events out of mind for the time being.

As it was impossible to tell upon which side of the river the Riel forces would be encountered, the troops were divided equally between Lord Melgund and Gen. Middleton, the former proceeding on the north side of the river, while the latter scoured the south shore, the scouts coming under the command of Lord Melgund.

The additional number of troops in the marching columns, the presence of the uniformed regulars and the hourly expectation of coming upon the

enemy, made the march full of excitement to Rodney.

It was not until the third day out of Clark's Crossing that the sharp, crackling reports of musketry, on the opposite bank, told that the enemy had been engaged by Gen. Middleton's division.

Then anticipations leaped to fever-heat on every hand. Rodney had often speculated upon the feelings of a soldier about to enter an engagement, and had come to the secret conclusion that, while a worthy soldier would not shrink from the deliberate hazard of his life, he would "look death in the face" and mentally prepare himself for the worst that might happen. It was almost impossible for him to realize that the men about him were expecting to be in the thick of battle within the next hour. The Half Breed boys at the fort had never been in more jovial spirits in anticipation of a game of ball or a wrestling match than were these ligh-hearted soldiers. It was only by an analysis of his own feelings that Rodney could judge the emotions of the others. It seemed to him that probably many of the men would be shot, but not himself. He accounted, however, for his own comfortable personal view of the matter by the fact that he would probably be in a safe place, and not exposed to the dangers like the others.

The appearance of a couple of aides, riding at greatest speed over the crest of the hills, on the opposite side, was the signal for a burst of cheers.

Before their arrival, Rodney watched the

gunners train their cannon from the brow of the bluff upon the spot where the Half Breeds were supposed to be ambushed. It made the boy cringe to watch the effect of the balls from the big gun, as they crashed through the trees that opposed their passage.

Before many discharges from the battery, the aides dashed up to Lord Melgund, bringing dispatches from Gen. Middleton, directing the latter to be sent across the river, to his assistance, under guard of the scouts.

An old scow had been floated down the river and anchored for transport purposes, and upon this the cannon, after infinite pains, was loaded.

The tug-of-war, however, came in landing the gun and getting it up the steep bank on the opposite side.

To do manual labor while exposed to the fire of the enemy was a sort of bravery which Rodney appreciated for the first time, as he saw the men laboring to hoist the heavy gun up the declivity, while the balls from the rifles of the Rebel sharpshooters whistled close about them.

The latter were entrenched in a V-shaped ravine, protected by timber and carefully-constructed rifle pits, from which they poured, with comparative safety, a telling fire upon the government forces, which occupied the high, exposed position upon the bank of the ravine.

"Now, young man," said Gilroy, rather sternly, as soon as they reached the elevation from which

the cannon was ranged upon the occupants of the ravine, "I want you to take care of yourself and keep out of danger. There will be no reason for you to expose yourself at all during the fight. Just see all you can of it within the bounds of safety, and try to remember every incident and detail, so that you can tell me all about it afterwards. When the fight is over I shall have to send you back to the station with a dispatch; so you'd better catch as much sleep as you can, for you'll need it."

At first Rodney kept carefully in the back ground, but as the excitement intensified, his recollection of Gilroy's kindly instructions became gradually less vivid, and when he finally saw a large log laying close along the edge of the bank he lost no time creeping to it. It was an ideal position from which to observe the fight, and Rodney wondered that some of the scouts had not found it before him.

A small opening underneath the log formed an excellent peep-hole, through which he could see distinctly, without the possibility of being sighted by the Rebels.

"I'll tell Mr. Gilroy of this; for I'll warrant he hasn't found as good an outlook," exclaimed Rodney, as he turned about and crawled back out of range, where he expected to find the correspondent.

The first men whom Rodney encountered were four of the scouts, who were bringing back a companion on an improvised stretcher.

The man had been struck in the lower jaw by a sharp-shooter's ball and presented a ghastly sight,

from which the boy turned away with a faint and sickening sensation.

"Looking for Gilroy?" asked one of the men, who knew the young newspaper scout.

"Yes, sir! Can you tell me where he is?"

"Right over there in that clump of trees, along with the general. It's infernal warm over there just now and you'd better pick your way and keep behind the trees. No sense in being fool-hardy, you know."

Rodney could see the erect form of General Middleton, mounted on his handsome horse, and standing beside him was Gilroy.

Taking as protected a course as possible Rodney soon found himself safely beside Gilroy, who turned upon him with a disapproving frown and the exclamation:

"What! You here? This is no place for anyone who doesn't have to fight."

He might have said more, but that instant the shrill scream of a ball made them cringe and dodge.

"That's a close call for some of us!" said Gilroy, changing the subject.

"Rather, yes!" said the general, as he quickly changed his position, took his fur hat from his head and held it out toward Gilroy, "I reckon that shot was meant for me!"

The bullet had ripped through the top of the hat and could not have passed more than an inch from his head.

"Those fellows are about as near dead shots as

they make them—and Gabriel Dumont is the champion of the whole outfit.” added the general, and then gave the order for the rifles to keep a sharp lookout for the head of Riel’s chief of staff, who was known by his peculiar hat, and to make him a special target.

“That’s business!” remarked Captain Wise of the staff, in an undertone to Gilroy. “Every time Dumont shows his head above their rifle pit it means Gabriel’s trump for some fellow on our side. And he is just smart enough to change his position after every shot. No telling where he will bob up.”

The wonderful coolness of General Middleton, and of all the men about him, under such terrible danger, impressed Rodney with a feeling of awe and admiration, which made a big lump rise in his throat. It seemed to him that his own conduct in the skirmish with the Half Breed scouts was nothing compared with such deliberate bravery as these men displayed; and he felt a keen sense of shame at the impulse which at that moment made him wish that he were in safer quarters.

“There’s a perfectly safe place over there behind a big log, right on the brow of the bluff, where we can see the whole thing through a crack under the log. I thought mebby you’d like to know of it,” explained Rodney, in an undertone.

“All right, we’ll——”

A fierce cry of pain, different from any that Rodney had yet heard, cut short the remainder of Gilroy’s remark.

At the same instant Rodney saw the splendid animal, one of the best in camp, upon which the Hon. Feinnes, of the general's staff, was mounted, rear and plunge. It had been shot through and its peculiar scream seemed even more terrible to the boy than the moans of pain that had escaped the wounded man whom he had met a few moments before.

He expected to see the horse drop at once, as the blood was spurting a stream from its side.

Feinnes, who was seeking to obtain a better knowledge of the enemy's position and a more telling arrangement of his own forces, plunged his spurs into his mortally wounded horse and rode sheer up to the brink of the ravine, where his figure must have been clearly silhouetted against the sky.

The close and clear view of the Rebels which this point of vantage afforded the reckless young officer was too great a temptation to him, and he drew his revolvers and deliberately emptied them at Half Breeds, while a volley of balls whistled around him.

"The fool!" exclaimed Gilroy, as he grasped Lieutenant Johns' arm and watched the man under the spell of the same awful fascination which held Rodney's attention, expecting that the next instant would see both man and horse fall—perhaps over the brink of the ravine.

When Feinnes had emptied the chambers of both his revolvers he wheeled his horse about and rode back towards his men.

"Well, if those Half Breeds don't give him credit

for being charmed, then I'm mistaken," exclaimed Lieutenant Johns. "That was the nerviest piece of fool fighting I ever saw. He must be bullet-proof, for nothing short of a miracle could have saved him."

"Come, lad, let's get out of this. It's altogether too lively for me here," said Gilroy, who made no secret of the fear which Rodney had been ashamed to admit even to himself.

Rodney led the way to his log.

"Just see the horses down there along the creek!" exclaimed Gilroy, pointing to the ponies of the Half Breeds which had been hitched to the timber in the bottom of the ravine. Many of them were dead, while the wounded ones were plunging furiously in efforts to break their Shagnappy lariats.

"If you can get the drop on any of 'em that haven't been killed or disabled, you might get a little good rifle practice," suggested Gilroy.

"I'd rather put some of the wounded and suffering ones out of their misery," replied Rodney, whose humane instincts and natural love of all animals, and especially of horses, revolted against the thought of deliberately shooting down the innocent creatures. It seemed to him that it would be more nearly right to shoot the men who had left them thus exposed.

He therefore selected one after another of the wounded ones and made them his target.

"I'm going to see if I can hit that spotted one in the head," said Rodney, as he took aim at a pony



that had been wounded and was laying back upon its tether until its haunches almost touched the ground.

"Good! try another!" exclaimed Gilroy, as the Shaganappy dropped limply to the ground after the report of Rodney's rifle.

As Rodney opened the guard of his repeater to eject the exploded shell and throw a fresh cartridge into place he exclaimed:

"Look! There's Dumont!"

The next moment, as Gilroy leveled his rifle at the famous Half Breed lieutenant, Rodney would have given almost anything in his power to have recalled his words.

"Click!" went the hammer of the gun. The cartridge had failed and Gilroy jerked back the shell ejector with a stronger exclamation of anger and disgust than Rodney had ever heard him use before.

Rodney, however, could scarcely surpress the exclamation of relief and thankfulness that rose to his lips at the result. It seemed like murder to him to lay concealed in ambush, select a particular victim and shoot him down with cool, calculating deliberation.

"That fellow's like Feinnes, he's bullet-proof—and a regular dare-devil, too. I'll bet he's killed more of our men than any man in Riel's army. And the bad whisky that he used to sell in his groggery has done up perhaps as many honest men as his rifle has."

Rodney could not help thinking that the dashing

young Half Breed certainly commanded greater respect in his present role of chief lieutenant of the oppressed settlers' forces than, in his former calling, of selling slow poison to his friends.

As the dusk settled down the firing gradually ceased, picket lines were thrown out and the newspaper scouts moved about headquarters picking up the details of the day's fighting.

It was learned that the government forces had lost about forty-nine men.

"Now turn in and sleep until I wake you. I shall get my specials written up by early morning and then I'll rout you and you can take the back track for the telegraph station. I don't think you'll have any trouble in getting through all right, but you'll have to keep a sharp out-look for Rebel scouts. And if you should run against any of them, don't have any false pride about showing them your horse's heels and leaving them behind as fast as possible. Well, good-night."

With these instructions in his mind, Rodney rolled himself in his blanket, feeling that sleep would be out of the question after the intense excitement of the day.

He was but fairly launched in his speculations upon what the morrow would bring forth, when he dropped into heavy slumber.

It seemed to him, when in the morning Gilroy's vigorous shakes aroused him, that he had but just retired.

"Put these dispatches in your boots, get your-

self some breakfast and then put out at as good a pace as you think your horse will hold. If you make the trip in extra time, quick you may get back here before we break camp, for the general has decided to wait for reinforcements before moving on to Batosch."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LOST CHILD.

THERE had always been a peculiar charm to Rodney in the gray dimness of an early spring morning; and as he saddled Pink-eye, after eating his breakfast and providing himself with a little lunch for his journey, this peculiar influence was especially strong upon him. It stirred all the tender instincts of the boy, and his thoughts went back to his mother. He wondered whether or not she had found it very lonely since his departure, and from that fell to thinking how glad she would be to see him when he should return.

Although he had been as obedient and thoughtful of his parents' comfort as any happy, healthy boy could reasonably be expected to be, it was not difficult, when in this reflective mood, to recall many ways in which he might have contributed to his mother's happiness and comfort, which he had failed to improve; and as the weary, hopeless drudgery of her life came clearly before his mind its pathetic desolateness touched him more strongly than ever before.

"If I get through this thing all right, I know what I'll do!" he mused, slapping his leg in a burst of enthusiasm. "Mother shall have a trip back to Illinois to see her folks. It would do her a world

of good. And maybe I could go with her and get a place on some newspaper."

The barking of a dog, that had been waiting in ambush by the side of the road, aroused him from his reverie to the consciousness that he was making very poor haste.

The snapping of the cur about the heels of Pink-eye set the Shaganappy off at a round canter, to which he steadily held.

When passing through the open country Rodney felt comparatively little anxiety about his safety from prowling scouts; but as he approached a long stretch of woods, which came close to the road on either side, his watchfulness instinctively quickened and his faculties were keyed to catch the slightest sign of danger.

He was well along into the center of the woods, when he pulled Pink-eye to a sharp halt and paused to listen.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it! He surely heard a human voice back from the road, in the interior of the woods. Again he listened. This time the sound came with startling clearness. It was a woman's voice, hoarse and strained, calling loudly.

"Jean! Oh Jean! Jean!" it repeated, in a voice that told him plainly that the woman must be hunting for a lost child.

"It wont take long, just to stop and see what the trouble is," he argued with himself; "and I'll push Pink-eye through a little harder to make up for the delay."

As the voice sounded nearer with each repetition of the pitiful call, he concluded that he would see the woman as soon by waiting quietly in the road where he was, as he would by attempting to get through the timber toward her. He also did not wish to run the risk of leaving his horse for even a few moments in the road. It seemed impossible for him to pass by without any heed to the woman's distress, and he did not think best to call out to her.

Although obliged to wait but a few moments, it seemed a long time to Rodney, under stress of his sympathy and anxiety, before the woman appeared in the road, several rods in advance of him.

He called quietly to her and was soon at her side, listening to her story.

Her husband, she said, was in Riel's forces at Batosch, and she had been left at home with their four children. Their cabin was so close to the bank of the ravine, at Fish Creek, that she had been obliged to flee from it with her children. They had started for the cabin of a friend, five miles in the direction in which Rodney was going.

When they had reached the edge of the woods it came to her that she had forgotten, in the panic of their fright, the little money she had hid in the cabin, and now that the children were out of danger, she determined to go back for it. Leaving the three younger children in care of the eldest girl, seven years old, she hurried back to their deserted home and secured the stocking in which their little hoard of money was concealed.

In an hour she was back to her children, but the oldest girl was missing. The baby had called for water and she had gone to look for a spring. From that time she had been searching the woods, without finding any trace of the lost girl. The other children had been left with the wife of a settler, whose cabin was near at hand.

Rodney assured her that he would not only keep a constant lookout for the child, in the remainder of his journey, but would also stop at the cabin to which they had originally set out, and tell their friends of her distress.

It was a severe hardship for the boy to continue his journey, but there seemed to be no escape from the necessity of this. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that perhaps he might be as likely to come accidentally upon the lost child as he would be to find it upon a definite search.

When at last he reached the telegraph station and tied old Pink-eye to the ring in the platform, he could not forbear putting a few caressing pats upon the pony's scrawny, U-shaped neck, which was wet with foam and sweat.

"Well, you *are* a stayer, so you are! I'll see if I can't scare you up a good feed of oats," he said to the pony, which seemed to understand his words.

After attending to the dispatches and writing a short letter to his mother, Rodney secured from the station agent a feed of oats and gave them to the faithful animal, which he carefully groomed with a bit of an old blanket, also obtained from the agent.

Then he ate his lunch and wrote a short letter to his mother.

But his mind was filled with thoughts of the half-breed mother, searching the woods for her lost child. If only he might find the little girl! He determined to risk a slight delay in getting back to camp in order to make a short search for the child, for he was sure that Gilroy would not object, under the circumstances.

With this determination, he quickly saddled Pink-eye and began to retrace his course at even greater speed than he had come.

So completely did the thought of rescuing the child absorb him, that Gilroy's caution about keeping a sharp lookout for prowling half-breed scouts was completely forgotten.

He paused and listened to every unusual sound, and frequently went out of the roadway to investigate objects which had the faintest suggestion of resemblance to a child or to a bit of clothing. But each of these sounds and objects, which at first excited his hopes, proved upon investigation to be natural and common-place, that he wondered how he could have been misled by them; and as he had neared the place where he had met the woman, he almost despaired of success.

Nevertheless, he paused a moment to debate with himself the advisability of carrying out his determination. In view of the fact that the mother had herself patrolled the woods, calling the child's name at almost every step, it seemed useless for him



to spend the hour or two that he would dare to delay, in searching over the same ground.

"It's no use ! I might just as well go on," he said to himself, and accordingly put spurs to his horse and hastened on.

As he came within sight of the "open" between the timber and the camp, overlooking Fish Creek, he noticed what seemed like a light trail leading into the woods. Closer scrutiny confirmed this suspicion, for there were the prints of a horse's hoof, which had been recently shod.

"I'll follow this up for a little way and see where it leads to," he said to himself.

Although a moment's reflection would have furnished Rodney with several reasonable explanations for the presence of this trail, it aroused in him a boyish excitement, at the thought of having discovered a secret trail which he could follow alone. Who could tell to what strange developments it might lead?

It was with difficulty that he managed to follow the trail for about a hundred rods through the woods into the mouth of a rocky and watered ravine, the existence of which he had not, from the general "lay" of the country, before mistrusted. This was an interesting development, and he could not resist the temptation to continue his explorations a little distance further up the gulch, although he was no longer able to see the prints of the sharply "corked" horseshoes.

As he proceeded he found the banks on either

side of the stream more high and rocky. Occasionally flat shelves of rock jutted out at considerable elevations, and as frequently he caught sight of large holes in the banks, which looked delightfully suggestive to his boyish imagination, of dark and secret caverns.

He was about to halt and investigate one of these openings, when he heard far up the ravine the violent bellowing of a bull. At first his impulse was to dismiss this fact without further thought, but in his alert and imaginative mood, the most ordinary facts became significant, and he relinquished his purpose to peer in the hole as quickly as he had formed it.

Putting spurs to his horse, he cantered briskly up the flat, shaly bottom of the gulch, until it turned a sharp angle. As he dashed around this curve, his heart seemed for the moment to cease beating.

Within twenty rods of him, hooking and pawing the earth of the bank in rage, and bellowing furiously, was as scurvy and uninviting a specimen of semi-wild bull as Rodney had ever seen, while from one of the protruding shelves of stone waved in the wind the object which had inflamed the creature's fury to a state of madness.

It was the red flannel dress of a child. Each time that a breeze would shake the garment, the bull's rage would mount to a terrific pitch, and the brute would rush up the steep bank until he would find himself standing impotently underneath the shelf of rock upon which the child was resting.

Before Rodney could pull Pink-eye to a halt, the bull caught sight of him, paused a moment, with his sharp, grimy horns lifted smartly aloof, and then, with a wild, resonant bellow, charged upon the new invader of his retreat.

All of the cow-boy stories which Rodney had read represented that, when in the saddle, a man was safe from the attacks of cattle, save in the case of a stampede.

Rodney thought of this, as the bull came bounding toward him, and would not have been surprised to see the animal stop at any moment.

But the bull did not stop. Its leaps became quicker and longer. Rodney reached for his revolver, unbuttoned the flap of his holster, and drew it out, just as the bull plunged into the shallow water of the stream.

The boy had no notion of running from a "scrub" bull, whether there were any spectators present to observe his conduct or not.

"Whoa—stand still, Pink-eye!" he commanded the shaganappy, which obeyed with military promptness and fidelity.

Then he fired three shots, in rapid succession, at the breast of the oncoming brute, and jabbed his spurs into the pony's flanks, as he imagined a Spanish bull-fighter might do.

It was a happy precaution, for an instant after the bull made a plunge which would have pinned both horns into the horse's side.

Quickly wheeling Pink-eye about, Rodney again

emptied a chamber of his revolver at the broadside of the bull, as the latter went sprawling upon his knees on the stones.

This ball, which entered the animal's side just back of its shoulder, was more effective than the others, although it did not produce instant death, as Rodney expected when he saw, by the spurting blood, where it had entered. The wounded bull still continued to propel itself by its hind legs, while its breast plowed up the loose shale stones in the bed of the ravine.

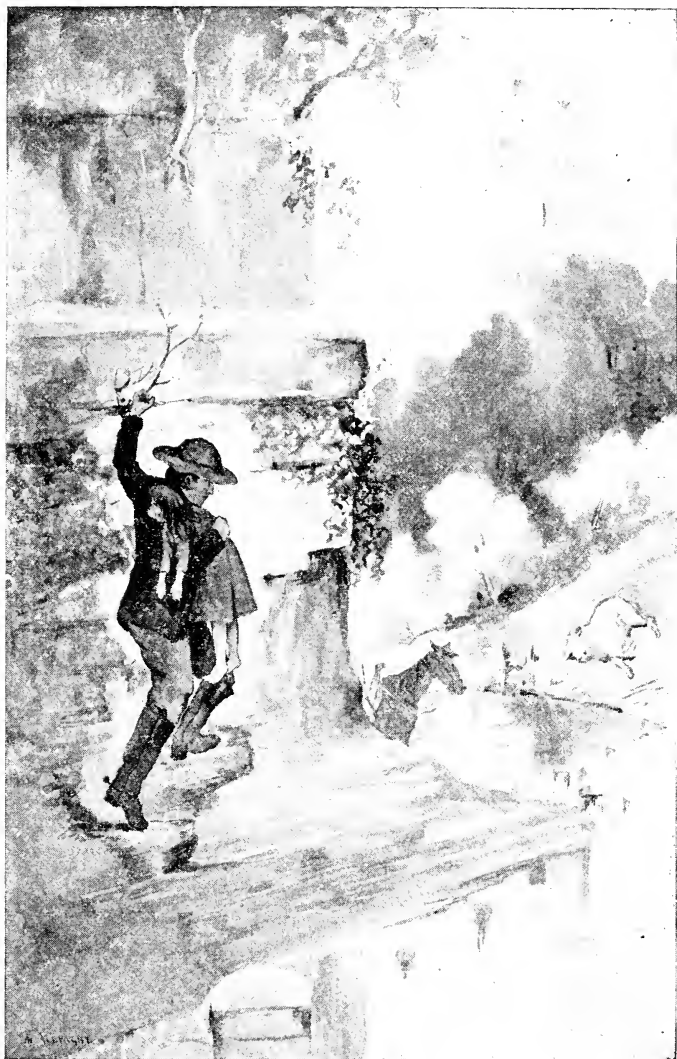
Believing that the creature was mortally wounded, Rodney took more deliberate aim, and sent the two remaining charges into its vital parts with fatal effect. In the intense excitement of his own peril Rodney, for the instant, forgot the presence of the child; but as soon as he saw that the bull was dead, the recollection of the little figure stretched upon the shelf of rock came back to him with fresh force and emphasis.

"Is she alive?" was the awful question that spurred him to put his horse through the slippery bed of the stream at a reckless gallop.

Reaching a spot below the rock, he leaped from his saddle and clambered up the steep bank.

"Dead!" he muttered, as he caught the first glimpse of the child's face.

Instantly gathering the limp, little body in his arms, the lad rushed down the bank to the edge of the creek, from which he dipped handfuls of water and dashed them into her face.



RESCUE OF THE LOST CHILD.



He saw her eyelids twitch and quiver. At last they opened and she gave a little cry—he could not tell whether of joy or fear—and then sank into stupor again. Having once seen a boy, who had, when skating, fallen through the ice of the river, brought back from unconsciousness by vigorous rubbing, Rodney determined to try that remedy on the child, and promptly began to chafe her face, hands and bare feet and ankles.

It proved almost instantly effective, for the child soon revived and sat upright on the stones.

“Where is the bull—and ma—and the children?” she asked in confusion.

“The bull is dead—over there on the other side; see?” he answered, pointing to the animal. “Your mother and the children are safe and I am going to take you to them. I’m a newspaper scout, and that’s my horse up by the bank behind us,” he added proudly; but was almost ashamed of the words as soon as he had spoken them, for he realized that they were a little foolish and boastful.

“Oh I’m awful hungry!” exclaimed the child, in a pitiful wailing tone, and then began to sob.

“Drink some water and I’ll go to my saddle and get some crackers that I had left from my lunch.”

He scooped up more water in the palm of his hand and held it to her lips again and again. It seemed to Rodney that she could not have drunk more eagerly if she had been rescued from days of wondering without water upon the plains or the Sahara.

"There! You hadn't better drink any more just now." He ran to his saddle and took from behind it the little bundle in which he had stowed the remnants of his lunch.

After soaking a couple of the crackers in the water he gave them to her, and she devoured them with an almost savage greed.

"You'll have to let me carry you in front of me on the saddle. Do you think you can stand it to ride that way? We'll be where your mother is in just a few minutes if you can." And without waiting for a reply he carried her to the side of Pink-eye and lifted her tenderly into the saddle.

She clung to its horn while he mounted and then he started to retrace his course back to the road.

Before they had gone a dozen rods he gave the bridle-rein a sharp pull, which brought Pink-eye to an abrupt halt. After a moment of intent listening he wheeled the faithful shaganappy quickly about, and said in an undertone:

"Now Jean, don't be frightened, or cry. We must ride fast, for you know your mother is waiting to see you."

Then he plunged the spurs into the pony's sides with a vigor that gave the knowing brute to understand that serious business was on hand.

As it leaped along the hard level bottom of the ravine Rodney could hear the clatter of other hoofs beyond the turn in the ravine, coming toward him at terrific speed. He was sure that they were rebel



scouts who had been attracted by the sound of his shots at the bull.

It required only a few minutes to confirm this opinion, for as half a dozen horsemen came in sight around the turn of the gully, as many bullets whistled after him.

They were fired at too great a distance and from too unsteady seats to do him any injury.

For a hundred rods he held his distance straight ahead, holding in front of him the child, who seemed too terrified to even scream. Then he could see that the scouts were gradually gaining upon his awkwardly burdened horse.

When it seemed as though a few moments more must surely bring his pursuers within rifle range of him, he saw some thirty rods ahead of him a tributary creek joining the main stream by the side of which he was riding.

The thought flashed into his mind that this branch ravine would doubtless lead him up to the general level of the surrounding country sooner than the principal one that he was now following. Although he could not have given a reason for this intuition he instinctively accepted it and took new courage.

All that spurs and words of urging could do to incite Pink-eye to a fresh burst of speed was done, and the animal seemed to grasp a full understanding of the fearful necessities of the moment. His hoofs struck sparks from the stony trail at every leap.

Not until close up to the point where they must turn into the tributary ravine did Rodney cease to

urge the animal on. Then he even slackened Pink-eye's speed in order to round the abrupt turn in safety.

As he did this, another volley of shots told him that the scouts were still in desperate pursuit and determined to contest every possible chance to escape; but again their balls fell wide of the mark.

Once safely around the difficult turn, he again bent every effort to regain his former speed.

Before the scouts came once more in view, a glad shout broke from the lad, for at the end of the ravine, not a hundred rods beyond, he caught sight of the camp of the rifles and the government scouts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A FORAGING EXPEDITION.

THE significance of Rodney's yell seemed to be instantly understood by both his pursuers and the friends in front of him, for scarcely had the echoes died away when he saw that a detachment of horsemen break from the ranks of government scouts and come to his relief with all possible speed; but the shots and the clatter of hoofs behind him suddenly stopped and he rightly guessed that the rebel scouts had not only abandoned all hope of capturing him but were making good their own escape.

He therefore slackened his speed and made the remaining distance to camp in greater leisure, for old Pink-eye was well-spent and winded by the long and rapid journey of the day and the exciting race with which it had ended.

As the posse of scouts in pursuit of the rebels who had given Rodney so close a chase urged their horses past him, they gave him rousing cheers at the sight of the child.

The reception which was given him in camp, as he handed his burden into Gilroy's arms and dismounted, was enough to have made a full-grown man proud, to say nothing of a boy.

As he suspected from their behavior, the troops had heard the story of the lost child—and there was

not a man of them who would not have risked his own life to save the little girl.

Not only did the scouts gather about Rodney to hear an account of his adventure, but they were joined by the captains and even Lord Melgund and Gen. Middleton.

Meantime the child had been given into the care of the physician, for fear that the intense strain through which it had just passed, following instantly upon partaking of the first food after so terrible a fast, might result seriously.

"Someone ought to go at once and tell the mother that the child is found," suggested Gilroy. Especially as it is decided best to keep her under the doctor's charge until she is out of all danger from the fast and excitement."

"Let the boy go himself. He's earned it," added Captain French.

This suggestion was accepted as a happy one by all, and Rodney, mounted on a fresh horse and accompanied by Gilroy set out to find the mother.

After visiting several of the cabins in the vicinity of the woods where Rodney had found the distressed mother, they at last approached one which well was concealed in the timber.

"Hark!" exclaimed Rodney, stopping his horse, "I can hear somebody crying!"

"Sounds like it; don't it? I guess we're on the right track this time," responded Gilroy.

A nearer approach to the little cabin confirmed their hopes, for a low, pitiful wailing that sounded

strangely wierd and uncanny in the deepening shadows of the dusk, became clearer.

A dog bounded from his lair and under the cabin and came forward, growling and showing his teeth with a savage dignity that indicated to Gilroy and Rodney that his bite promised to be more dangerous than his bark.

"Helloo!" called Gilroy loudly at the house, and then added, in an undertone, to Rodney:

"I don't believe that I'd like to trouble the hen-roosts around this place until reasonably certain that this bloody cur is out of the way."

Rodney noticed that the wailing had ceased with the first growl of the dog.

In a moment the door opened wide enough to show the dim outline of a woman's face.

"Who be ye; an' what ye want?" said a cracked voice, intended to be very bold and forbidding, but which betrayed the fear with which the woman was shaking.

"We're friends. Can you tell us where we can find the woman whose little child was lost?" replied Gilroy.

In an instant the door flew wide open and the mother dashed out, nearly capsizing the woman who stood in the door.

"Where is she?" demanded the mother, with a fierceness which almost frightened Rodney.

Before he could reply she sank down upon the steps of the cabin, threw her apron back over her head and began to rock back and forth moaningly:

"Oh, you needn't tell me! She's dead!—dead! Oh, Jean!"

"No! No!" quickly interrupted Gilroy. "She's found! She's all safe, back at the camp, where the doctor is giving her food and medicine. This lad, here, found her."

Rodney half expected that the woman would be profuse in expressions of gratitude at this—at least it was the way they always acted in the stories that he had read.

But she did not. Instead, she became suddenly quiet—almost silent. At last, in a dazed way, she arose from the steps and staggered, in a confused way, toward them.

"Take me there—quick; can't ye?" she demanded.

"Can you ride my horse?" asked Rodney, beginning to dismount.

"No. You ride right along and I'll follow—only hurry up," was the impatient reply.

They did so and she kept close alongside the horses.

As they approached camp Rodney noticed that she seemed to wish to shrink from the sight of the pickets, and he said:

"You needn't be afraid of the soldiers. They're all sorry for you and are glad that your little girl is found."

This thoughtful observation reassured the woman.

As she entered the tent where the child was

quietly sleeping she uttered a low cry and clasped the little girl against her breast with a ferocious way which brought swelling lumps into the throats of the men who chanced to be observers of the touching scene. In spite of his efforts to hide his emotion the tears sprang into Rodney's eyes, and he slipped quietly out of the tent in order to avoid anything like a "scene" which might occur should the woman bethink herself to thank him. To see the inexpressible joy of the mother was thanks enough for him.

On entering their own tent he realized for the first time that day, that he was both desperately hungry and tired.

"Feel pretty well played out?" asked Gilroy in a tone of kindly sympathy.

"Yes sir—rather," replied Rodney, as he settled limply down upon a blanket.

"Well, I don't wonder! I don't suppose you've had more 'n a good stiff smell of anything to eat and you've expended enough energy to require about a dozen ordinary meals. Just as I thought! so I've managed to scare up a chicken—borrowed it—and now you're going to stay right there while I roast it for you."

Rodney attempted to protest against this "swapping places" with Gilroy, but the latter good-naturedly silenced the boy, and the air was soon fragrant with the odor of the roasting fowl.

He could scarcely wait for the operation to be finished, and he ate with an appetite which Gilroy

declared would have done credit to an Indian who had not tasted food for a fortnight and did not expect to for as long again.

"This all makes a mighty good story for me—almost as good as another fight. Folks like to read that kind of thing. They'd shed more tears over that lost child than they would over a dozen dead scouts killed in an open fight—and men who had families depending on them, at that! I'm going to write it up to-night. Yes, sir, it makes a mighty neat little story for the fine women who read that London paper to dim their fashionable eyes over. That's just the place for it!" soliloquized Gilroy.

"But it isn't quite so fine and easy when you're right in it yourself, eh?" he added. Not to speak of! This is the backaching end of the business that makes a fellow willing to forget all about being a hero for the sake of stretching out in a blanket and having eight hours of solid sleep ahead of him. Well—now you just turn in and I'll look after the horses and everything else. All you've got to do is to rest your bones."

This announcement was very comforting to Rodney, who wasted no time in trying to realize that he was a real hero, and had actually rescued a little girl from a fearful death. It was not at all as he had imagined the boy heroes, in the stories he had read, felt. He was almost as much interested in the way in which Gilroy looked at the incident, as in his personal part in it. He thought the matter all over, as he opened his blanket and stretched out his



tired limbs, and determined to read the papers carefully and to ask Gilroy more about it, at the first opportunity.

Although these reflections were made when his eyes were heavy with on-coming sleep, they marked what Gilroy afterwards termed the beginning of "getting his newspaper-eyes open." From that time he saw everything more or less in the light of its news value. Everything became less to him in itself—in its own actuality—and he mentally sorted it into "material," or rejected it because of its failure to be "material." This way of looking at things, he found, had its pleasant and its unpleasant side.

"Rather slim layout, isn't it?" remarked Gilroy, as he surveyed the breakfast on the following morning.

Rodney was somewhat ashamed to look the array of chicken-bones "in the face," for they were gaunt witnesses of the enormity of his appetite on the preceding evening.

"I'll tell you what's the matter. We've got to hustle around and scrape up something to eat, right away quick, or play 'poor Indian' and tighten up our belts. We're in the enemy's country, you know, and 'all's fair in love or war'—at least so far as hen-roosts and pig pens are concerned."

"But isn't foraging forbidden? I thought there was such an order," answered Rodney.

"Oh, yes; there's an order out to that effect as a matter of course; but nobody's expected to pay any attention to it. I'll warrant more than half the

rations of fresh meat that comes from the commissary are raised about here, and aren't paid for either. Of course, the commanders may not know it—but I don't imagine they lay awake nights worrying about! Just you come out with me and I'll show you how the trick's done."

While inwardly debating the right and wrong of this system of "looting" from the enemy, Rodney followed Gilroy in a saunter about the camp.

"There comes one of the boys with a jag of hay. Now we'll just lay low behind these bushes and see him unload."

They did so.

The scout carelessly tossed off the upper portion of the hay, then glanced sharply about to see if he was observed. The coast seemed to be clear, and he made a quick thrust with his arm into the remainder of the hay, and jerked out a sucking pig, which had evidently suffered death from the scout's knife, for it was daubed with fresh blood.

With a deft fling he shot the roastling under the flap of his tent.

"We'll drop in on that fellow in about twenty minutes, and if he don't trot out some of that roast, I'll make him own up to where he got it," said Gilroy, as they wandered aimlessly on.

"See! There comes another jag of hay. Oh haying's good just now. Horses have to have hay, you know, if the men do go hungry," laughed Gilroy, as they waited for the scout to approach.

"Why, that's Lieutenant Johns!" exclaimed Rodney, as the man came nearer.

"That's a fact!" responded Gilroy with elation. "You stay here, Rodney, and I'll go and see if I can get anything out of him. If he's had any luck, I know he'll tell me where to look for some of the same kind of hay."

In a few moments he returned to where he had left Rodney, and said:

"We're all right! I told you the lieutenant would share up with his information. When it begins to get a little dark, we'll make an effort to keep the wolf from the door."

During the day, the thoughts of the proposed foraging expedition was constantly in Rodney's mind, and his reflections upon it were by no means pleasant or satisfactory. Although he had heard some of the scouts advance what seemed, at the time, like very reasonable and logical arguments in support of the justice of an army living upon the products of a people in active rebellion and warfare against the government, he could not help feeling that it was a cruel and pitiable thing to take the cattle, pigs and poultry without recompense from the poor women, who must starve when these scanty possessions were gone.

He at last reached the conclusion, that the only circumstances under which foraging was justifiable, were when those from whom the property was looted were in comfortable circumstances, in which they would never feel in need of the property taken.

“Does the place we’re going to belong to one of the poor settlers, or to some one who will never miss what we are going after?” inquired Rodney; as Gilroy told him at evening to get up their horses.

“Oh, it’s one of the largest places around here. They could afford to give us each a good beef, and throw in a roasting pig, a turkey and a couple of chickens, and never know the difference,” laughed Gilroy. “And besides, they knew that their property was subject to confiscation when they went into the fight. They accepted it as one of the inevitable conditions—now let them abide by it.”

Although this partially appeased Rodney’s conscientious scruples, he still felt disagreeably like a sneak-thief and plunderer and wished himself well out of the business a dozen times before they approached the prosperous farm where they were to put their plans in operation.

“Now you go up to the house and buy us a jag of hay, but don’t pay more than a quarter for it at the most—not if you have to talk all night for it. They’ll give it to you for that if you hang on and beat them down long enough. When you get through, come back here.”

Rodney went to the house wondering that Gilroy should have so easily abandoned his intention to secure the supplies without bargain and sale.

As Gilroy expected, Rodney was greeted by the watch dog. As soon as he heard this comfortable assurance that the brute’s attentions were engaged

with Rodney, Gilroy tied his horse and made a short cut "cross lots" to the sheep fold.

It took him but a moment to select a couple of choice spring lambs and make them victims of his knife before the remainder of the flock was scarcely aware of the presence of an invader.

He tied their heels together, returned to his horse and hung them over the animal's back.

"I guess they'll carry all right there. Now for a side-dish of chicken or turkey, just for variety," he meditated, as he retraced his steps to the buildings.

"That looks to me decidedly like the hen-roost," he again soliloquized, pushing open the door.

The rooster gave a low note of alarm. He paused—just in time to hear voices approaching.

It was Rodney and the hired man coming for the hay. The proprietor was with Riel.

"Confound it, I'm in a box now! That boy's too innocent for any earthly use!" were Gilroy's inward exclamations as the voices grew nearer.

Fortunately for the newspaper man, Rodney had chanced to see him slip in the hen house, while the hired man was taking a fresh chew of tobacco from his pouch, and the whole truth had dawned upon him. He quickly determined upon a desperate ruse to allow Gilroy chance to escape, for he felt sure that the dog would at once track the latter to his retreat as soon as it struck its trail.

"Hark!" exclaimed Rodney, "there's something the matter in the sheep fold. Do you suppose any-one's trying to make way with your lambs?"

"Here, Tige!" was the man's only answer. "Go take care of the sheep!"

The dog bounded away with a threatening growl toward the fold.

"I'll look out here and you can go around the other side of the barn, there," again suggested Rodney, with a presumptory decision that the man instantly accepted.

He had no sooner disappeared around the corner of the barn than Rodney stepped close to the hen house door and called, in a low undertone, to Gilroy:

"Now you can get away across the pasture there. But you'll have to be lively."

"All right!" was the quiet answer.

A moment later the lusty squawk of a fowl sent a cold chill through Rodney's nerves. But the sound was quickly nipped into an abrupt "g-l-k" as Gilroy's hand closed its grip about the neck of the unfortunate hen.

"Just for luck!" exclaimed Gilroy, dashing out of the hen house door and flourishing the fowl at Rodney, as he brushed past him and leaped the fence.

He had scarcely gone a dozen rods beyond the fence when the dog, followed by the man, were seen running from the fold.

"There he goes! There he goes!" shouted Rodney, when he saw that the man had caught sight of Gilroy's retreating figure.

"You follow him on foot and I'll go round on my horse," called Rodney.

This served to delay the man for a moment —but not the dog.

The brute lunged ahead, uttering a fierce bay at every leap, while Rodney mounted his horse and galloped down the road as though in greatest haste to cut off Gilroy's retreat.

Meantime he drew his revolver from its holster and prepared to open fire upon the dog when it should seem necessary.

He could see that the dog was gaining upon Gilroy, but the distance between himself and the dog was too great for him to hope for any effect with his revolver.

A sudden splash, followed by a loud exclamation, told Rodney that his partner-in-crime had suffered some sort of a mishap.

There was evidently no time to lose, and Rodney fired a trio of shots in rapid succession at the dog. One of these evidently chanced to take effect, for the dog gave a howl of pain and the hired-man yelled:

“Let the feller go! Let him go—or you'll kill the dog an' me too.”

The terrified farm hand then called the dog off, and the courageous brute went limping unwillingly back to a place of safety.

As the hired man disappeared into the distant shadows, Rodney hitched Pink-eye and hastened to Gilroy's assistance.

“Look out!” exclaimed the latter, “Don't you get into the same slew hole that I'm stuck in. I'm most up to my neck here!”

"But I'm going through, just the same! And I've got that chicken all right, too!—'live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish.'"

Rodney could not contain his amusement at the plight that Gilroy presented on at last making his way on to dry land.

He had fallen flat into the mire, and the entire front of his person was dripping with the thick, black grime of the bog.

Gilroy surveyed himself for a moment, and then joined Rodney in merriment at his own expense.

"You must have swallowed considerable of it," said Rodney.

"Yes," responded Gilroy, "I bit the mud but not the dust. Now we must be getting out of this."

"How's that for high?" he again exclaimed pointing with pride at the two lambs laying in front of his saddle, and enjoying Rodney's surprise at the sight.

When they were again in their own tent, Gilroy retired, while Rodney cleaned his clothes and dressed the lambs and chicken, frequently stopping to shake with laughter at the recollection of the pitiable figure which the representative of the Toronto and London press presented as he crawled out of the mire of the bog, still holding with desperate grip to his looted chicken.

In the morning, as the fragrance of the frying lamb chops which Rodney was turning in the skillet greeted Gilroy, the former suggested:





A FORAGING EXPEDITION.



“Wouldn't that make a mighty good little story for the fine ladies of London to read—just the thing they would like to shed their tears over?”

“Yes,” quickly replied Gilroy; “Exactly! But I guess I'll tell it on one of the other boys—just for a change.”

They would have exchanged more pleasantries over their ludicrous adventure had not a scout interrupted them with the news that the advance messenger of the reinforcements had arrived, and that the general had issued orders to break camp and proceed at once upon Batosch.

“That means business, and lots of it, too,” commented Gilroy. I miss my guess if we don't see more hard fighting there than in all the rest of the trip; for that's Riel's stronghold.

This opinion seemed to be shared by the entire camp, for even the coolest men betrayed a greater degree of anticipation and excitement than Rodney had ever seen them show before.

When Rodney remarked this fact to Gilroy, he replied:

“Certainly. You see Riel is believed to be there himself, and every man, especially of the scouts, fancies that he may stand some chance to capture the big rebel leader and cover himself with glory.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN INDIAN AMBUSH.

THE territory from Fish Creek to Batosch was depressingly barren and desolate, much of it having been so burned over that the horses could find only stray patches of thinly sprouting grass.

The grazing was even more scant than along any portion of their previous march from Ft. Qu'Appelle.

This kind of fare had told perceptibly upon the horses, and each day brought their ribs into clearer prominence.

Pink-eye, however, was an exception to this rule, for he had actually "picked up" flesh upon camp diet. For a time this was a puzzle to Rodney, but the mystery was cleared up one morning when he chanced to find the animal smelling about the ashes of an extinct camp fire and picking up bits of the refuse meat, which he devoured as greedily as wolf-erine.

This thrifty propensity of his shaganappy, however, came very near getting Rodney into trouble.

Early in the morning of the second day out from Fish Creek, Rodney and Gilroy were awakened by a loud voice at the door of their tent.

There stood a scout, with old Pin-eye in tow.

The man was in anything but an amiable mood and breathed out threatenings of slaughter against

the shaganappy provided Rodney did not, in future, keep him securely tethered instead of allowing the freedom of the camp.

"Well, what's the matter? Why don't you tell us what you're kicking about?" demanded Gilroy, of the excited scout.

"We've been missing candles from our tent several times, of late, until I got tired of it and made up my mind to put a stop to it. So last night, after I had just got a fresh ration of them, I put the package under my pillow, which was close against the side of the tent. About half an hour ago I was awakened by something pulling at my hair. Fragments of the paper in which the candles had been wrapped were laying about where my head had rested; but the candles were gone—every last one of 'em! I was sure that it was the work of some pilfering animal. Jumping to my feet, I grabbed my rifle and rushed out of the tent. Just outside of where I had been laying stood this spotted old reprobate, munching the remains of that dozen candles. I grabbed up a stick, that happened to be laying handy by, and was going to lay it onto the thief when the brute turned its heels toward me, laid back his ears and rolled his pink eyes in a way that made me conclude not to meddle with him. After he had finished his meal he allowed me to put a tether on him and lead him here. If he'd nipped a little closer that time he'd have lifted my whole scalp, instead of just taking a stray tuft out of my hair."

Gilroy made no attempt to conceal his amuse-

ment at the fellow's ludicrous fright, and laughed to his face so heartily that the offended scout concluded to make the best of it, and joined Gilroy and Rodney in their fun.

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do," promptly responded Gilroy, as the man was about to leave. "That horse is going to have his liberty the same as the others; and if he's smart enough to forage for himself, all right. If you make no more complaint about the horse, well and good; but if you want to make any bother I'll give the whole thing away to the boys and they'll get more comfort out of it than you will—you may depend upon that."

The man seemed to take the same view of the matter, after a moment's reflection, for he replied:

"All right. We'll let it drop at that."

"He'd better!" was Gilroy's comment to Rodney, as the scout turned upon his heel and walked away, "for if the boys once get hold of that they'll call him 'candles' till the war's over, and will make life a burden to him generally.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here we are! See the steeple of the old church! And down in the valley beyond is Batosch" exclaimed Gilroy to Rodney, on the third day's march from Fish Creek.

The quaint old cathedral stood on the high bank, overlooking the village, which nestled close to the turbid Saskatchewan.

The troops took a position on the eminence to the left of the church, while almost in front of them

was a deep ravine, which opened into the valley near the village.

Adjacent to the church was the old burial ground, with its picturesque cross standing guard over its consecrated soil.

Interest was quickly centered upon the array of wigwams which stood in plain view upon the other bank of the Saskatchewan, opposite the town.

Before the troops had fairly pitched camp an eighteen-pound gun was trained upon the Indian encampment, and poured a volley of shells into it. This had an instant and telling effect. Squaws, bearing papooses and every sort of domestic utensil, could be seen retreating in the greatest confusion.

Rodney also noticed that there were but few men to be seen, and those did not have on their war paint.

He took this as a sign that the warriors were absent in some other section, and he was almost disappointed at the thought that they would see nothing of Indian fighting.

Meantime, the commanders were taking a careful survey of the land.

"A few of you scouts go down into the ravine and see if it's occupied," was the general's command.

"Want to go with 'em?" said Gilroy, turning to Rodney.

"Yes," was the boy's eager reply.

"I don't believe there's any particular danger—at least, the captain don't seem to think there is. We'll chance it anyway."

Accordingly they joined the little squad of scouts, which descended into the wooded ravine. It seemed as quiet and deserted save for the birds which occasionally chirped and fluttered in the branches.

Lieutenant Johns was too skillful a scout, however, to proceed without due caution; and he had his men hitch their ponies in a sheltered spot, accessible to the trail leading back to camp.

Then they carefully picked their way along through the thick timber without exchanging a word with each other.

After exploring the portion of the ravine toward the village, they retraced their course, passed their horses, and reconnoitered a short distance in the opposite direction.

Rodney thought how splendidly romantic and exciting it was to be stealing stealthily through the woods, in search of a hidden foe, in real warfare; and he resolved to give the boys back at the fort, a full account of the experience. Just as he was picturing how intently they would listen to his recital, he caught sight of a single figure on the opposite side of the ravine.

He touched Gilroy's arm and pointed at the sentinel.

At that moment the command echoed through the ravine:

“Retire : scouts !”

How warlike it sounded, and how it would appeal to the boys!



The little company of scouts wheeled about, and were leisurely walking toward their horses, when suddenly, like an electric shock, the first war-cry of Indians that Rodney had ever heard, smote his ears, and made him chill and quiver with excitement.

"Down! And break for your horses!" was the lieutenant's informal order.

There was small need for a command to crouch low, for the instinct of self-preservation would have dictated that, as the crack of rifles from the ambush, in the thickest portion of the timber, followed the war-cry.

The bullets whizzed and screamed over the heads of the scouts, and Rodney, for an instant, fancied himself wounded, as a ball tore a splinter from a dry stub close beside him, hurled it against his arm.

In his previous adventures, Rodney had not had the feeling that he would be shot. But even after discovering that it was a harmless sliver, instead of a ball, which had brushed against his arm, he experienced, for some moments, the keenest fear. It seemed to him, as he crouched down and dodged from the cover of one tree to another, that he would surely be the victim of one of the balls which poured from the invisible guns of the hidden savages, whose ghastly war-cry still mingled with the crackling discharge of their rifles.

This fear intensified into a morbid despair when he saw that to reach their horses, they must leave the cover of the timber, and cross an open which

was only sparsely studded with clumps of small bushes and undergrowth.

Upon coming to this clearing, Lieutenant Johns, who was in the lead, dropped upon his hands and knees, snatched his knife from his belt, placed it between his teeth, and crawled rapidly over the rough ground toward the horses.

Every member of the party instantly followed his example.

How slowly the crawling line seemed to move! As a bullet buried itself in the ground a few feet beyond him, the likeness of their situation, to the perils which he had encountered in nightmares, came to him, but without that second-consciousness which always gave him in the dreams, a comforting though shadowy assurance that he would waken into safety just before the fatal calamity should overtake him.

But this feeling vanished when he reached the tree to which old Pink-eye was hitched, cut the strap and leaped into the saddle.

Many of the other horses were plunging so furiously that their owners could scarcely release and mount them; consequently Rodney was among those who lead the plunge up the trail, almost directly in front of the Indians' ambush.

In the saddle, with his tried and faithful horse under him, leaping forward with the swift strides that had carried him into safety on other occasions of danger, his old courage returned to him, and he was conscious of no little shame at the thought of

the fear which he had entertained when crawling behind the bushes.

It was a more desperate undertaking to attempt to run the gauntlet of the Indians' rifle-pits, when upon their horses and fully exposed to their fire, than it had been to skulk behind the trees and bushes; but Rodney did not shrink from the charge.

The little posse of scouts had gone but a few rods, and had still the most dangerous part of their ride before them, when another surprise greeted them.

It was the belching of the gatling gun under charge of Captain Young. He pushed steadily forward to the relief of the scouts, until in the very face of the savages. The constant and deadly fire of the gatling accomplished the captain's purpose by throwing the Indians into momentary confusion, in the interval of which the scouts made a successful dash past the braves into the shelter of the timber and up the trail, where they soon joined the remainder of their company.

"Well, we're out of the woods this time!" exclaimed Lieutenant Johns to Captain French, as they rode together toward the general's headquarters.

"Yes," replied the latter, "but we've got to fight it out there sooner or later, for the enemy must be dislodged from that ravine before we can take the town. And it'll be a nasty fight, too, for it's just the place that suits a sneaking Indian to do his best work in. He can hide in the thick timber and shoot

without being seen—and that's meat to a Red skin."

This prophecy in regard to another engagement in the ravine was verified not long after by the command of Colonel Williams:

"You scouts go down yonder and do some good."

Meantime Rodney had been suffering from a repentant recollection of his fright, which seemed to him, upon calm and conscientious self-examination, so much like outright cowardice that he determined to retrieve his self-respect at the first opportunity.

He therefore hailed the order to again enter the ravine with more of joy than regret.

## CHAPTER X.

### UNDER DOUBLE FIRE.

RODNEY'S resolutions to acquire himself with courage was called into severe and immediate action, for in order to reach the place of vantage necessary to fire with any effect upon the Indians, the scouts were obliged to descend into the ravine in the face of a steady fire from the secreted Indians, whose rifle pits were carefully planted through the thickest of the timber and up the steep bank on the opposite side.

To deliberately advance against such a sure and steady fire without the opportunity to return a single shot required the most unflinching kind of courage.

The Indians had built their rifle pits with such cunning and skill that they could fire from out narrow cracks and through small crevices without exposing themselves in the least.

When at last Captain French had succeeded in leading his men to the position from which he hoped to secure at least a partial view of the enemy, he found himself foiled and disappointed. Not a single Indian could be seen. On the other hand, the scouts were in direct range for the rifles of the Indians.

Each man picked out the largest tree or stump that was accessible and stationed himself behind it.

Some were fortunate enough to get behind fallen trees which formed excellent breastworks.

Among these were Gilroy and Rodney.

They had scarcely settled down comfortably behind their natural fortification when Gilroy began to shake with laughter. Pointing to their right he exclaimed, between paroxysms of mirth.

"Just look at 'The Fat Man From Assinaboia,' over there trying to screen himself behind the smallest tree in the whole grove. There's the irony of fate for you! The biggest, broadest, fattest man in the whole company pitted behind a tree that would hardly shelter the slimest man in the camp! See him twist and turn to see whether he will expose the narrowest margin of himself when standing edge-wise or squarely facing the enemy!"

Even in the presence of the danger that they and the fleshy scout were facing, Gilroy and Rodney laughed at the fellow's predicament until they were sore.

When their first amusement at the ridiculous spectacle was over Gilroy added seriously :

"They'll hit him yet if he don't get out of there. It's simply a question of the tree being too narrow and the man too wide. He might better drop and crawl for a better shelter."

Rodney's attention was next drawn to a party of half-a-dozen scouts who, like Gilroy and himself, had been lucky enough to get behind a large, prostrate tree.

"See! What are they doing there?" inquired Rodney.

Gilroy watched the men in silence for a few moments and then replied :

“They’re passing Captain Young’s cap from one to another in order to fool the Indians. He did some tall fighting against them in putting down the Minnesota uprising, and they remember him and are after his head. You just notice that whenever that cap bobs up it draws the fire of the Indians every time.

It required but a brief observation to demonstrate this to Rodney.

The scouts had fired but few shots, for the Redskins were so well concealed that it was only at rare intervals that the slightest glimpse of them was to be had.

At last the delay seemed to become intolerable to the scouts, who were subjected to a constant fusillade from the Indians. This helpless and impotent situation seemed to prey especially upon the impetuous Irish nature of Captain French, who was kneeling behind a stump. Exasperated and maddened to the pitch of frenzy, the dashing captain leaped from his shelter and stood out in fair view while he shook his fist at the Indians, and with the strongest oaths in his soldier’s vocabulary called upon the Indians to come out and fight like men.

Talk about there not being an Irish language ! Just listen to that, will you !” exclaimed Gilroy, “there isn’t a pilot on the Mississippi who could pay that back in like coin !”

The Captain’s reckless exposure was the signal for a rattling discharge of rifles from the pits.

“Well if that don't beat all the fool things that I ever saw!” commented Gilroy, as the Captain at last dropped behind his stump, unharmed. “I should have thought he would have a dozen bullets in him by this time.”

Rodney's thoughts were divided between speculations upon the almost miraculous escape of the fool-hardy man and wondering how long they would be held in so exasperating a position, when the shrill scream of a ball made both Gilroy and himself instinctively dodge down closer to the ground.

Without saying a word Rodney placed his finger beside the spot where a bullet from behind them had imbedded itself in the near surface of the log not a foot from either of them.

“Great Heavens! our troops up in the old grave yard are taking us for half breeds! That comes of scouts dressing like heathens. We'll have to be getting out of here lively or there won't be enough left of us to tell the tale!”

This conviction must have revealed itself almost simultaneously to the Captain's, for the command to retreat was soon sounded.

As Rodney scrambled to his feet he heard a sharp cry of pain near at hand followed by the exclamation:

“I've got it, boys!”

“Where is the fellow?” inquired Gilroy as they paused and looked about them.

“There he is—the fat man!” answered Rodney, pointing to the prostrate man who was endeavoring to crawl toward them.



"Here! We must carry him on our rifles—this way You go to his feet and I'll carry the heavy end," ordered Gilroy, as he slipped the guns under the wounded man.

"Now up with him. Hee-o-hee!" continued Gilroy as though directing a gang of men at a barn raising.

They staggered forward with their heavy burden, while the bullets from both directions were singing over their heads.

"Can you hold out a little longer—just 'till we catch up on the rest of the lads a little more?" called back Gilroy from his position in advance.

Although he had begun to feel that he could scarcely go another rod without dropping his end of the burden, the question put new strength into Rodney's limbs and he answered:

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Wish those ninnies up in the grave-yard there were down here under this double fire for a few minutes!" sententiously observed Gilroy as a ball from the troops whizzed especially close to them.

After going several rods more, Rodney was on the point of telling Gilroy that he could go no further without a pause for rest, when he heard behind him the same fearful war whoop of the Indians that had struck such terror through him on his previous adventure in the ravine.

"Lads! the Redskins are charging! Drop me and save yourselves—you can't save me!" suddenly exclaimed the wounded comrade.

“No!”

“Not to speak of!” were the answers with which Rodney and Gilroy respectively met this suggestion.

As the other scouts heard the war cry of the Indians and saw that they were coming out of their hiding places, the temptation to pause in their retreat, under the double fire of friend in front, and enemy in the rear, to turn upon the Redskins and give them a few shots, was too strong to be resisted.

Seeing Gilroy and Rodney carrying the scout, a squad of comrades immediately surrounded them.

Two of this welcome re-inforcement relieved the “newspaper brigade” of its burden, while the others surrounded the disabled man to defend him in case the Indians pressed their charge.

Captains French and Young stood their ground with eager resolution so long as an Indian had the hardihood to expose himself in the least to their fire. But as soon as the savages reached the ground originally occupied by the scouts, where the balls from the troops in the grave yard were thickest, they came to a halt.

Numerous bullets from the same source, however, still fell among the government scouts, and the order to retreat was again reluctantly given.

The dash into the open spot, where they could be plainly seen by their friends in the grave-yard, was the most disastrous portion of the retreat, and for a few moments both the Indians and the regulars poured a savage fire upon them, thinning their ranks as rapidly as the half-breeds had done at Fish Creek.

It made Rodney sick at heart to listen to the groans of the wounded, and the awful brutality of war came home to him with a force that left a lasting impression upon his mind.

He stayed near the disabled man whom Gilroy and he had carried, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sufferer borne into the clearing without further injuries. Their entry into the center of the open had the effect of first drawing upon them a brisk volley from the grave-yard detachment. Although it was of but momentary duration, it made sad havoc among the scouts; but the abruptness with which the firing ceased, told the unfortunate company in the ravine that the troops had at last identified them as friends and that the principal danger was now over.

Rodney expected that the scouts would hold the occupants of the grave-yard to strictest account and regard them with a bitter enmity; but he discovered his mistake as soon as the two parties met.

The scouts accepted the mistake as a very natural one, for their dress was similar to that of the half-breeds, and their faces could not have been distinguishable from so great a distance.

"It's hard enough to be under one fire, but when it comes to having friends double it, that's a little more than I bargained for, and I don't propose to be caught in that kind of a trap again—not if I know it!" good-naturedly grumbled Gilroy, as he and Rodney sat about their camp-fire, over which their supper was cooking, that evening.

“ But you wouldn't know it, in the first place, and if you did, it wouldn't be like you to keep out of any fight, no matter how dangerous,” replied Rodney.

Gilroy laughed at this outspoken remark in a way which indicated his pleasure, both at Rodney's candor and the compliment to his courage, which the lad's remark implied.

The difference in position, age and experience between the boy and his employer had rapidly diminished under the close intimacy of camp life and mutual dangers which they had shared, until both seemed to forget their business relations and become only companions. This was the more possible from the fact that Gilroy retained his boyishness to an unusual degree, while Rodney was daily making strides of sudden advancement in wordly experience.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CAMP SCENES.

HOW would you like to come along with me over to the captain's tent? I'm going for a little talk with him on the general state of things before writing up my account of to-day's engagement."

"Certainly; I would like to very much, if it would not be an intrusion," Rodney answered eagerly, for despite the exciting activities about him, the boy's interest had been thoroughly aroused upon the question of newspaper work, and his mind was keenly alert to grasp every fresh detail concerning it. He had constantly cherished since listening to Gilroy's first account of the wonders of a great modern newspaper "plant," the determination to revive the subject and learn all that Gilroy could tell him of the mental as well as mechanical process of preparing a metropolitan daily for its readers.

As they walked together toward Captain French's tent, the thought came to him that probably no department of newspaper work was more picturesque and interesting than that in which Gilroy was engaged, and he determined to keep his eyes open and let no feature of it escape him. This was no idle impulse of the moment, but an intelligent appreciation of the practical value of the

experiences through which he was passing and the intuition that, in order to appropriate their value to himself and turn it to the greatest personal account, he must not only make a close observation of the scenes of each day, but also grasp the method by which the war correspondent converted them into news, thus cultivating by observation and study of Gilroy's work the judgment necessary to select from all the facts and scenes those which were worthy to be utilized as news.

When they arrived at the Captain's tent he received them with genuine Irish cordiality and dismissed all other business to devote his entire attention to his newspaper guests.

Rodney carefully noticed every question which Gilroy put to the Captain and the answers—sometimes frank and profuse, sometimes short and evasive—which that officer returned.

The drift of these questions was soon apparent to Rodney. It was clear to him that Gilroy was seeking to learn whether any information concerning the whereabouts of the rebel chief had been gained. But if such information was in possession of Captain French then he was clever enough to give out the impression that he was as ignorant as the newspaper correspondent himself as to where Riel was intrenched.

"Do *you* think there will be anything in particular doing to-morrow?" inquired Gilroy.

"No; I think not—just a little skirmishing around the edges. I think the General's plan is to let up

up for a day, in order to get a good ready to charge the town. Or, as the Irishman puts it, he proposes to spit on his hands in order to get a better hold."

"Well; that'll give me a good chance to get off my specials, then."

"And that means another ride to the station for you," he added, turning to Rodney.

As they arose to go, the Captain seemed to drop the official character which he had maintained during the interview, and laying his hand upon Gilroy's shoulder he exclaimed.

"My boy! I feel that I'm going to come out of this all right and get back my old place and standing."

"I hope so Captain, but you know there's many a slip, and-so-forth" was Gilroy's reply.

"Yes: we can't most always tell. But I'm bound to get reinstated if there's such a thing in the cards! And win it out of their very teeth, too!"

"But for goodness sake, French, don't do another fool thing like the way you stood out in front of those Indians in the ravine and invited them to shoot at you. You'll just throw your life away by such useless recklessness, next time."

With this reproving speech the two friends separated.

On their way back to their own tent, Rodney inquired:

"What did Captain French mean by getting his old place back out of their teeth?"

"He does seem to feel cut up over that yet,"

mused Gilroy aloud, as though he had already answered Rodney's question.

"Oh, I'll tell you about that," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "The Captain used to hold a good position in the mounted police. Their regulations are very strict, and an officer who has a mind to can find occasion to discipline anyone under him without half trying. French failed to please his commander in some way and was discharged. He claims that his dismissal was unjust, and I believe it was. So he's determined to distinguish himself by special bravery in this insurrection, and win back his old place as a reward. It'll be too bad if he don't, for his heart's set on it—poor fellow!"

This information shed a new light upon the conduct and character of the genial and brilliant Irish officer, which multiplied their fascination in Rodney's eyes, and made them appear far more dramatic, not to say pathetic, in his eyes. As he thought the matter over before dropping into sleep, his impatience grew upon him to know the result of the events which would soon determine whether the Captain's ambition would be gratified or denied.

In the morning, as he had expected, Gilroy was ready with the dispatches, and after a hasty breakfast Rodney leaped into his saddle and was off for the telegraph station.

He stopped Pink-eye, after having made a start of a few rods, to ask of Gilroy permission to read the specials. This was cheerfully granted, and he then allowed the shaganappy, which had had but



little riding for a couple of days, to break into a brisk canter. He knew that the hardy animal would hold this "gait" hour after hour, and bring him back to camp again much sooner than Gilroy expected, providing no adventure or calamity detained them.

As Pink-eye loped steadily and easily forward, he read the pages of Gilroy's dispatch without difficulty, for there was a bold, sharp freedom in correspondent's "hand-writing," which rendered it almost as distinct as print.

The scene of the previous day seemed strangely heroic when viewed through the article. The narrative gave him a broader and more complete understanding of the entire situation of which the adventures in the ravine, which had seemed so all-important to Rodney, were but episodes.

"Well, I could come nearer to writing an account like that now than before reading this dispatch, and I'm going to write up the next engagement myself, just to see what I can do with it," mused Rodney, after having delivered the special and began his backward journey, which was accomplished without any incidents of special interest.

There was no lack of excitement in the camp, however, for it had become generally understood that the following day would be devoted to a charge upon Batosch.

"Why wouldn't Captain French tell you outright whether or not he knew anything about where Riel is believed to be?" asked Rodney, as Gilroy and himself rolled up in their blankets that evening.

"Because he didn't want me or anyone else to think he suspects where Riel is to be found. It is his ambition to capture the big rebel himself, and in that matter he has every man in the service for a rival. He'd risk his life a dozen times for the mere chance of bagging Riel."

The camp was astir early and Gilroy was about headquarters, "getting the lay of the land," as he told Rodney.

"We'll follow French, for he'll be where Riel is if the fellow is anywhere in the town," he added.

Consequently they cast their lot with the dashing Irish captain, although knowing that he would be foremost in every available danger.

Before the forces were ready for the charge Rodney rode alone to the picket line nearest the church, looking idly for something of interest to "turn up."

The rifles held this advance position.

Rodney sat on his shaganappy beside one of these handsome young fellows, when the latter suddenly exclaimed:

"Now I see him, the dare-devil rascal! He's been cutting off our men steadily; but I guess it's about his last trick!" And with this the rifleman brought his repeater to his shoulder.

At first glance it appeared to Rodney that the rifleman was aiming into mid-air; but a swift glance along the barrel of the arm revealed the fact that it was headed upon the figure of a man upon the belfrey of the church.

A moment after the white smoke puffed from the muzzle of the gun and the sharpshooter reeled from his lofty perch and went careering down, headforemost to the ground.

Although the comrades of the rifleman congratulated him upon his brilliant shot, and the man seemed to consider it with the same cool pride that he would have done had his victim been a turkey instead of a human being, Rodney could not catch this spirit, and the ghastly sight lingered in his mind after he had turned back to join Gilroy.

‘The scouts are going down into the ravine again’ into the rifle pits which were constructed last night. I suppose we might as well go with them” was Gilroy’s greeting.

“Yes, sir, responded Rodney, who did not really relish the announcement with quite the enthusiasm that his promptness indicated.

They joined Lieutenant Johns’ detachment, and went down into the ravine, under a brisk fire from the enemy.

Many of the pits were already occupied, and they were obliged to scatter into such of them as were not entirely full. As usual Gilroy and Rodney contrived to find a place together.

“Well; this is a little more comfortable fighting than previous occasions have afforded in the ravine. Nothing like having something in front of a fellow when facing a fire from Indians and Half Breeds!” philosophized Gilroy.

"Yes; it's a good deal better than being under a cross fire," admitted Rodney.

Hour after hour passed until the intermittent discharge of rifles at the ambushed rebels, who blocked the ravine between the scouts and the town, grew almost monotonous.

In a moment of unusual quiet the sound of distant cheering reached the ears of Rodney, who exclaimed:

"Hark! What's that?"

"That's the yell of the Midland Rifles. They're charging the town! Come—let's get out of this, lively! I want to be on hand as soon as they enter the village, if possible," exclaimed Gilroy excitedly.

Then came the call for the scouts to hasten along the trail past the old church and through the timber to the town.

"We're with you!" replied Lieutenant Johns, also leaping from the rifle-pit and joining the newspaper scouts in their dash toward the other troops.

"Now for it boys!" was the greeting of Captain French, who stood waiting with the remainder of his company on the bank of the ravine, eager for the crucial charge, in which he hoped to win, by gallant fighting, the coveted restoration to his old rank in the mounted police.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ROUT OF THE REBELS.

FROM the intense excitement of those about him Rodney divined that the supreme moment of the insurrection had come in the charge upon the Rebel stronghold of Batosch, and he also was impressed with the fact that somehow it was to be a great day in the life of Captain French, who had been much in his thoughts since hearing Gilroy's interesting account of the captain's career.

No sooner had they passed on through the timber than they saw the Midland Rifles a short distance beyond, making a dashing descent upon the village.

The Half Breeds and their allies, however, were hotly contesting every rod of their way, and pouring a cutting fire into the troops.

They were met by several litters upon which the wounded were being carried back to a place of safety. It wrung Rodney's heart to even glance at the poor fellows, but there was no time to pause.

He determined to keep close to Captain French at all hazards, for not only did the unfinished drama of the man's life hold him with a more powerful fascination than the most thrilling story that he had ever read, but he also realized that the outcome of the man's part in that day's battle would form a most

interesting chapter in the conflict in which every personal detail and incident would be of value to Gilroy.

Although it was the work of but a few minutes to dislodge the Rebels from the village and drive them to the table land close to the water's edge, it seemed a long time to Rodney.

Men fell in the death agonies close about him, but he seemed to have but one thought—to keep near Captain French. This he did at the cost of many reckless exposures, for the captain was at the front of the fight, and seemed to court rather than avoid danger.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that, as Rodney came alongside the captain, in front of a blacksmith shop, from which a squad of Rebels had but just been routed, the officer recognized him and exclaimed:

“Lad, this is no place for you. Better go back where it isn't so infernal hot!”

Rodney was fearful that this request was to be made pre-emptory, but if this had been the captain's intention it was suddenly changed by the course of events.

As Rodney was listening to the commander's words, he saw the lower sash of a window in the neighboring saloon suddenly lift high enough for the person manipulating it to thrust the butt of a beer bottle beneath it. Through the opening thus made the barrel of a rifle appeared, pointing directly at the captain.

Rodney's first thought was to strike the captain's

horse a blow which should make the animal leap forward and allow the ball to pass harmlessly behind the victim for whom it was intended. But a glance showed him that he could not reach the horse. There was but one alternative.

Instantly bringing his rifle to his shoulder he aimed it as best he could for a spot just in range with the protruding rifle and fired.

The report of his own gun was followed by a puff of smoke from the muzzle of the other rifle, and a ball shrieked over the captain's shoulder.

The hand which had held the rifle in the window seemed to have suddenly dropped from its hold, for the end of the Winchester's barrel swung slightly to and from, with a side motion, as though held in place only by the sash and casing of the window.

Rodney, with a mixed pang of regret and throb of pride, realized that his shot must have been fatal, no doubt having struck the Rebel in the forehead. It was this thought which filled him with regret, for even in the heat of an engagement he could not rid himself of the feeling that it was a terrible thing to take a human life. But he met this accusing thought with the recollection that he had fired the shot to save the life of a brave man.

When, in the instant following the shots, he again heard the voice of the captain, he expected that it was addressed to him, perhaps in some recognition of what he had just done.

But instead he heard a ringing command to charge and clean out the saloon building.

It was with a sense of almost personal injury that Rodney saw that the captain had either not seen the danger from which the lucky shot had delivered him or had deliberately dismissed the acknowledgment of it to some more convenient time.

When the last refugee in the saloon had either escaped or been shot down, the scouts pressed on after the main body of the Rebels in the outskirts of the village.

As they came in front of a large sightly frame house, which occupied an elevation somewhat higher than the neighboring residences, Captain French quickly entered it.

Rodney paused by the door, and could hear the quick footsteps of the officer running up the stairs.

After a moment of indecision, Rodney concluded to wait outside.

Although the firing in that immediate locality had nearly ceased, he did not forget that the exercise of caution was still necessary; for there was no telling what house or thicket might still be shelter for a desperate and determined enemy.

Just as he came cautiously around the corner of the house, he saw the gleam of a rifle aimed through the crotch of a low orchard tree. Before he could bring his own gun to his shoulder the smoke curled from the muzzle of the Winchester, and its report echoed against the side of the building.

It had not escaped Rodney's attention that the man's aim had been high, no doubt at the chamber window.



He was not conscious of the near presence of any person other than the Rebel sharpshooter until startled by the crack of a rifle just behind him. In a glance he saw the Rebel fall backward.

"Settled his hash, didn't I?" were the words which greeted him from Lieutenant Johns, as he turned about and saw the officer ejecting the exploded shell from his rifle.

"Yes; Captain French went upstairs a few moments ago; I'm afraid he's shot," was Rodney's brief answer.

"Come; let's go up. But I hate to like sin. Somehow it seems to me that fellow had a mighty good aim, across that rest. Great heaven! if I could only have been there about one minute before!"

Rodney's super-sensitiveness interpreted this as a rebuke of his own indecision and it rankled keenly as he followed the lieutenant up the stairway and into the first chamber, the door of which stood slightly ajar.

Even the lieutenant gave an involuntary moan at the sight of the dead body of his captain, which lay stretched upon the floor.

Rodney was strangely affected by the sight. It seemed to him like the death of a personal friend.

They together took up the body and carried it down the staircase and out of the door.

The main body of the scouts, among whom was Gilroy, was just passing.

In a moment they surrounded their dead leader.

"Get a wagon and we will take him back to

camp," ordered Lieutenant Johns. "The regulars have the Rebels on the run, out of town, anyway.'

When the wagon arrived they tenderly placed the body in the center of it and then seated themselves around it.

The ride back to camp was a very solemn and impressive one to Rodney. Few words were passed over the body of their dead companion, Lieutenant Johns giving a brief account of shooting the Rebel and finding Captain French. In addition to the ambulances bearing their own dead and wounded, which they encountered on the way, there were numerous Red River carts—rude, lumbering two-wheeled affairs, bound together with strips of shag-anappy rawhide, without a nail in their entire construction—piled with the bodies of dead Half Breeds. The feet of the latter protruded out of the rear of the short carts as stiffly as though they were so many pieces of cord-wood. To add to the grotesqueness of the spectacle the carts creaked a monotonous, doleful wailing, which would have evoked a round of laughter from the most serious observer under any other circumstances.

As he watched the carts with their humble dead, hauled along behind wasted shaganappies, he could not but think that had his father not died he might have been among one of those loads of Rebel dead.

After the scouts had cared for the body of Captain French as best they could, Rodney and Gilroy had found themselves once more together where

they could talk over the occurrences of the hours since they had become separated.

Under spur of Gilroy's questions, Rodney gave him a detailed account of the scenes of which he had been the witness.

"Well; I shall have to depend almost wholly upon the features of the engagement which you have seen, for they are by far the most important; and what is more, you have remembered and told just those things which are real live 'material' for a newspaper man," said Gilroy, and finally added:

"Now suppose we follow up the troops for a way and then go over through the Indian camp. There may be some scenes worth describing over there."

Accordingly they followed the course of the troops for a sufficient distance to see that the Rebels had been thoroughly routed. Then they crossed the river to the Indian camp.

"You might go up that side of the camp and notice everything you can see, while I do the same by this side, and we'll meet up at the other end and come along back through the center together," said Gilroy, as they halted their horses in front of the broken array of tepees.

Rodney immediately acted upon this suggestion. On every hand were the most pathetic reminders of the devastation which the gatling gun and smaller arms had wrought. Occasionally a squaw could be seen moving stolidly about among the deserted tepees, giving him vengeful side-long glances out of twinkling black eyes.

But no incident of the moment occurred until he heard the voice of a squaw, some distance ahead, talking in excited but pleading tones.

He put spurs to old Pink-eye and pushed rapidly forward until he reached the scene of the disturbance.

The sight which met his eyes aroused his anger as nothing in all his life had before done.

Beside a dead warrior knelt a soldier, who was rapidly stripping from the brave's limbs the superbly beaded leggins and moccasins, while the squaw was pleading, in the most impassioned voice and gestures, with the wretch to stop his heartless sacrilege.

Rodney knew that any kind of pleading, expostulation or threats would be useless, and that a being depraved enough to commit so cruel an outrage against every human instinct would be desperate enough to take the life of anyone who should excite his anger by attempting to interfere with his work of plunder or bring him to account for it. Therefore Rodney instantly drew his revolver upon the man and said:

"Hands up! Stir and I will drop you."

Although the words were spoken in a quiet way, there was a force of determination in them which could not fail to convince the soldier of the boy's earnestness and courage; and he obeyed as promptly as though he were being "held up" by a masked highwayman.

Rodney then shouted to Gilroy, and in a few moments the latter rode up with the question:





"What's up now?" plainly speaking in his astonished countenance.

"This fellow was stripping the finery from the body of that warrior in the very eyes of the squaw and in spite of her pleadings."

"The brute! We'll let the old general deal with him!" exclaimed Gilroy, his lips white with honest indignation.

"Now get up and march," he ordered, addressing the culprit, who yielded a surly obedience to the command.

They went at once before the general, a short, stout man, with heavy, white military moustache and dignified bearing, who ordered Rodney to tell his story.

The boy related the incident in a brief, modest and matter-of-fact way, and concluded by saying:

"I think he has one of the moccasins in his pocket now."

"Search him," commanded the general.

He was obeyed by the two guards, into whose custody the soldier had been given.

Not only did they take from his pockets the beaded moccasin, but also a quantity of silver trinkets of the sort most worn by the Indians and Half Breeds.

"Keep him under close guard. We'll give him his courtmartial trial in the morning."

As they were now in command of telegraphic connections at Batosch, Rodney had no long courier's journey to make, and therefore had more of an op-

portunity to observe Gilroy's preparation of the dispatches. He was pleased to see that the specials contained every detail which he had furnished to Gilroy, and in nearly the same sequence and words in which he had told them.

It was nearly morning when the last of the long dispatches were off, and the correspondent and his assistant had contrived to catch only a couple of hours' sleep, when they were aroused by a messenger from the general, summoning them to the court-martial trial of the plundering soldier.

When they had concluded their testimony, the man received the severest discipline with which his offense was punishable, and the general issued the order that any similar depredations would promptly meet the same discipline.

"Who were you talking with when I was giving my testimony?" inquired Rodney of Gilroy, as they walked back to their tent together.

"Houri, the government interpreter. I believe that fellow knows exactly where Riel is hiding. I wish you could keep around near him, and perhaps you may be able to pick up a clue from some remark that he may drop."

Charged with this delicate and important mission Rodney set out for the tent to which Gilroy directed him, determined to accomplish it if possible.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN AT THE CAPTURE.

“**D**ID you make out anything?” inquired Gilroy of Rodney, as the latter returned to their tent with rather a disappointed countenance.

“Not a thing! couldn’t catch a single word. But I did manage to strike up an acquaintance with young Houri, the interpreter’s son.”

“That’s right! You’ll get more from that lead than from a week’s listening. Just you cultivate him a little and I believe he will give the thing away—if he has anything to give,” exclaimed Gilroy, with hopeful animation.

“Very well. I’ll do the best I can,” replied Rodney.

As a result of this resolution the young Half Breed and Rodney were together much of the time during the next two days, which were spent on the march. They were very congenial to each other and Rodney listened with delight to the young Houri’s accounts of the adventures of himself and his father.

On the other hand the Half Breed drew from Rodney the story of his life and seemed to admire the boy’s modest and manly “grit” in his fight to secure the clean title to a home for his mother, and to lift from her the burden of poverty.

“Come around aftersupper,” he called to Rodney,

as the moving columns broke up for camp on the evening of the second day out from Batosch.

Rodney was careful to keep this invitation and found his friend in an unusual mood, alternating between dreamful abstraction and restless excitement. He was not inclined to say much for some time, but finally said: "Let's take a stroll." This remark was made with the air of one who had at last reached the final decision of some vexatious question.

When they were well out of hearing from all others, Houri stopped abruptly, looked sharply into Rodney's face and then asked:

"Merton, can you keep a secret from *everybody*, even from Gilroy?"

This was a turn in affairs for which Rodney was not prepared. Any pledge of secrecy that he might give must be kept to the letter and spirit. At the same time Gilroy would expect that any information which Rodney might gain would be his property. Would it not be better to refuse the information upon the condition named and trust to picking it up in some other way? Then came the thought:

"If he is going to tell me where Riel is hiding it is for the purpose of having me accompany him in attempting the capture. Why not accept the condition of secrecy and go with him, and if the attempt is successful the information can afterward be given to Gilroy.

"Certainly, I will tell no one," he replied.

"Very well! I have learned the exact cabin

where Louis Riel is hiding. Not even my father knows that—although he has a general idea of the neighborhood in which Louis is now located. You know the government offers a good round sum for his capture.

“I know him well—much better than I do you—and I believe that we can take him. He was let off easy by the government after his other trouble, and it is natural that he should have confidence that he might obtain mercy again, especially when his execution would stir up all the bad blood in the north-west, just when the government has about got the thing squelched. If you want to try the plan we will do so and divide the reward for his capture evenly between us. If you don't care to do this I'll try it alone.”

“Yes; I'll go, of course—and thank you for sharing the chance, which you might have kept to yourself, with me,” eagerly replied Rodney.

“Oh that's nothing. I like your grit; and besides, I'd rather have you with me than to try it alone. If he should make a fight it might come handy to have a friend along, you know! Now we'll fall in at the rear to-morrow morning, and when we get to the right cross trail we'll branch off and go it alone.”

In reply to Gilroy's inquiries, after returning to the tent, Rodney said:

“I haven't been able to get even a general idea of Riel's hiding place yet; but I suppose that I can't do better than to keep close to young Hourie.”

“No; that's right. Stick as tight to him as you

can without exciting his suspicion," replied Gilroy. "But I believe I've struck a lead, for I overheard Houri's father telling Major Bolton that he knew the general locality in which Riel is skulking, so I'm going to follow them. Between us both we ought to be in at the final wound-up. If it should fall to your luck don't miss a word, look or gesture, for I want to give a minute description of everything attending the capture."

Thoughts of the possibilities of the morrow did not allow Rodney to sleep but little that night. If they might only succeed in capturing the famous Rebel and secure the reward! He thought of all the comforts that it would secure to his mother and himself, and even began to plan just how he would spend it. But the honor which would attend such a feat could scarcely be less a consideration in the thought of a courageous, imaginative and adventure-loving frontier lad than the liberal financial reward.

He contrived to secure an extra feed for Pink-eye that morning and also gave his rifle and revolvers a cleaning of unusual thoroughness.

When the march began he found Houri, faithful to his word, at the foot of the column.

All the forenoon they rode side by side with the exchange of scarcely a word.

But when the halt was made for dinner, Houri pointed to a trail which crossed the one which the troops were following.

"That's it," he whispered, "but we must not strike out until the others take up the march, for it would

be too noticeable and we might have the whole bunch of them at our heels."

Rodney endeavored to conceal his excitement, during the noon meal, as much as possible; but was oppressed with the fear that he had succeeded but poorly.

At last the troops fell into line again and the young Half Breed and Rodney lagged behind for a little and then dashed rapidly over the prairie toward a cabin some two miles distant.

"He's in that shack; and if he's going to make any resistance he'll likely have the drop on one or the other of us. We might just as well make up our minds to that. The only thing we can do is to get a good ready, keep our eyes peeled and shoot quick, if it comes to that. There's no use trying to make a sneak on him."

Rodney had never felt his heart beat with such terrific blows as when they approached within a hundred yards of the cabin.

At first they could see no one within the cabin, but in a moment a dark and rather handsome man appeared.

"Hello, Louis!" gaily called Hour, divining, at a glance, that resistance was evidently not Riel's programme. "You're just the man I'm looking for. Better throw up the game and come along with us."

"Will you guarantee me a safe passage?" was the terse reply.

"Yes, we will deliver you to the authorities safe

and sound. You needn't worry about that. There will be no trouble, anyway. It will all be quiet."

A pity of the defeated and captured man crept into Rodney's heart as they rode to join the troops, and he could not bring himself to regard the quiet and dignified man as "an ambitious pretender and demagogue who had determined to win by the rifle and at the cost of the lives of those whom he could dupe, the power which he had failed to achieve in the halls of parliament."

Rodney could not reconcile this newspaper description of the Rebel leader with the actual man at his side; and at this feeling that the Half Breed chief was not so black as he had been painted intensified. Rodney's conscience began to accuse him for his part in the capture of the man. But he dismissed this disagreeable thought for the time, with the reflection that even though Riel should pay the death penalty for his act, his capture would probably put an end to the strife and be the means of stopping the waste of life which had been so revolting to him and to which he could not become hardened or indifferent.

As they approached the troops Hourie requested Rodney to ride on in advance and report their capture to the general. Many curious eyes were turned upon him as he came forward and held a momentary conversation with the commander, who ordered an instant halt and took measures to receive the prisoner in a fitting manner.

It was with embarrassment amounting to almost

shame that Rodney received the hearty congratulations of Gilroy, Lieutenant Johns and all of the other officers and men who knew him. He tried to explain that he had done nothing at all; that Riel had simply surrendered and accompanied them back to camp.

“But it took grit to ride up to that cabin knowing that Louis Riel would have nine chances out of ten in getting the drop on you. If you didn't have to fight for your life it wasn't the fault of the chances you took,” replied the lieutenant.

“Well,” was Rodney's unspoken comment, “I'll have my share of the reward, anyway. And what a world of comforts that will buy for mother!”

That evening he wrote the good news to his mother, and also, with young Houri, made claim to the reward. As he finished his letter, it suddenly occurred to him that the capture of Riel practically ended the war. “What are we going to do now?” he asked Gilroy, with an abruptness which startled the correspondent out of a well-developed nap.

“Going?” repeated Gilroy, rubbing his eyes in confusion, “Oh yes! We're going on the trail of Big Bear. And a rocky road it'll be, too! But it'll be something new—a little different from what we've been having. Going through the thick timber, I imagine, will be the worst of it.”

Rodney added this information to his letter and then sought his blanket, with that “good wholesome tired” which insured him sound and refreshing rest.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ON THE TRAIL OF BIG BEAR.

IT was with a sense of deep relief that Rodney began the march from Garripy Crossing to Prince Albert.

“Somehow I feel as though I’d been just let out of school—as though we were through with the hard part of the business and the remainder of it would be more like traveling for the fun of it,” Rodney confided to Gilroy.

“Well, I do think we’ve seen the hardest part of the fighting—but you must remember what I told Captain French that night before the taking of Batosch,” replied Gilroy. He did not need to say anything more in order to emphasize the uncertainty of human calculations.

It was too grim a subject to be pursued further, and Rodney lapsed into gloomy silence which gradually changed into a dreamful enjoyment of the soft springtime world about him. The delicate silver birches with their white bodies wrapped in the flowing robes of their slender pendant whips of softest green stirred the poetry within the boy and brought back again to him the tender and worshipful feeling which he had so often experienced when alone in the woods, hunting or visiting his traps. This led to



thoughts of his mother and a sudden and almost overwhelming desire to see her. So strongly did this wish master him that he would have welcomed an opportunity to turn back toward the little cabin on the Qu'Appelle.

Then he began to formulate plans as to what he should do upon his return.

"Yes, sir! I'll stick to my original plan and take mother for a visit to her folks in Illinois. Then I'll get a foothold with some newspaper in Chicago if I can. But if I should fail in that I'll be contented for a time on some smaller paper—perhaps the one in town where they live. If mother gets homesick and wants to come back to the fort, of course I'll come to, but I shall try to get her to stay a year anyway," Rodney meditated.

He ventured to inquire of Gilroy about the Chicago newspapers.

"Equal to the Toronto and Montreal papers? Well I should say so—and way ahead of them, too! They've more nerve and push in a minute than the Canadian papers have in all day! If there's any country or part of a country in which the public is especially interested, the Chicago papers are right on hand to send out exploring expeditions, even at the cost of thousands of dollars. They have more dash and enterprise than the Canadian journals, which are patterned considerably after their staid conservative English cousins."

"How would anyone manage who wanted to get a start on one of those papers do—anyone—of—

my age, I mean?" bashfully stammered Rodney as they rode along side by side.

"They'd probably try—and *fail!*" was Gilroy's discouraging rejoinder.

After a few moments' reflection, he added:

"There are several ways in which young fellows get a start."

"But I suppose they all have to begin at the bottom?" interrupted Rodney.

"No; that's just where you and lots of others are mistaken. It's getting so now that one is almost as likely to begin in the middle, or even higher up. I suppose if one began strictly at the bottom, he would first be set to holding copy; that is, reading the manuscript in comparison with the proof. The next step would be the more unpleasant kinds of reporting. After that would follow the more desirable kinds of reporting, special writing, editorial work and editorial writing. If you started in holding copy, you would probably get *all* of six dollars a week—and pay out five of it for board, unless you got a cheap room and lived out. If you had a genius for economy, you might manage to cut that down a little; but it would be a tight squeeze at best," again explained Gilroy.

"But how could anyone begin in the middle, as you say?"

"Oh, in a dozen ways. Simply by being able to show himself capable of doing some special branch of work. This is usually begun by submitting special articles at space rate. For instance, you

choose your own subject—something on which you happen to be well posted and which is of general and timely interest—and write it up. If the editor accepts it, you will probably try another; and so on. If you can make a *go* of it, and have your ‘stuff,’ as they say, taken right along, then you may be hired on a salary, or a guaranty that a certain amount of your work will be used. Then you would be a special writer, which is about the next thing to being an editorial writer.”

Although this information did not by any means satisfy Rodney and a score of other questions came up in his mind he feared that he might weary Gilroy and deferred them until another time. But the somewhat discouraging outlook which Gilroy had held up did not discourage him. It only aroused his determination the more.

After the journey from Garrepy Crossing to Prince Albert had been accomplished and they had reached the vicinity of Duck Lake where the Rebels had perpetrated their first massacre, the infantry troops took a steamer to Battleford, while the cavalry held across the “big bend” to the same destination. From this point they again took up their across-country march.

So uneventful was the journey that Gilroy began to chafe under its quite monotony.

“I declare this *is* stupid!” Gilroy reiterated as they marched on hour after hour with not even the promise of the smallest excitement or diversion.

Rodney, however, quite enjoyed the change from

the feverish excitement which he had been under ever since that first brush with the Half Breed scouts in the vicinity of Clark's Crossing. It gave him time "to do a little thinking," as he expressed it.

As they pitched camp one day in the vicinity of Ft. Pitt, where another massacre had occurred, Lieutenant Johns approached their tent with the exclamation:

"Heard the news, Gilroy?"

"No; What is it? Almost any excitement would be an improvement upon this dead calm."

"They say that Steele's scouts have encountered Big Bear and had a lively brush with his braves. The old chief has put out in the direction of the North pole and we are to follow post haste.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Gilroy. "Anything to break up the monotony! And so we're to give the old rascal a lively chase, are we?"

"Well, I don't know how lively it will be, for it's going to be mighty hard work to push through the dense timber to which the Indians have taken. Of course they'll keep through the thickest of it, knowing that it will almost be impossible for troops to follow with any chance of overtaking them. But that's a great country up there, and worth one's while to see it," returned the lieutenant.

"Yes; and I'm not so sure about there being no chance of overtaking the redskins. If they are loaded down with their winter's catch of skins, they will not make such rapid progress themselves and

they will stop sooner than you think. I wouldn't be surprised if they went no further than those lakes up there."

"We're going to push right through, as far as there's any earthly use, for the government is bound to punish the Indians severely who have dipped into this muss," responded the lieutenant, as he took his leave.

"Of course," soliloquized Gilroy. "The Indians may *cache* their skins if they think they are getting hard pressed. But they'll hang onto 'em as long as they can. Tell you what, lad, wouldn't it be great luck to run onto that *cache* of skins? It would be the next best thing to your luck in helping to capture Riel. You're such a lucky dog that it would be just like you to fall right into that *cache* bodily. But if you should, I want to be in it with you," and Gilroy laughed generously at this seemingly envious speech.

Although Rodney had anticipated that the journey would be a difficult one, the actual progress which they made seemed unaccountably slow.

Much of the way they were obliged to wait for the axeman to cut down trees and remove logs from out the way.

It was in following this narrow trail that Rodney first discovered the antipathy in which the regular troops seemed to hold the scouts.

While going through the thickest portion of the timber the scouts were ordered to push on ahead of the regulars.

Whenever Rodney attempted to pass a regular, the latter would not yield Pink-eye a foot but would crowd the latter close against the trees.

The piebald animal endured this treatment—to which the horses of all the scouts were subjected—for a time in patience; but finally one trooper rather overdid the crowding and jammed Pink-eye against a rough tree-trunk in a way that aroused the ire of the pugnacious shaganappy.

The boisterous laugh of the trooper was suddenly nipped in the bud by the ferocious squeal of old Pink-eye, as he laid back his ragged ears and planting his teeth into the thigh of the offending horseman.

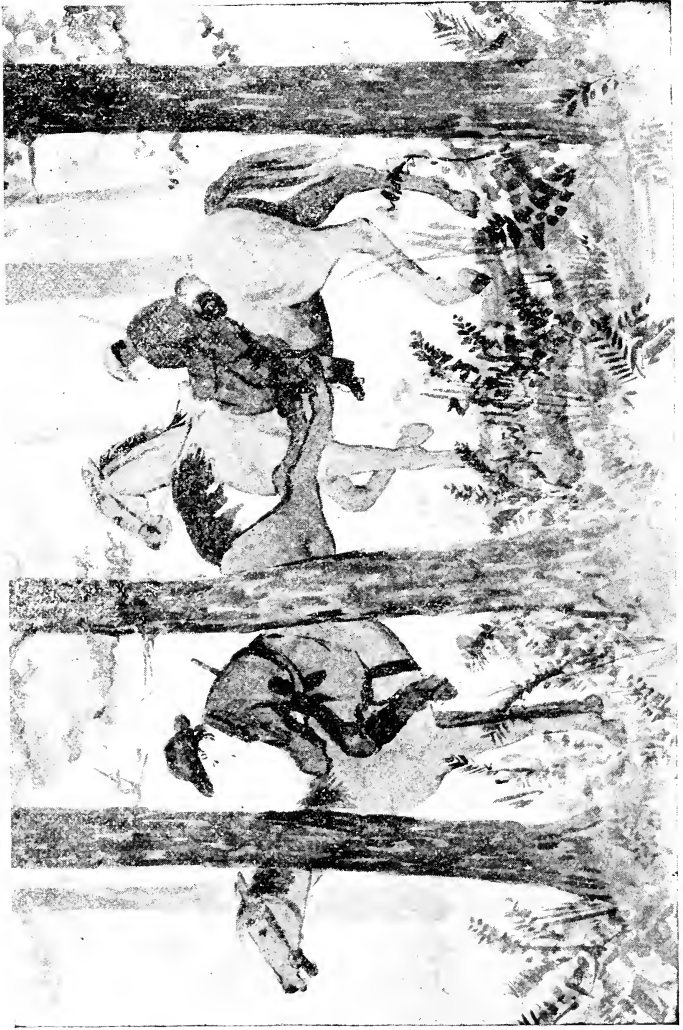
The latter plied a terrific blow upon the Roman nose of Rodney's pony but it did not save him from receiving scars which he would carry to his grave.

With an oath the trooper pulled out his revolver and would have shot down the horse had not Rodney grabbed the weapon and at the same time drawn his own.

"It was your own fault that my horse bit you, now take your punishment like a man," Rodney exclaimed, expecting that the man would break out into a fit of passion. But he seemed to regard Rodney's revolver with a wholesome awe.

Rodney appreciated that he was in a difficult position. He could not remain behind or ride beside the trooper, and if he passed on ahead it would give the fellow an opportunity to vent his





PINK-EYE'S REVENGE.



wrath in any way that he might choose. He determined to put a bold face on the matter and go ahead as though nothing had happened. Therefore he said nothing and pushed on.

Again the fellow crowded the shoulder of his horse against the flank of Pink-eye.

If Rodney had not been thoroughly alert, the consequences of this repetition of the troopers offense might have resulted as seriously for him as for the cavalry man, for Pink-eye took a quick step in advance and then dealt the trooper's horse a kick in the side which not only made havoc with the animal's ribs, but inflicted with the sharp "corks" of one shoe a savage gash into the flesh of the fellow's calf.

Rodney heard the cry of pain which the man uttered, but did not pause to investigate matters beyond a hasty glance, which showed him that the fellow still retained his seat in the saddle.

When he joined Gilroy in the advance and related the episode, the latter said:

"Served the wretch right; but you'd better keep a sharp eye on the fellow after this, for ten to one he'll try to have his revenge on you for the results of his own meanness."

"But I did nothing to him myself," answered Rodney.

"Of course! But don't you know that we hate those whom we have wronged worse than those who have wronged us? It's always that way. You'd better look out for him. I'll warrant he'll try to do up your horse."

"That would be meaner than trying to have his revenge on me directly," was Rodney's quiet reply, as he sought to stifle the anger that burned in him at the thought.

Although Rodney kept a careful watch upon the trooper and Old Pink-eye, he could find nothing to confirm Gilroy's unpleasant suspicions, until his fears gradually abated.

One evening camp was pitched on the spot where Old Bear and his followers had previously camped.

The recollection of the conversation about the rumored cache came to Rodney, and as there was a bright moon he determined to amuse himself by looking about for it.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CACHE.

AFTER wandering about for some time, peering into every covert which seemed to suggest the possibility of affording concealment for the cache and poking under logs and brush-heaps, Rodney sat down, muttering:

“What’s the use? I couldn’t find it in broad daylight, and there’s not the slightest use in attempting to now. I’d better go back to the tent.” But as he sat there in the deep quiet of the great woods, with the soft moonlight filtering down through the tasseled branches of the pines, his thoughts drifted from the object which had brought him there into vague dreams of home, old playmates, the wonderful future and the wild majestic beauty of the northern forest. He wondered, too, what had happened to the little Half Breed girl whom he had found on the shelf of rock near Fish Creek, and he tried, by shutting his eyes tightly, to recall the exact image of her face, which he remembered as very bright and pleasing, if not beautiful. How strange it would be if they should some time meet again in after life, and he should find her grown to a beautiful young woman and—!

His romance was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a light tread.

Instantly he was alert and listening intently, his fingers tightened about his rifle which had been resting loosely across his knees. The sound being in the direction opposite from the camp he naturally concluded that it was not caused by any of the soldiers or their stock, but by some wild animal. As the animal was to the windward from him he concluded that he was safe from detection, and that he might be able to obtain a shot at the unknown denizen of the woods if he did not alarm it by some noise. The tread seemed to continue for several yards and then pause. He listened more carefully than before, expecting that the animal had stopped to listen for signs of alarm and would resume its journey after a brief pause. But instead of again hearing its tread Rodney caught the sound of cautious scratching, as though the animal had discovered a hidden victim, which it could not reach without digging through leaves, brush and earth.

With slow and stealthy footsteps Rodney approached towards the author of the noise. He scarcely expected to get a fair view of the animal, although the timber was not as thick as he had anticipated. Step by step he picked his way along as "gingerly" as though returning from a truant's frolic and endeavoring to reach the safety of his bed without awakening the household.

Quite unexpectedly he soon found himself at the edge of a small clearing in the center of which stood the ruins of a deserted log cabin, probably erected years before by some trapper, or possibly by a band

of prospectors or surveyors. The roof was fallen in and the moonlight flooded the interior of its log walls almost as brightly as their exterior.

"That scratching comes from inside—there's no doubt about that! But the next thing is to steal a march on the animal without frightening it away," reflected Rodney, who would also have experienced a certain relief in knowing "the nature of the brute," which he was after before encountering it. Nevertheless he did not hesitate, but crept softly along, behind the low bushes which sprinkled the clearing toward a spot from which he could, through the doorway of the cabin, command a full view of the interior.

At first he could see only the "hind quarters" of the animal, which appeared to be about the size of a large dog, only not so tall.

"I wonder what the brute's after," thought Rodney as he shifted his position so as to obtain, if possible, a view of the animal's head. "Probably he's found the remains of an old barrel of salt pork—or has had a streak of luck and captured a larger victim than he could eat at once and has buried it there for safe keeping. But it's a queer place for an animal to *cache* anything."

These thoughts flashed through his mind as he raised his rifle, rested it over a stump, took deliberate aim and fired. Seeing that his shot had been instantly fatal, he ran quickly toward the cabin, but his mind was full of a new thought.

"Yes; it is a strange place for wild animals to *cache* anything—but quite a natural place for a

human being to select as a concealment for valuables."

Although he had never seen a live wolverine before, he had seen their pelts at the post, and knew that the dead animal was of this variety.

He did not pause, however, to make any extended examination of his prize. Pulling it hastily to one side he began an eager search of the stop where the animal had been digging.

It was in a corner of the cabin where the frame of a rude bunk still stood, filled with the debris of pine boughs, which, when fresh, had formed a soft and fragrant bed for the inhabitant of the cabin.

Rodney fell rapidly to work cleaning out this bunk, keeping a careful lookout for the first shining speck of fur that should confirm his suspicion that the cache was beneath. But no glimpse of this kind rewarded his efforts.

"I guess I'll poke around in there with a stick a little and then go home," thought Rodney, as he took up a pole and thrust it at random into the bunk.

"I declare it feels as though the bottom was laid with logs like a corduroy road!" he mentally exclaimed, as his stick reached the bottom.

He poked again and once more the point of his stick seemed to glance from a rounding surface and wedge itself between two pieces of timber. His curiosity was now thoroughly aroused and he began to throw out the debris with a will

As he expected, he found a corduroy bottom to





THE GREAT FIND.



the bunk, and his heart beat quick with excitement as he pried the end of one of the small logs loose and lifted it up.

He could scarcely believe his eyes at the result; but a thrust of his stick against the substance beneath could leave no room for further doubt. He certainly *had* discovered the *cache* of Big Bear's winter catch of skins!

The other coverings were quickly lifted and revealed to Rodney a surface of otter, beaver, lynx, bear and fox skins.

As he continued to throw bundle after bundle of the rich pelts out of the secret vault in which Big Bear's squaws had buried them, he made a running count of their value, as he had often done in handling the skins for Leveque, at the Hudson Bay Post, at home.

But at last his arms began to tire, and he paused for rest.

"Well, I've taken out at least five hundred dollars' worth, and no signs of striking bottom yet!" was his mental comment.

It then occurred to him that he had been absent some time from camp, and that he must return or become an object of anxiety to Gilroy.

He had no difficulty in tracing his way back to camp, for the moon was still shining clearly, and he had been careful, in coming, to select certain prominent landmarks to serve him as sure guides in his return.

"Great Scotland! Lad, where have you been?"

was Gilroy's almost impatient greeting, as Rodney entered their tent.

"Oh, I've been hunting a little on my own hook."

"But I don't see any great amount of game," interrupted Gilroy.

"No—but I shot a wolverine, just the same! And that was not all that I bagged, either," was Rodney's mysterious reply.

Then he related his adventure and the discovery to which it had led.

"But what am I to do about it?" he inquired, after he had finished the narrative.

Gilroy remained silent for some time and then replied:

"That is something which you must decide for yourself. The skins belong to the Indians, but you may be sure that they will never have an opportunity to return and resurrect them. If the pelts were to remain, they would probably be destroyed by wolverines and other similar animals, as you have had proof to-night. If you were a regular soldier or scout, it would be your duty—in the theory at least—to report the find to your commander, and let him take possession of them as goods of the enemy. But you are not bound by this rule, for you are not even a regular scout, but simply a private person traveling with the army in a private capacity. I don't see why the skins don't belong to you more than to anyone else."

"But on that principle they belong to you, for I am working for you in even a stricter sense than any

soldier is working for his commander," replied Rodney.

"No, that principle don't hold in private business. It's your good luck, and I don't see any reason why you should not replace the skins as you found them, go on as though nothing had happened, and when the rebellion is over come back and get them. At any rate, I'd sleep over the business and decide it in the morning."

Rodney decided to act upon this last bit of advice, and stretched out upon his blanket.

But instead of "sleeping over it" he lay awake, hour after hour, debating the problem pro and con. One moment it seemed that this fortune was his by right of discovery. Then would come up the fact that they were not his—that he would be getting "something for nothing;" taking that for which he had rendered no equivalent. It was not, however, until he began to plan how he should dispose of the skins, provided he should follow Gilroy's suggestion, that the matter seemed to put itself in a decisive light.

"Suppose," he asked himself, "the trader to whom I might take the furs should ask me how I came by them. I could not tell him that I had either caught them or bought them."

This questionable view of the matter presented itself to Rodney each time he counted up the fortune which was within his easy grasp.

When he arose in the morning Gilroy greeted him with the question:

"Well, have you settled it?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "I thought that if I took the furs to a trader and he should ask me whether I had caught or bought them I could make no reasonable and honest answer. He would naturally think that I had got them by questionable means—and I think he would be about right, too. So I'm going to report it to the general and let him take possession of them."

"Yes—and distribute them among his relatives and pets," was Gilroy's ungracious rejoinder.

"That will be for him to settle. It seems the nearest right of anything that I should put it into his hands, so that's what I'm going to do this morning," was the boy's determined reply. He put this resolution into action as soon as breakfast was over.

After some delay he was admitted into the presence of the general, who received him in a brisk, short way, which would have quite disheartened the sensitive boy had he come to ask a favor instead of to do a duty.

After he had delivered his information the commander's manner mellowed perceptibly and he complimented Rodney upon the high sense of honor and integrity which he had shown. Then he called certain of his staff and requested Rodney to direct them to the cabin.

They found the pelts unmolested, and when they were all out Rodney estimated them to value at least one thousand dollars. But as he saw them

carried safely away to the general's tent he had no regrets for the decision he had made.

When he returned to Gilroy again the latter said:

"Rodney you won't mind my telling you that I have a very deep admiration for your action regarding the *cache*. It was something that not one man in a thousand would have done."

"It seemed the right thing to do, that was all," was Rodney's simple reply, as he went about his duties and tried to dismiss the subject from his mind.

"Well, I shall see to it that that lad has a chance to bring out all that there is in him and I believe that he will make a first-class newspaper man!" reflected Gilroy.

An hour later the march was resumed, and as they made their slow progress through the woods Rodney fell to wondering what adventure would next claim their attention.

"I declare it seems to me that I have lived years instead of about two months since we marched out of Ft. Qu'Appelle, that day," he remarked to Gilroy, who rode next him.

"You have, to all practical purposes, for it is experience, not years, that ages us."

"Do you really think that I have changed much since you first saw me?" eagerly inquired Rodney.

"Yes; very much—even in appearance. You were just a boy then—and a very shy and bashful one at that. Now you have the development resulting from an amount of hard worldly experience which few young men ten years your senior can boast of—

and it will all count for its full value in helping you along in the world, too. There's no profession in which an experience of this sort counts for so much as in the newspaper business," replied Gilroy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE NIGHT ALARM.

THE progress of the troops grew rapidly more difficult and the services of the "cutters" were in constant demand.

"If we crawl along at this pace Big Bear will have about a thousand miles the start of us," was Lieutenant Johns' discouraged comment as he rode past Gilroy and Rodney.

"It does begin to look considerable like a wild goose chase, I must admit," replied Gilroy, whom any delay rendered decidedly restless.

But Rodney was enjoying it keenly. The fresh "springy" smell of the dense verdure charmed and soothed him after the wearing excitement of the scenes through which he had passed.

"I'd just like to leave off this hunting human game and take to fishing and hunting wild animals for a while. Wouldn't this be a glorious place to trap and hunt in, when the season is on, though!" exclaimed Rodney, his eyes blazing with enthusiasm.

"Yes; it would certainly be first rate. But when it comes to hunting, if I'm going in for it at all I want to go in all over, and not stop short of the Musk-ox region about Hudson Bay. There's the place to hunt—if the few travelers who have explored that region can be at all believed, and I

honkone who has been there who can be relied on. If I live long enough and don't get settled down to a desk before having my fill of roving, I'm going to spend a season knocking around up there."

"I suppose it's an awful hard life, at best, that one would lead there; but I can think of nothing more interesting. No books of adventure ever interested me half as much as those about the Arctic regions, and I think it is the same with other boys," said Rodney.

"Yes; I guess the preference is almost universal among boys. It was that way with me at least," replied Gilroy meditatively.

"What do you think is the reason for it?" resumed Rodney.

"Well, I don't know—unless it is because the most commonplace and insignificant details of existence are attended, by reason of the extreme cold, with great danger. Or, in other words, the natural and *inevitable* perils in such a climate are so thick that the narrator does not have to strain after perilous situations, and consequently his story is more vivid and realistic."

"That's a fact, but I never thought it out before. The adventures laid in the temperate and torrid zones always *did* seem more strained and far-fetched to me than narratives of Arctic exploration and adventure. But hunting even the musk-ox wouldn't quite satisfy me. It would take a real live polar bear to do that," replied Rodney.

"Well," laughed Gilroy, "when we make our



Arctic exploration I'll see that a polar bear is provided for your express benefit, without regard to expense."

"All right, I'll not forget to remind you of it," promptly answered Rodney, joining in the laugh at the absurdity of the entire supposition.

The drift of the conversation was suddenly changed by the halting of the advanced horsemen, and Rodney's exclamation: "Look at that boy! What can we be coming to?"

"Muskegs—rat houses! And a sweet time we'll have getting across them, too!" explained Gilroy.

Subsequent events fully justified this view of the situation, for not only did every man have to dismount, but those having any considerable luggage were obliged to cut long poles and construct "trav-oils," upon which the baggage was dragged across the wide and treacherous swail, which was spotted with the "muskegs."

It was a tedious proceeding and one that all were delighted to have safely over.

When it was accomplished they found themselves on what was, save for the narrow strip or isthmus over which they had crossed, an island.

"Here we are at Loon Lake at last, and not a sight of an Indian for our pains," grumbled the lieutenant, "and what's more we're not likely to get one, either—for unless I miss my guess, the sly dogs' have been cunning enough to lead us on this island, just to cover up their tracks and give us the slip."

The island was a wild and beautiful place and Rodney was eager to explore it.

"Who knows what I may scare up?" he said to himself, as he took his rifle and set out alone.

At first he skirted along the shore admiring the beauty of the lake and watching for loons upon which to test his marksmanship. But not one was in sight, and although it was the proper hour for their "far-sounding" cries, he could hear only the gentle lapping of the water on its beach.

Tiring of this, he turned his face toward the timbered interior of the island and began to search for signs of an opening or trail. To his great surprise he found what seemed to be the faint trace of an old trail.

"I'd like to run across Big Bear's camp and pick up something that has been left behind, just to remember this trip by," he reflected, as he made a more careful examination of the trail and satisfied himself that the indications were certainly promising.

Sometimes the trail was quite apparent and at other times it was with the greatest difficulty that he could follow it. But patience and close attention enabled him to keep its general course; and when he entered the woods, and followed it for some fifty rods, he was surprised to find himself stumbling upon the ashes of Big Bear's extinct camp fires. He at once began to search about for some keepsake by which to remember their chase after the famous chief.

"Here I have it!" exclaimed Rodney, as he picked up the stone bowl of a discarded or forgotten pipe and put it into his pocket.

"I'd like to know in what direction they set out from here," he reflected, and began to search about for the continuance of the trail, which crossed an "open" and then disappeared into thick timber beyond.

He had but just reached the latter when the trail became so obscure that he was compelled to stoop close to the ground and exercise all the woods-craft of which he was capable in order to keep the run of it.

After progressing for some time in this slow and difficult position he paused and straightened up to relieve his aching back.

A cry of horror broke from his lips as he did so and he started back in terror; but after retreating a rod or two he regained control of his faculties and checked the impulse of fear to which he had temporarily yielded.

Not a yard in front of the spot where he had stopped was the most hideous and revolting sight that he had ever looked upon. It was the lifeless body of a grizzled old squaw, depending by a lariat from the branch of a tree. This scene needed no explanation. Rodney understood it instantly. The other Indians, being hard pressed, had left this decrepit old woman, who could not keep up the speed at which they wished to travel, on the island to starve. She had preferred the quicker death by hanging and had been her own executioner.

So strong a hold did this pitiful tragedy take upon Rodney that he involuntarily sank down upon a log to think about it.

Here was a feature of the war that he had not taken into consideration. At first the cruelty of the Indians to the old woman seemed awful and filled him with an indignation that would have welcomed an opportunity to avenge itself upon Big Bear and his warriors; but as he thought the matter over more calmly it came to seem that the responsibility for this cruelty lay as much with those who had crowded the Indians into a position where such a proceeding was but the natural outcome of their savage instincts and training, as with the Indians themselves. But the most vivid impression which it made upon the sensitive mind of the boy was to intensify the feeling to which every engagement that he had witnessed had contributed: that war was so terrible a thing, and caused the innocent, as well as the guilty, so much suffering that it was always wrong and unjustifiable.

The cry of a great black woodpecker startled Rodney from his reverie and he hastened back to camp to relate his discovery to Gilroy.

"Yes; you're *right*; it will work up into a good incident for the papers. It's just the kind of thing they want—something to harrow up the feelings of their readers, that's all that's necessary. Oh, you're getting your newspaper eyes open in good shape, boy!" exclaimed Gilroy, with patronizing enthusiasm as he listened to Rodney's graphic description





CAMP SCENE ON THE TRAIL OF BIG BEAR.

of the appearance of the suicide and his feelings as he had stumbled upon it.

The story was overheard by a scout, and as Rodney went to lead Gilroy to the spot nearly the entire company followed him.

"We'll let it hang just as it is, so that if Big Bear should happen back this way he may see the result of his devilish cruelty," remarked the commander as they turned away from the fearful spectacle and strolled back to camp.

"Look here, boys!" exclaimed one of the scouts who had been an old hunter and trapper, "we'll have smoke to-night, sure! This is wild tea; and it's the next best thing to the genuine article—which is *mighty scarce* in *this* camp so far as I know!"

The men fell to stripping the leaves from the wild tea plants and did not return to camp until their pockets were well filled. Nearly every fire that evening had a rude rack of some sort erected over it on which the leaves were spread to cure. Those who were fortunate enough to find a few leaves which had withered and dried in the sun, indulged their appetite without delay. This seemed to revive a general spirit of companionship and every man who had a story of Indian adventure told it to his fellows with a fresh zest.

When Rodney fell asleep it was to dream of a strange jumble of his own experience, and the exciting perils which he had just heard rehearsed.

He was in the midst of these imaginary dangers when the sharp report of a firearm aroused him. He

leaped to his feet in time to hear several successive discharges, following in rapid succession.

"Indians! The Indians are on us!" he shouted in wild confusion, scarcely knowing what he said.

Seizing his rifle he rushed in the direction from which the shots seemed to come. In this move he was followed by the scouts.

He was not yet thoroughly awake and his real surroundings were inextricably confused with the imaginary scene of his dream.

The dim outlines of a figure leaping through the brush immediately assumed the appearance of an Indian, and he instantly raised his rifle to fire.

Just as he was about to press the trigger a strong hand struck down the barrel of his rifle, which discharged harmlessly into the ground.

"Not so fast, boy!" sternly commanded a voice at his side, which he recognized as belonging to Lieutenant Johns. This and a chorus of laughs near by brought the bewildered lad to his senses.

"That's no Indian," continued the lieutenant.

The shout of "false alarm!" was then heard, and they hastened to join the increasing group about the nearest camp fire of the troopers. The men were all laughing heartily. Rodney and the lieutenant joined this merriment when they heard the explanation of the alarm.

The trooper who had previously suffered merited punishment at the heels of Old Pink-eye, had stooped over the camp fire to light his pipe with a brand. The pipe had slipped from his lips and fallen into



the fire from which the fellow had stupidly attempted to hook it with the butt of his revolver, which the scorching heat forced him to drop. At this he had fled into the brush while the discharging fire-arm scattered the embers and aroused the camp.

After the fun over the ludicrous affair had subsided, Rodney returned to his blanket, devoutly thankful that the lucky stroke of the lieutenant's had spared him the likelihood of turning the amusing episode into a painful tragedy.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE RETURN.

ALTHOUGH Rodney had succeeded in locating the site of Big Bear's camp on the island, the most diligent search on the part of experienced scouts failed to discover the course by which the wily chief had conducted his band in their departure. Several days were consumed in this fruitless search, and during this time Rodney found excellent rifle practice in shooting at the loons, which frequented the distant end of the island.

As he returned from one of these excursions Gilroy greeted him with the exclamation:

"Hurrah for home! The general has given orders to pull up in the morning and retrace our steps to civilization. That means that the chase after Big Bear is abandoned, and that the scouts will disband as soon as they reach home.

In other words the jig's up, and there will be nothing more for you to do excepting to draw your pay—which I will give you when we get to Prince Albert, for when we were there I sent an estimate of the amount of money which I wanted the paper to forward there for my use when we returned. Of course it will cover your time until you are back in Ft. Qu'Appelle again."

Rodney made no attempt to conceal his joy at the news that the wretched war was over and that he was soon to see his mother and the old home again. He was heartily sick of bloodshed, and while it gave him a glow of pride and satisfaction to count up the snug sum of money which he had earned, he had no desire to increase it at the price of the continuance of the rebellion. Then the thought that he was soon to see his mother filled him with a yearning impatience which could not tolerate the slightest delay. He planned to surprise her and wondered just what he would find her doing and what she would say to him and to the little fortune that he would carry home with him. He would first lay out upon the table the money from Gilroy. Then, after she had looked at that for a while, he would take out his portion of the reward for the capture of Riel.

"How much do you make it—that I will have coming to me?" Rodney ventured to ask Gilroy.

"Two hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Why? Isn't that the way you figure it?"

"I didn't make it quite as much as that," replied Rodney. "Well I think you'll find that right. I tried to allow a safe margin of time for you to get home in; and if you should happen to make it in less don't send any of the pay back. It would be just like you to, though," laughed Gilroy.

The march back to Prince Albert was quite as deliberate as the advance over the same trail, notwithstanding the fact that the way was now clear.

through the timber, for them. There was no necessity for haste, as in the advance, and the animals were wasted by short rations of feed and by hard work.

But at last they came in sight of Prince Albert and Rodney and Gilroy hastened to the bank where they found the remittance awaiting them.

No danger which the pioneer boy had been through had filled him with greater conscious excitement or given him quite the sense of manly importance that he felt as he counted over the gold and silver coin which Gilroy shoved toward him, on the outer ledge of the bank counter. His first attempt to count it correctly ended in a confused failure; but another trial verified the accuracy of Gilroy's count.

The cashier handed them each an empty coin bag into which they put specie.

"Now, Rodney, let's step into a store and get a good buckskin money-belt that you can wear under your clothes. Then you'll be all right," suggested Gilroy.

They started out of the door when the cashier called them back and said:

"We've received from the government, seven hundred and fifty dollars for a scout named Rodney Merton. It's half of the reward for the capture of Riel. I thought I heard one of you speak the name Rodney just now?"

"Well that's luck!" exclaimed Gilroy. "This lad is Rodney Merton, who, with young Houry, captured Riel. I don't call him by his name once in a

hundred times and don't know what possessed me to just now."

Rodney's identification being thus satisfactorily established by Gilroy, the cashier paid over the reward to the delighted and astonished boy, who had never "handled" as much money before in all his life.

"You stay here while I go out and get the belt. It won't do for you to show up all that money in any store," said Gilroy, who soon returned.

The cashier opened, from within, a door into a private apartment, where Rodney and Gilroy repaired to fill the money-belt and adjust it securely under his clothing.

As Rodney went to feed and water Old Pink-eye that evening, it occurred to him for the first time that the faithful old animal belonged to Gilroy and that on the morrow they would probably part company forever.

"Yes and my saddle, rifle and revolvers all belong to him, too."

"It makes me sick to think of giving them all up; they 've come to seem like a part of myself. But I could stand letting all go, but Old Pink-eye—he's like an old friend that's stood by in many a time of need," mused Rodney, as he stroked the shaganappy's V-shaped neck.

"Well; I suppose I'll get passage over the trail to-morrow with some teamsters going home," said he to Gilroy, after supper.

"Not to speak of!" exclaimed Gilroy in aston-

ishment — “not unless you’d rather do that than to ride Old Pink-eye!”

“But the horse belongs to you and so do the revolvers and rifle and saddle,” said Rodney.

“Boy, you’ve earned your outfit, by what might be called extra usefulness, many times over. But do you suppose that I could ever take from you the horse and rifle with which you saved my own life? Not much! They’re yours, and I wish I could throw in a farm or two with them; but I can’t. However, I don’t propose to lose sight of you, and you may depend upon hearing from me as soon as I can find a good opening of some kind for you.”

Rodney attempted to express his gratitude both for the gifts and the promise of future assistance, but the genial, big-hearted newspaper man would not listen to anything of the kind.

When it came, in the morning, to the actual moment of saying good-bye to Gilroy, the lieutenant and the other scouts with whom he had happened to become most intimate, he was far more deeply affected than he had anticipated, and a swelling lump arose in his throat which required constant swallowing “to keep down.”

“I shall see you again before long—but here’s good-bye ’till I do,” exclaimed Gilroy, with a warm pressure of the lad’s hand; “and if you should want to write me for anything, here’s my address,” he added.

Rodney’s homeward journey was not only full of the delights of anticipation but of recollection as

well, for his route was over the same road by which he had come.

At Fish Creek he could not refrain from visiting the cabin where he had found the mother of the little Half-Breed girl, and was surprised to learn from the mistress of the cabin that the mother had taken her children to Ft. Qu'Appelle, where they had relatives. He spent much time in wondering who the relatives could be and if the child would ever play as important a part in his life as he had in hers. As he passed the bog in which Gilroy had so ignominiously floundered on the occasion of their foraging expedition he could not repress a hearty laugh at the recollection of the ludicrous spectacle which they had both presented, and this was brought even more vividly before him when the dog which had given them such an exciting chase rushed out and barked fiercely at the heels of Old Pink-eye.

After leaving Clark's Crossing it seemed to Rodney that he was "almost home," and his heart leaped with pride and gratitude to think how different was his present home-coming from the one — seemingly years, but in reality not four months ago — when he had tramped over the road from Grenfell, tired, discouraged and ashamed.

Although he now, as then, wished that he might pass through the village to his mother's cabin without being seen by the loafers about the post and shop, how different was the motive which prompted the wish!

On approaching the post he put spurs to Pink-

eye and cantered rapidly by, nodding hurriedly to those who called out to him from the steps and doors as he passed.

He did not slacken his horse's pace until in front of his mother's cabin. Leaping from the saddle, he rushed into the house.

"Rodney!" exclaimed his mother, lifting her hands, sprinkled with flour, from the bread which she was kneading. She threw her arms about him, and when she unclasped them there were tears in her eyes as well as in his.

"Deary-me! Just see how I've covered you with flour," she continued; and the little laugh at his dusty appearance relieved the embarrassment and gave them an opportunity to recover their usual composure.

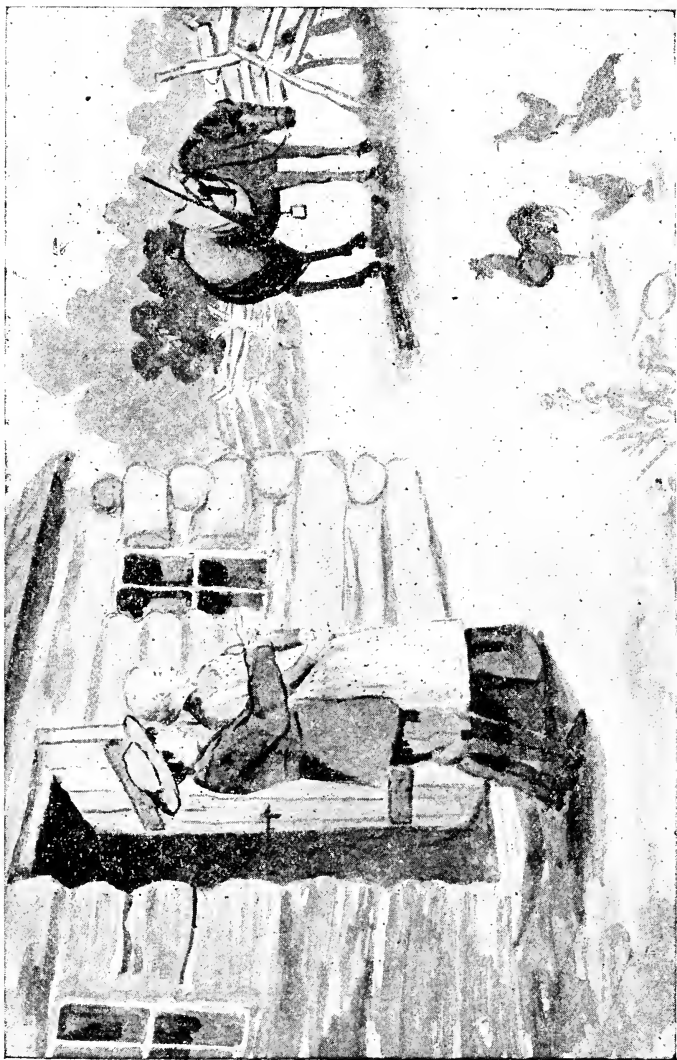
"Well, mother, I'm back again all right, and here's what I have to show for it," said Rodney proudly, as he unfastened his bulging money-belt, drew it from under his clothes, and arranged the coin upon the table. "There's just a hundred dollars in each pile excepting the little one of twenty-eight dollars. Just think of it! *One thousand and twenty-eight dollars* in three months!

Mrs. Merton gazed at the shining piles of gold eagles for some time, as though unable to comprehend the value of so much money, to say nothing of realizing the fact that it was their own.

But at last when she began to grasp the reality, she buried her face in her hands and wept as he had seen her weep but few times before.







"RODNEY SHOWS HIS MOTHER," ETC.

“Don’t cry, mother,” he said, laying his hand tenderly on her soft, brown hair. “It’s all yours—every dollar of it; only I want you to use part of it in going to visit your folks in the States this winter. There will be plenty left for that after paying for the place.”

She made no reply; but Rodney could see that she did not—as he feared she might—at once reject the proposition of the visit to Illinois.

After he had replaced the money in the belt and secured it about him, he took his mother to the door to exhibit Old Pink-eye, the rifle, revolvers and the saddle which Gilroy had given him.

“And he’s going to get me a good place on a newspaper, too,” observed Rodney, after expatiating upon the merits of Gilroy and his gifts.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN INDEPENDENT VENTURE.

WHERE had we better keep the money, mother?" was the perplexing question which Rodney raised after tethering old Pink-eye out to graze.

"Mercy on us—I don't know! There's no bank here and I'd be afraid to hide it for fear some one would see you and go and get it."

"I've been thinking about that. How would it do to give it to 'Two-Cent Tranquility' for safe-keeping."

"That's just right!" promptly replied Mrs. Merton. "He's as honest as the day is long and as cautious and cunning as a weasel. I'd rather trust it with him than to try to keep it ourselves."

And so Rodney ate an early supper and went down to his old friend's shop, hoping to find him alone. But in this he was disappointed, for a young lumberman was waiting for a boot to be repaired and before this was done one after another of the village loafers began to drop in, eager to hear the news "from the seat of war." Rodney, however, knew that if he once began to relate incidents of the war, an epidemic of story-telling would set in and he would have no chance for a private audience with the shoemaker before midnight. He gave as brief answers as possible to their questions and

maintained strict silence when not compelled to speak.

This unresponsive course had its desired effect and when the last of his questioners took leave it was not quite nine o'clock by the shoemaker's round bull's-eye watch, which had ticked away above the bench as long as Rodney could remember.

"Now give us a little account of yourself," said the old shoemaker, as he tied up his leather apron and put it away in the bench drawer, from which he took his pipe and a package of tobacco, preparatory to giving the anticipated narrative his sympathetic attention.

When Rodney had concluded a hasty account of his adventures the old man reached forward his right hand, tapped the end of his fingers lightly upon the boy's knee and exclaimed :

"Boy, you've done well. Your own father couldn't have done better ! Now, how much have you saved and what are you going to do with it?"

"Just one thousand and twenty-eight dollars, and I am going to pay for the place and give the rest to you to keep for me until mother goes back to Illinois to visit her folks. But I'd like to have you take it all now, for mother thinks it would be much safer with you than with us."

The old man, flattered by this confidence, gladly accepted the responsibility and took the belt; but insisted upon giving Rodney his written receipt for the money.

On the following day Rodney, accompanied by

Toussaint Tranquilite, visited the government land agent, paid the three hundred dollars demanded for a clear patent of title to the farm, and returned with the precious document in Rodney's pocket.

He at once presented it to his mother, who took it in her trembling hands, as the tears gathered in her eyes, and slowly read every word of it.

"Just think how long *he* worked for it—and then never got! It takes away the biggest part of the comfort to think that *he* can't be here to have it himself."

"But then, father's pleasure in owning the home would have been in the thought that you and I would have it 'to fall back on'—as he used to say; and so long as we have it now I'm sure he would want us to be very happy in it," cheerfully observed Rodney.

"Yes, I suppose that's so," assented Mrs. Merton with a readiness quite unlike the habitual gloom with which she had come to receive the few encouraging things which had entered into her life, in later years. This symptom of increasing hopefulness was more welcome to Rodney than the most flattering prospect of any personal success and he felt like exclaiming:

"Oh, mother, I'm going to make you grow young again, yet!"

For several days Rodney busied himself in constructing a snug stable for old Pink-eye and "fixing things up generally" about the place. There was a comforting sense of proprietorship in doing this

which gave him a far greater pleasure than he had ever derived in making any previous improvements. He had never been happier before and he sang and whistled constantly as he plied his hammer and saw.

But although his hands were busily employed in this work his thoughts were equally busy planning his future.

At first he thought that he would at once write to Gilroy asking his assistance in securing a position upon the Montreal paper. But here his manly independence asserted itself.

"No, sir! I'll get one myself. I've received enough favors from him already. If he should write to me offering me a place, *that* would be different; but I'll try faithfully alone first. If I fail, it will be time enough to call on him then," he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of strong conviction.

How to begin this struggle for a footing was the next question, and a difficult one, too. Upon careful reflection he decided that the best way was to purchase several of the leading Dominion papers and write to the publishers stating his experience in the rebellion, referring them to Gilroy, and requesting a trial in case there was any chance for him.

The next out-going post carried nearly a dozen carefully-worded applications to the principal papers of Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec and Montreal.

In spite of the fact that he told himself that he could not expect an answer from even the nearest

one inside of ten days, a week found him an anxious watcher of every in-coming post.

But, although this anxiety daily increased until it amounted to nervous restlessness, he did not receive a reply until three full weeks had elapsed. The others followed in succession, until the list was complete. They were all of the same sort, politely declining his services.

He had faced death beside Gilroy and beside Captain French with soldierly nonchalance and bravery, but he could not face that pile of letters without something very like tears coming into his eyes.

It was only after days of sharp contest with his pride and independence that he could bring himself to the distasteful expedient of writing to Gilroy, from whom he considered that he had already received so much assistance. Nor did the thought of the service which he had happened to render Gilroy at Fish Creek, help the matter any. On the contrary it made him feel all the more unwilling to appeal to Gilroy.

"But it must be done—there doesn't seem to be any other way out of it but this," was his reluctant conclusion, and he therefore wrote to the correspondent detailing his attempt and failure to obtain, through his own exertions, a position. He directed the letter carefully to the address which Gilroy had given him and dropped it into the post with the comfortable assurance that this, at least, would bring some kind of success.



"I'll not count on getting an answer from this until *three* weeks," he said to himself. When that period had passed without bringing a word from Gilroy his expectancy alternated between the keenest despondency and the liveliest fears; but the former steadily gained the ascendancy with each passing day.

When he could no longer invent any plausible explanation for the failure other than Gilroy's permanent absence, unaccountable indifference or death, Rodney gave up all hope in that direction and again turned his thoughts upon his own resources.

His first move was to urge upon his mother the desirability of starting upon their visit to Illinois before the cold weather should begin. She consented more readily than he had anticipated and before the first frost whitened the ground about Ft. Qu' Appelle they were on their way to Chicago, where "Uncle Rob" was to meet them on one of the frequent trips to the city, which he was obliged to make in pursuit of his vocation of drover or "stock buyer."

Rodney would have been ashamed to confess how wonderful the beginning of that first ride upon a railway train seemed to him; but when the train at last came to its final halt in the Union depot in Chicago, he confidentially remarked to his mother:

"It seems as though we had always lived on the cars—don't it, mother?"

"Yes; and it don't seem as though this awful

rumble and clack-a-ty-clack would ever get out of my head and ears," replied Mrs. Merton.

They found Uncle Bob awaiting them inside the gate. He was a jolly, hearty man, who laughed loudly on every occasion which offered the slightest pretext for merriment.

"Well, boy, now for the hotel and a good square meal! Then, after your ma and I've had a little visit, we'll go out and take in the sights."

"All right, Uncle Bob. If you don't mind I'd rather see the newspaper offices than anything else. Have you ever been in them?"

"Never. But I can't go younger than to-night. So we'll manage it some way."

The second-class hotel at which the drover stopped seemed a marvel of magnificence to Mrs. Merton and Rodney.

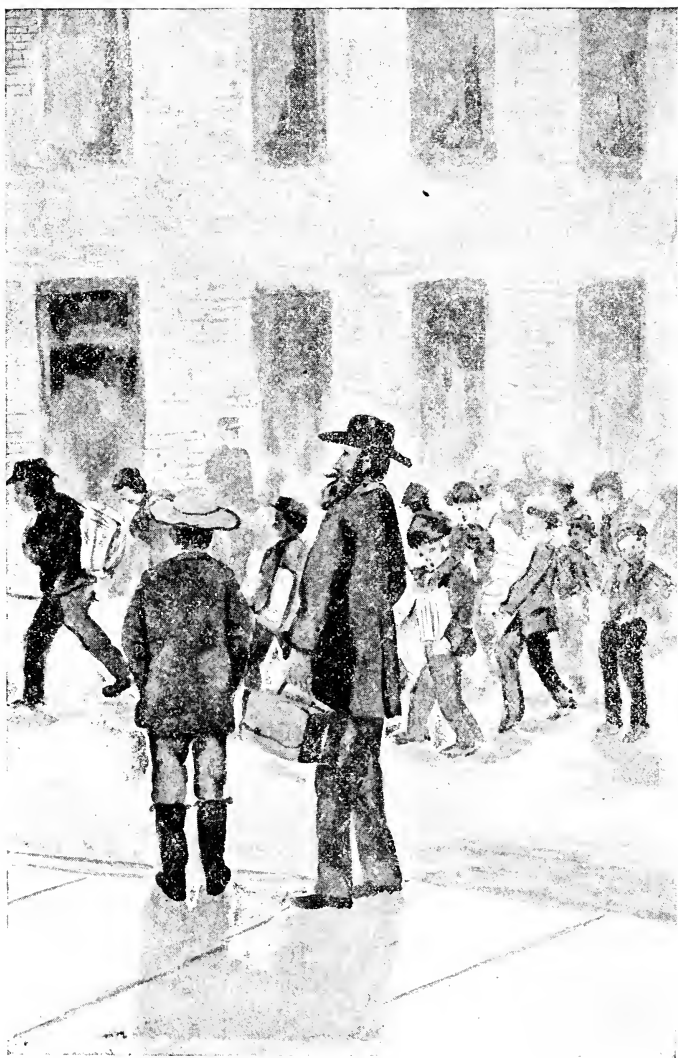
By the time dinner was over and Mrs. Merton and her brother had finished their visit in the hotel parlor, it was five o'clock.

"Now's a good time to go round by the newspaper offices on Fifth Avenue and see the boys hustling out the evening papers."

It was a strange and interesting sight to Rodney to watch the ragged array of newsboys in front of each of the evening paper offices, their arms piled with the damp papers fresh from the great perfecting presses which were thundering away in the basement below.

He forced his way through the motley crowd of urchins, who were laughing, quarreling, singing and





RODNEY AND THE CHICAGO NEWSBOYS:

fighting, close up to one of the basement windows through which he could obtain a view of the presses. There was something tremendously thrilling and almost supernatural to Rodney in the great whirling cylinders, the seemingly endless roll of "white paper" which unwound itself into printed and folded sheets at the other end of the presses.

"I suppose its too late for me to try to get a place to-day, don't you?" he inquired of his uncle.

"Yes; we would'nt have time. Our train goes out at seven o'clock and we will have to eat supper in the meantime. But you can come in most any time, for I live only fifty miles out and have to come in every week with cars of stock. I can get you a pass to come in on whenever you want one."

Rodney then bought an assortment of the papers and they started back for their hotel.

Had Rodney been less absorbed in examining the papers he could not have escaped from noticing the sensation that his leather-bound white felt hat and Northwestern breeches, which fitted his legs tightly and buttoned at the knees, created among the newsboys and the passers; but his pre-occupation spared him this annoyance.

After another hearty meal in the hotel, they again took the cars and arrived at the little country town, in which Uncle Bob's cosy home was situated, a little before nine in the evening.

Rodney's dread of meeting the remainder of the family vanished as soon as he heard the kindly

voice of Aunt Susan, and saw the round, merry faces of his cousins, May and Frank.

The two boys soon retired to the room which they were to share during Rodney's visit; but it was dangerously near midnight when Frank exacted the last narrative of Rodney's experiences in the rebellion from the young newspaper scout, who was henceforth to be a veritable hero in the eyes of Frank and the other village boys of his "set."

Rodney's first request, on the following morning, when Frank volunteered to show him the town, was to be taken to the office of the local paper.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A SMALL FOOTING.

“ I KNOW ‘Corkey’ Simpson who sets type on the *Record*,” explained Frank, as the two boys walked down the village street. “And he’ll show us all there is to see in the office. He writes most of the locals himself and a good many of the town folks believe that he is the local correspondent of the Chicago papers.”

“Do you think that we could get him to tell us that? You see I want to get a letter of introduction to some of the Chicago editors and he’d be just the one to get it from if we could manage it,” said Rodney.

“I’ll try, anyway,” answered Frank, who was greatly flattered at the prospect of being of any assistance to so heroic a personage as Rodney.

They climbed a dark and dirty stairway and found themselves in a big room, which looked bare and empty in spite of the type cases, imposing tables, presses and type galleys with which it was cluttered.

“Corkey,” who was the only inhabitant of the place, slipped from the high stool upon which he was setting, clapped a slug into his composing stick to hold the unfinished line of type in place, and hobbled

forward to welcome his visitors. At every step his cork leg gave an audible squeak which revealed to Rodney the probable derivation of the fellows' curious nickname.

After introductions were over it did not take Frank long to hint at the distinguished nature of their guest, and the conference ended by Corkey's taking them bodily into his confidence and not only revealing the fact that he was, as Frank had surmised, the local correspondent of the city dailies, but he volunteered his services in any capacity that might serve Rodney's pleasure.

The remainder of their visit was spent in examining the mechanical appliances used in the making of the country weekly.

"You see," explained Corkey, "we only set up the local news and advertisements here. The remainder of the paper is printed in Chicago, by a 'ready-print' or 'patent-inside' house. That part of it contains the general news of the day, the 'Agricultural' and 'Home' departments. I tell you they have an immense establishment in there at the American Newspaper Union; that's where we buy our patent inside. They print or furnish plates to about three thousand local dailies and weeklies."

This was an interesting feature in the production of a weekly paper, of which Rodney had been entirely ignorant. It set him to thinking.

"If I fail to get any place on one of the big dailies I will try one of those 'patent-inside' houses," he resolved.



Armed with a letter to the editor of each of the Chicago papers, for which Corkey was local correspondent, Rodney again accompanied his uncle to the big city.

A ride up a creaking and hitching elevator, which made him feel painfully unsteady, landed him on the top floor of the first newspaper office on his list.

"Managing editor second doo' to de left!" called the colored elevator boy, as he shut the grated door of the elevator sharply behind Rodney.

A stern, bald-headed man sat at a large flat desk in the center of the room, opening and reading a batch of telegrams. At his left, in the corner, a younger man clicking the typewriter.

Rodney's heart beat with terrific violence as he stood, with his scout's hat in hand, waiting for the editor to look up.

The latter seemed entirely oblivious to the boy's presence until the last telegram had been read and tossed into a flat wire basket.

Then the man looked up and said:

"Well, what is it?" with a sharpness which startled Rodney and seemed to imply that it was he and not the boy who had been kept waiting until patience had nearly ceased to be a virtue.

Rodney could not, on the spur of the instant, summon an answer, but simply handed the editor Corkey's letter of introduction.

"Go to the city editor, next door," was the only reply which the editor made as he handed back the

letter and wheeled about, in his swivel chair, to speak to the stenographer.

With this blunt dismissal Rodney entered the city editor's room.

The desk at which that dignitary sat smoking a cob pipe while holding a telephone receiver to his ear was partitioned off from the front of the room by a low railing. At his back were several plain pine tables littered with small sheets of white print paper.

When the man had shouted "All right—so long!" into the telephone, and turned his keen gray eyes upon Rodney, the letter was again passed from the boy's hand. In a voice slightly "shaky" with excitement Rodney stammered:

"I've been all through the Riel Rebellion as assistant to the correspondent of the *London Illustrated news* and one of the Montreal papers, and can refer you to him."

This seemed to slightly soften the severity with which he seemed about to dismiss the application.

"That's all right, but we're full. In fact, I've got to cut down the local staff."

It was with still greater trepidation that Rodney climbed several flights of stairs leading to the city editor's room of the next paper.

The first object which met his eye was a placard dangling from the editorial desk, on which was printed, in bold black letters, the announcement:

"NO VACANCIES."

He turned out of the room as quickly as he had

entered and went down the stairs with heavy and discouraged tread.

His subsequent calls were only variations of the same treatment, but he kept perseveringly to the end of the list.

It was time for his train home when he had made his last fruitless application, and he spent the whole homeward ride in gazing disconsolately out of the car window and reflecting bitterly upon his failure to receive a reply to his letter to Gilroy, which seemed to be the cause of all his later woes.

But this mood soon exhausted itself, and he thought of it as very childish and unreasonable.

In the morning he regained his old courage and resolution, and dropped in upon Corkey with a cheerful face, and laughingly related his experience of the previous day.

The editor of the *Record* was absent on a protracted fishing excursion, and Corkey was at liberty to entertain as many of his friends as possible so long as he got out the paper. Consequently Rodney tarried longer than usual, and made a searching examination of the "exchanges" and the office in general.

Among the exchanges he found a long open manila envelope containing printed matter.

"Those are sample sheets from the patent-inside house and you'll always find two or three *rattling* good stories and sketches in them. They run to adventures generally. Take 'em home with you and read 'em if you like," said Corkey, as he saw the envelope.

Rodney did so. The sketches seemed very direct and simple. They were marked "original" and therefore must have been purchased by the patent-inside house.

"Why there isn't half as much to that story as there was to the one that Col. Williams told that night by the camp fire at Loon Lake," thought Rodney. Suddenly the inspiration flashed upon him.

"I'll write out the colonels' adventure and offer it to them!"

Corkey furnished him with a quantity of neatly cut "copy-paper" and he sat down to work.

But he could not word the opening sentence to suit him. He wondered how adventure stories usually began. Another inspiration came to his assistance. Hurrying home to his uncle's he rapidly "went through" several months' numbers of the *Youth's Companion*, which Frank always kept neatly filed for re-reading, making a careful study of "the adventure page" in each number. When he had completed this investigation, he had gained a clear idea of the proper construction and essentials of a good adventure story.

Then he again went to the desk and wrote with a rapidity which surprised him, the story which had so interested him as it came from the lips of the scout.

Frank came in just as he finished the last page, to get him to go to the grove and gather some walnuts.

"Well, see what you think of this first and then

I'll go," was his reply, as Frank dropped into the nearest chair and Corkey left his stool and leaned against the corner of the desk, composing stick in hand, while Rodney read his first attempt at a story.

The exclamations of admiration which he received from his audience made Rodney feel not a little elated.

"To-morrow I'm going all over it again, carefully," said Rodney.

"And if you like I'll look out for the punctuation a little. That's very important, you know; a practical printer has to learn *that* carefully," suggested Corkey.

This suggestion was gratefully accepted and the manuscript was left with him, while Frank and Rodney finished the day by securing a fat bag of nuts and shooting several squirrels.

On the morrow Rodney again labored faithfully on his story, cutting it down to the exact length of the story in proof sheet and making various changes for its improvement.

"I wonder how it *would* look in print," he mused, as he made the last correction.

"I'll show you in about an hour," quietly responded Corkey. "It's short and I'm going to set it up and give you a good clean proof of it to take into the editor, instead of the written copy. It will be very much clearer."

The boys were delighted with the proof which Corkey presented to them, and in the morning Rod-

ney again boarded the cars with new courage and hope.

The editor received him with so much kindly consideration that Rodney ventured to at once make application for a "beginner's position," and presented the story as a sample of his work.

"Where did you pick up this incident?" inquired the editor.

"Around the camp fire, when we were on the island at Loon Lake."

Then the editor, by occasional questions, drew from Rodney an account of his experiences in the rebellion and also of his independent struggle to obtain a footing in the ranks of newspaper work.

"Well, I'll take this sketch and pay you seven dollars for it, and I'll give you a trial as copyholder, at six dollars a week to begin with, for the young fellow who has been with us in that capacity has just got a position as reporter on the *News*. It will just about pay your board; but perhaps you can occasionally chink in a sketch which will help you out with a little extra."

"At last!" was Rodney's inward exclamation of gratitude as he heard the words. He was almost surprised at his success, and was almost as overjoyed as when he had secured the position with Gilroy, at the old fort. He could scarcely wait to carry the good news to his mother and Frank and Corkey.

They rejoiced with him as only big-hearted boys can rejoice with an admired mate in a success to

which they felt that they had in some measure contributed.

Both were at the train, Monday morning, to "see him off" as he went to begin his first day's labor.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A GREAT TRIUMPH.

ALTHOUGH Rodney found the task of "holding copy," listening to the monotonous voice of the proofreader and keeping his mind concentrated upon the copy in hand, to see that it corresponded in every word and figure with the proof, a very exacting one, the work was quite as pleasant and agreeable as he had anticipated.

He soon grew accustomed to his surroundings and was welcomed in full and hearty fellowship by the members of the editorial staff, who, with the exception of the editor-in-chief, were young men.

During the noon hour, before and after lunch, Rodney fell naturally into the habit of drifting into the artists' room, where the younger men congregated. Story-telling was always the order of the hour, and as no silent partners were allowed he was forced to draw for his contribution to the impromptu social entertainment, upon his "roughing-it" experience in the rebellion, and it was plainly evident to Rodney that this experience increased the respect in which they held him as a member of the craft.

Keen and constant observation of all the details of the varied departments of the work which went on about him, and ultimately passed under his in the copy, was a broad education to Rodney, which he mastered with devouring eagerness.



His evenings were spent in the study of some subject which the work of the day suggested, and the monthly sketch which he regularly submitted to the editor was not only as regularly accepted, but showed such marked improvement as to elicit words of praise from the young men who congregated in the artist's room.

"Why don't you try your hand at a special for one of the dailies? Or perhaps a sketch is more in your line. I know a dozen of the boys who make from ten to fifteen dollars a week out of their specials" suggested the editor of the "miscellany" department.

This suggestion was immediately acted upon by the preparation of an article upon "The Mounted Police of Canada," in which he drew his coloring from his own observation, the accounts which he had heard from the scouts, while he gathered the "solid facts and figures" from a perusal of English and Canadian journals, which he found by diligent search in the public libraries.

Good fortune rewarded his efforts where before he had failed, and the article was accepted. He was not a little surprised, when, after weeks of waiting, the article appeared in print with the "solid facts" upon which he had so largely relied for its success, largely expunged.

In this way the winter passed to February.

As the family sat about the pleasant base-burner in Uncle Bob's sitting-room, one Sunday evening, Mrs. Merton said:

"Rodney, I wish you could get something to do in the spring that would take you out of doors and give you the good healthful exercise that a boy needs and you have always had before."

"Yes," interrupted Uncle Bob, "I'm with you in that, Mary. It's no good for boys the age of these two to be cooped up in a house or office, pouring over books and papers. Time enough for that after they are men. What they need is to have a little more roughing it."

"I was just thinking," said Rodney, "of the string of traps that I had out last winter, and how I would like to turn out early in the morning and 'make the rounds' of them once more. Looking at the snow on the branches of those pines out there by the gate makes me just hungry for a good long tramp on my *rachets*."

"And wouldn't I like to go with you, though!" seconded Frank, closing the copy of Ballantyne's "Young Fur Traders," from which he was reading.

"Say," he added, "to-morrow is Washington's birthday, and you don't have to go back to your work till Tuesday. Let's go out rabbit-shooting."

"All right. I'd forgotten that it was a holiday, but I remember now that the boys said so," responded Rodney.

When nuts, apples and books had been enjoyed through the long evening, the two boys went to their chamber to spend another hour in a secret conference upon the preparations for the morrow's hunt.

They awakened early, to find that a light snow

had fallen during the night, which would render the hunting prime.

Frank put his gun in order, and then they went together to borrow one for Rodney from a friend

After a hasty breakfast, foraged from the pantry, they set out with Uno, Frank's beagle hound, eager for the chase.

"Let's go first to the nursery, where the rabbits feed on the young seedlings," suggested Frank, leading the way.

This was in the edge of the village, and as they came in sight of it Rodney exclaimed :

"Gracious ! Just look at that; what a perfect network of tracks. This place must be fairly alive with them !"

Frank's answer was directed to Uno, who bounded in among the seedlings as soon as the words "Hunt 'em out" escaped Frank's lips.

A moment later Rodney exclaimed :

"There ! There !" and the reports of both their guns rang out upon the keen frosty air with a familiar shock which thrilled Rodney through and through.

"Number one for both of us !" said Frank, as each picked up the plump rabbit which his first shot had killed.

Their guns were kept warm by constant firing until the forenoon was well advanced, when Rodney remarked :

"You've bagged ten and I'm only one behind you. This is all we can possibly use in our family with a

good margin for Corkey and the friend from whom you borrowed the gun. I think it's a shame to kill more game than you can possibly make use of; don't you?"

"Yes, I do," replied Frank; "suppose we go back by the way of the postoffice and get the mail."

"I suppose you'd be just as anxious to appear on the main street if you had only your gun instead of such a fat string of rabbits to carry," laughingly responded Rodney.

"No, I'm *not* ashamed of that string and I don't care who sees it, either. But I do want to get the mail, too—honest Injun," replied Frank.

"Whew! Here's one for both of us!" exclaimed Frank, as he took a couple of letters from the postmaster's hand and passed one of them to Rodney.

As they passed out of the postoffice, Rodney exclaimed:

"Oh, Frank, just take my gun a minute! It's from Gilroy!"

They stood still upon the steps while Rodney tore open the envelope with eager and trembling fingers and read aloud:

"MR. RODNEY MERTON, Ft. Qu' Appelle, etc.

"*Dear Lad:* Awful sorry I didn't get your letter, but I've been 'outside the pale of civilization' ever since it was written, up to this date. But 'all's well that ends well,' and this ending I think will suit you, for I want you to come on at once to Montreal (check enclosed) and go with me on a newspaper exploration through the Hudson Bay county. Pay



'DEAR SIR—COME AT ONCE,' ETC.



\$200 per month and all expenses. Six in the party and all good fellows, too. So you see we'll hunt the musk-ox on his native heath, and perhaps the polar bear, too—for there is no telling how far north we may go. The expedition is splendidly equipped and has plenty of money behind it. Lose no time in reaching here at the earliest possible moment. If you know of a good straight lad about your age who has the right timber in him and is in for this kind of thing bring him along at half the pay I named for you. If you cannot come, telegraph, otherwise I shall expect you. Yours,

“GILROY.”

The two boys looked into each other's faces and understood the “volumes” which they were unable to speak.

“Do you suppose they will let us?” was the tremendous problem which rose to their lips. But they did not speak it. Instead, Rodney exclaimed:

“Oh, wouldn't it be *too good for earth* if we could!”

Frank's only answer was a boyish—

“Whoop!” which passersby probably interpreted as irrepressible enthusiasm over his heavy string of rabbits.

That evening the family council assumed an unwonted seriousness and its members deliberated pro and con over the great question before them.

But good Uncle Bob brought matters to final close by saying:

“Well, Mary, I say let 'em go. No use in keeping them over the coals any longer. We might just

as well decide it right now and here; and for one, so far as Frank is concerned, I give my consent."

"Just as you think best, Robert," promptly acquiesced Frank's mother.

"Well, I think it will be better for Rodney than staying in an office," said Mrs. Merton.

And so the boys went to bed too happy to sleep or do anything but plan for the great expedition into the "Hudson Bay country."







CARL AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

BUCKEYE-HAWKEYE  
SCHOOL-MASTER

OR

THE LIFE OF CARL MACKENZIE

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DEDICATED TO THE SCHOOL-TEACHERS OF AMERICA

BY

ONE OF THE TEACHERS

---

CHICAGO:  
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,  
1895

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Life is short, and teachers, like most other busy and useful people, have to economize it. No intelligent person doubts the value of a good story, whether told or written. In the domain of teaching, stories are scarce, and good stories are very scarce. One of the problems for the thoughtful educator of to-day is: How shall we get the teachers to better understand the nature of their business—the fundamental principles upon which it is based—the responsibilities and the opportunities which are theirs? Can this knowledge be gained better from learned treatise and plausible theory, or from actual experience as given in story? This is the question; and while we agree that all these are good, and are used by the more thoughtful teachers, we must remember that many would-be teachers come to their work with little reading to stimulate thought, and with less experience. We must also remember that a story is refreshing to the older teachers, and that nine out of ten of the younger ones will read a story which combines logic and experience, giving incidents of interest which illustrate the things they should know, when they would not think of a pedagogy. This principle has long since prevailed in the domains of history and the natural sciences; and our conviction that it applies with equal force to the study of

pedagogy among teachers, accounts for the publication of this little book, which we send out in the sincere hope that it will lead to a more intelligent appreciation of the teacher's work, and to the greater strength which comes from a carefully selected teacher's professional library. Parents and pupils can hardly fail to see more clearly their responsibilities for having read this story; and teachers will do well to aid us in placing it where it will accomplish the desired results. All such co-operation will be much appreciated by the publishers.

## PREFACE.

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In writing this little book the author has not intended to startle the world with anything new in thought, or method, or discipline in school-work. Much less would he claim for the book any special literary merit. But from the experience of twenty years in actual school-work he has gathered a web of fact and experience, and interwoven with it that of which the world never tires — a love-story.

The author has simply tried to give the tired and perhaps discouraged teacher a few hours of pleasant recreation, interspersed with practical suggestions, and an exalted ideal of the work of the teacher.

THE AUTHOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

CARL'S INFANCY .....	7
----------------------	---

### CHAPTER II.

CARL'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.....	18
---------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER III.

CARL'S BOYHOOD.....	30
---------------------	----

### CHAPTER IV.

CARL AND DORA.....	48
--------------------	----

### CHAPTER V.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL .....	62
---------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VI.

CARL AT HIGH SCHOOL.....	70
--------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VII.

THE REVIVAL .....	79
-------------------	----

### CHAPTER VIII.

CARL—THE "BUCKEYE-HAWKEYE".....	91
---------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST LETTER.....	109
----------------------	-----

### CHAPTER X.

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE COPIED FROM CARL'S DIARY...	125
--	-----

### CHAPTER XI.

IN THE ROCKIES.....	148
---------------------	-----

### CHAPTER XII.

HOME .....	165
------------	-----



# BUCKEYE-HAWKEYE

## SCHOOL-MASTER

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### CHAPTER I.

#### CARL'S INFANCY.

"So too with man: he hastens from his birth  
To youth, to manhood, to maturity.  
And when, at length, when his life-work is done,  
He does but sleep awhile beneath the earth,  
To wake anew the Father's face to see,  
In changeless realms of never endless sun."

"Hello, Doc! Hello!" The sun was disappearing behind the rocky cliff. Dr. McKenzie, his wife Jane, with their four sons and two daughters—two sons having been laid in the village grave-yard—were seated at their evening meal. The simple thanksgiving had just been said, when from the pike came the sound, "Hello, Doc! Hello!"

It was a familiar sound to the whole family, for the Doctor had a large and lucrative practice. As usual, he immediately rose and started toward the door; but before reaching it he stopped and looked at his wife, and as their eyes met, hers plainly said, "I cannot be left alone to-night;" and his answered back, "You shall not be,

Jane;" yet not a word was uttered by either. He turned and opened the door, and said, "Well what is it?"

"Oh, Doc! get your horse and come quick. Tom Jones' team ran off with him and threw him and his wife over High Bluff, and we fear they are both killed. Come at once. I'll go right back and tell them you are coming."

And before Dr. McKenzie had time to utter a word, the rider had put spurs to his horse and was gone. Again the Doctor turned to look for those eyes; the gentle hand of his wife was on his shoulder, her loving eyes were filled with tears, and with a husky voice she said: "Doctor, you shall go. The Heavenly Father will be kind, you know, and you'll be back before morning."

A moment more, and Dr. McKenzie was in his saddle; Old Aunt Hannah Grubbs, an old faithful nurse, was on her way to his home for the night, and he went galloping in the direction of the home of Tom Jones. The good wife, Jane, was the last of the family to retire for the night's rest. As it was her custom in the absence of her husband, she called the family about her, read a chapter, and, kneeling, offered a simple prayer; then with the good-night kisses she saw that all were snugly tucked away for the night's repose.

Long she sat in front of the fire-place, gazing at the smoldering embers, a feeling of loneliness filling her heart. Now and then her face upturned, as if imploring divine aid; more than once a tear coursed its way down her cheek, and an audible sigh answered the heavy breathing of the sleepers in the adjoining room.

At last she knelt, and with clasped hands and trusting, child-like faith, committed herself to the care of a loving

Father—an earnest outpouring of the soul too sacred for these pages.

To those who believe in divine blessings in answer to human prayer, I need not say she arose strengthened and reconciled.

Just at the dawn of day Dr. McKenzie came galloping up the pike, hitched his horse and entered his home. The first sound that met his ears was the cry of his new-born son, Carl McKenzie, the seventh son of the seventh son, and the hero of this story.

A crystal stream, called "White Eyes Creek," for centuries has wound its way among the hills and through one of the loveliest valleys of Southeast Ohio. Almost in the center of this valley was the town of Chili, a village characterized, as most villages are, by a blacksmith-shop, wagon-shop, shoe-shop, harness-shop, tin-shop, grocery store, and post-office. It also contained a church edifice and school-house. In this building the township officers held sway; here they were elected, sworn in, and administered the affairs of the township government.

The village also had the notoriety of being situated at the "cross-roads." Running parallel with the valley was the State road, and across it from east to west was the well-known "National Pike," stretching like a blue streak from the Delaware to the Mississippi.

In the western edge of the village, and a little south of the pike, was the residence of Dr. McKenzie. Without an exception it was the best and most commodious building in the village. In front of the house, running east and west, was a stone fence three feet high; the

other three sides were inclosed by palings. Between the house and fence was a beautiful lawn, interspersed with evergreens, lilacs, and rose-bushes. Back of the house was the garden, in which grew sage, tansy, rue, parsley, shives, spearmint, winter onions, and garlic; strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and other garden vegetables.

On the east was a spring of as clear pure water as ever bathed a human tongue or cooled the glottis of the thirsty brute.

On the west was a high, precipitous, picturesque rocky cliff—the resort of the entire village populace on Sunday summer afternoons.

Carl passed through early babyhood in much the same way as other babies do. He was fat, plump, and rosy; knew how to laugh the first thirty seconds of a minute, and to cry for the next hour. He had the happy faculty of knowing how to awake at any hour of the night, and letting all the household know that he *was* awake.

He soon learned how to look straight at nothing, and to make the mother and everybody else believe that he was closely scrutinizing every object in the room. He always ended these very knowing observations with a satisfied yawning gape, a twisting up of the face and closing of the eyes in sleep.

Carl's mother was a woman of far more than ordinary native intelligence. She had a fair education, and was exceedingly romantic and poetical; she was gentle and benevolent, usually looking on the bright side of life, and showed the depth and strength of her nature by

bearing misfortune with fortitude. Prosperity to her was only valued when she could share it with others.

The father had a robust constitution, black hair and beard, a keen, piercing black eye, and walked with elastic step and figure, as straight as an Indian; was quick in his decisions, firm in his convictions—fearless in their expression—conscientious, radical, determined in whatever he attempted. Yet, withal no one was more gentle, kind, and loving.

Both the Doctor and his wife appreciated and enjoyed the comforts and conveniences of their elegant home, and looked forward with the brightest hopes for the future.

But, like thousands of other kind-hearted men, he had written his name too often as a pledge to pay other men's debts.

In the early autumn of the same year in which Carl was born, the following was found in the *Coshocton Herald*: "SHERIFF'S SALE.—On the first day of September, 18—, on the court-house steps, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, to-wit: The following-described real estate,—— located at Chili, White Eyes Creek, the elegant residence of Dr. McKenzie."

It might be well to add that not only the *residence* was sold at this time, but most of the *household goods*.

A few days later, "on a cool September morn," three covered wagons fronting westward were seen in front of what had been the residence of Dr. McKenzie. Almost the entire village had gathered to say "Good-bye" to their old friends and neighbors.

There was deeply depicted upon the face of every

member of that household the earnest look which always comes before farewells are said; and yet, at such times, if one looks behind the cloud, they will be able to discern the strong sunlight of determination accompanied by the softer tintings of a bright hope for future years.

The Doctor was all life and animation; every word and action seemed to show that he had made a correct "diagnosis" of the case, and knew just when and where and how to apply the remedies.

The wife was all animation, too; but the fact that she drew over her face her sun-bonnet, and often used the handkerchief loosely held by her apron-strings, told too plainly of the cost to her of her separation from home, friends, and landscape which she had learned so much to love.

Among the crowd who filled the yard and road, and stood around as at a funeral, talking in subdued tones, none attracted so much attention as Aunt Hannah Grubbs. She was small in stature, fat and rosy, in spite of age. Formerly a native of Carolina, she still retained the negro dialect.

She dandled Carl in her arms. Not a single day since his birth, six months before, but she had coddled and petted "her baby," as she was pleased to call him.

"You darlin' chile! ole Aunty nebber see yo' no mo'; wish Aunty could steal the chile. Darlin' honey, seems like Aunty carnt gib yo' up, no how." And then she would wipe her eyes with her apron, and Carl would put both his little arms around her neck and flood her cheek with kisses.

"Well, all ready, boys?" said the Doctor. "All ready,

Doc," replied the teamsters. Then followed the handshaking and farewells, and "God bless you's;" and as the teams slowly wended their way over the hills to the westward, and the Doctor and family looked back from the summit, a sea of waving handkerchiefs and hats met their farewell gaze. The Doctor lifted Carl above his head, and as they slowly disappeared upon the western side of the hill, the last view that the assembly had of the McKenzie family was the white handkerchief waved in the morning breeze by the dimpled hand of Carl McKenzie.

As the day passed on, new scenes and a bracing atmosphere gave the travelers hope and vivacity. On the afternoon of the fifth day, the little company left the main State road, and took a less traveled thoroughfare, known as Coe's Run Road. Finally this less frequented way was left, and they found that they must cut their way along a brook of limpid water, and through a forest of lofty sugar-trees. After following the stream for half a mile they came to its source, a gushing spring, and just here the valley widened a little. The teams were unhitched and a camp was formed. This was to be the home for six years of the boy, Carl McKenzie. There was not a stick amiss. One vast forest of oak, hickory, walnut, poplar, chestnut, and maple extended for miles in every direction, and on the summit of an adjacent hill were tall and slender pines, with thickets of ever-green laurel at their bases.

Game was plenty; deer, wild turkey, gray squirrel, pheasants, etc., here found hundreds of secure retreats in which they were safe from even the most wily hunters.

But to the tired mother there was little in this wild woodland scene that seemed home-like or restful; and no wonder if the heart ached, and the eyes filled, as the thoughts of the dear old home so lately left came unbidden into her mind. But the merry voices of her children, Dr. McKenzie's brisk, cheerful tones, and, above all, the caresses from the dimpled hands of baby Carl, filled heart and mind with brighter thoughts; and, true woman that she was, she found life's sweetest blessings in the companionship of her children.

The erection of a log cabin was the work of but a few days. No time was taken to hew the logs. They were builded in, chinked and daubed, as they came from the primitive forest. A large, flat, smooth stone was procured for the hearth, and from that as a base a large outside stone chimney was built. The old-fashioned crane was firmly fastened on the inside, and the "Dutch oven," in which many a delicious "pone" was baked and many a fat turkey was roasted, found its place on this hearth-stone.

The scenery around this humble cabin was exceedingly beautiful. The great bubbling spring, with its bowl-shaped basin, sent forth its cool, clear waters rippling over the snowy pebbles. Beautiful brooklet!

"How quiet thy bosom, all transparent as the crystal,  
Lest the curious eye thy secret scan, thy smooth round pebbles count!  
How without malice, murmuring, glides thy current—  
O, sweet simplicity of days gone by  
Thou shunnest the haunts of men to dwell in limpid fount."

The surrounding hills, emerald-capped with pine and laurel—the stately poplar and massive oak—the song of bird and the odor of flowers—draw the soul



into nearness with nature's God. They are Heaven's first book to man.

"The groves were God's first temples." It is not to be wondered that Carl McKenzie became a lover of nature with such surroundings. Nor is it strange that, as the years went by, he became familiar with the habits of squirrel and wren, rabbit and pewit. Just across the brink was the stable, where, each returning spring, the pewit and the swallow built their nests' and the martin found his home.

Dr. McKenzie was a practical botanist himself, and many were the delightful talks he had with Carl, as they wandered together over the hills, stopping here to examine the beautiful white umbel of the ginseng (*aralia*), or there to look at the raceme of the cohosh (*ranuncula*). The Doctor was a great lover of both gun and rod, and Carl and his dog Fido were his frequent companions. Carl having inherited from his mother a love of the beautiful in nature, these rambles tended to intensify this passion—for passion it really was.

After the cabin was made comfortable, Dr. McKenzie and his older sons found constant employment in clearing, fencing the new farm, in burning the logs and brush from the clearing; and in the early spring all were busy helping in the sugar-making.

Near the log cabin stood the sugar-house, a building almost as large as the cabin itself. Through the center ran the furnace, with a capacity for six large kettles, holding from one-half to one barrel each. On one side, running the whole length, was the huge hollowed trough, capable of holding ten barrels. Two hundred and fifty

trees yielded from ten to fifteen barrels per day. This amount was gathered each day by the older boys, and hauled in a hogshead on a sled, drawn by Buck and Berry, two sturdy oxen. Carl became driver at the age of five. Sometimes he would ride on the sled, and sometimes on Buck.

Carl, for the first seven years of his life, was his own play-fellow. There were none younger in the family than he, and the sister next older was five years his senior. True, she was often his companion and playfellow, and in later years his counselor, and he loved her with great fervency, but, after all, he was still alone in his childish sports. His surroundings, his outdoor exercise, his climbing, and running, and building, only added strength to his already naturally strong constitution, and his solitary life gave him a peculiarly quiet self-reliance. He was necessarily his own counselor. He became exceedingly shy of strangers and very reticent; but, on the other hand, he made companions of the animals and birds, and the plants and trees around him.

His life, thus far, was that of supreme innocence; at the age of seven he did not know the meaning of the words "steal," "lie," or "swear." He could recall but two punishments from his parents during this period of his life. The first was from his mother. He had heard his brothers tell about going in swimming, and thinking that he would like to do as the larger boys did, he slipped down to the bank of the little stream one afternoon and enjoyed a bath all alone; but when the bath was over, somehow he could not readjust his clothing, and in his nudity and humility was compelled to present himself to

his mother and plead for mercy—and the mercy came in the form of a first-class spanking. The second was from the Doctor. Carl slipped the old rifle down one day when the family were in the upper corn-field, and shot a hole through his father's favorite rooster. Carl never learned whether the punishment was for the taking of the gun or the shooting of the cock.

At six years of age Carl was a fine equestrian, and could ride old Charley on a gallop, standing up or sitting backward, using his steed's tail for a bridle.

## CHAPTER II.

### CARL'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

Coe's Run school-house was one mile and a half distant from Carl's home. The house was a comparatively large one, built of hewn logs, lighted by six windows—three on either side—seated with desks made out of poplar lumber by a home mechanic; heated by a large "ten plate" placed in the center of the room. There was one blackboard, four by six feet, back of the teacher's desk, and opposite the door.

The teacher was a young man whose father resided in the district, and was the class-leader of the little band of devout Methodists who met every Sunday in the school-house for worship. John Tracy—for that was his name—was every whit a gentleman. He was five feet eight, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; had brown hair and gray eyes; was smooth shaven—affable and talkative. He was a general favorite, not only with his pupils, but in the entire neighborhood. His education was only such as he had been able to gather from the district school.

All of the McKenzie boys and girls were regular attendants at school, excepting Carl. He had never expressed any desire to go, and Dr. McKenzie, as well as his wife Jane, firmly believed that a permanent injury

is done the child by sending him to school at too early an age—especially under the school regime of those days, before the kindergarten schools were known. The Doctor argued that the child would become disgusted with the routine of school-work before the mind was sufficiently developed to appreciate the benefits of instruction. He was also a firm believer in the benefits of home influence. He knew that his wife was a close student of the best authors of her day, and, like himself, a student of nature. He knew, too, that his boy would develop more symmetrically—intellectually, morally, and physically, under their immediate care, than in the cramming process of the school. He was a personal friend of the teacher, Mr. Tracy, but he well knew that Mr. Tracy had never made a close study of what it was to mold and fashion a human soul—with all his good intentions he knew that he was blindly experimenting with Heaven's choicest material, marring daily the noblest work of God. The Doctor well knew that his child could be a child but once. He knew that right development at this age meant *everything* to the child, not only *now*, but in eternity, and that mistakes *now* would be most ruinous. He knew that Mr. Tracy had the best intentions, but he also knew that he had entered upon his work without the faintest idea of the responsibility assumed or the end to be secured. He knew Mr. Tracy was not an observer of the works of nature about him; that he had never been a student of history; that his eyes had never seen the names, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Page, and Mann. He knew that such an individual, however well disposed, could never inspire childhood with those no-

bler impulses and desires which nothing but further progress can satisfy. He could never nurture and develop in his pupils self-reliance, which nothing but impossibilities can ever subdue. He had never realized that this was any part of his duty in the school-room. He could not lift and elevate the whole being of the child into the realm of higher ideals, holier impulses, and greater responsibilities.

At Christmas-time, Mr. Tracy treated the entire school, and also sent a liberal supply to Carl by his eldest sister.

This was a revelation to Carl. If school was the place to get candy, then he was ready for school. At the evening meal, Carl began:

"Father—mother—don't you think I am about old enough to go to school? I just believe I'd like to go—can I?"

"Father and mother would be so lonesome all day long with no little boy to chatter and to help," said his mamma.

Carl's face at once became sober and thoughtful, and presently, through his tears, he said:

"But, mother, I must be educated, you know—and you and father went to school, didn't you? and didn't your father and mother stay at home?"

"Well, Carl, if you think you could leave father and mother—how about Fido, and Nale, and Bunnie, and Tortoise, and the chickens? They would *all* miss you, I am sure," said his papa.

"I suppose they would miss me, and I suppose **they**

would have to get used to it—that's what I suppose," said Carl.

"Do let him go, mother," said Bess.

When Monday morning came, Carl was among the number who wended their way to Coe's Run school-house. He had fondled all his pets, and left many loving kisses on the lips of his parents—had swallowed the lump in his throat a thousand times—and resolved that he would be educated—whatever that might mean. He stopped at the fodder rack, to pat Buck and Berry, and to tell them good-bye. When the bars at the end of the lane were reached, he climbed up on top of the post and looked back, but could see nothing but the blue smoke curling up from the top of the chimney. For a moment his resolution almost failed him, and in his little heart he said: "I'm going back."

He knew a warm embrace would greet him if he did go back; but just as he faltered, his brother Dick frightened a rabbit out of a brush-heap, and with a whoop and halloo, they all ran after it down the road. Carl's chase quickened his pulse, and now that he could see his home no more, he could better keep his resolution.

As they reached the school-house door, Carl walked nearer the side of his sister Bess, who took him by the hand, and they entered the school-room together. School had not yet called. There was a warm fire, a cheerful air, and all seemed orderly and home-like. Mr. Tracy came forward and greeted all the McKenzies, and shook hands with Carl. I wish to mention here that Carl was a fair reader at this time in McGuffey's Eclectic First Reader, and had a copy of that book with him.

When nine o'clock arrived, Mr. Tracy went to the door, and with a two-foot walnut ruler tapped on the weather-boarding, and in a few seconds all the pupils were pleasantly seated in the school-room. The teacher read a chapter, made a short prayer, and then all sang a song, and the work of the day began.

Carl was in a new world. Since he had entered the school room, no thoughts of dear parents and pets at home had entered his mind. He was enraptured with all around him. This to him was the grandest place he had ever been. No one had been unkind, or seemed unkind; every face around him beamed with contentment and happiness, and his little soul caught the inspiration.

It was Mr. Tracy's custom to begin the lessons of the day with his Abecedarians. As Carl sat like one who had been suddenly transported to a new world and given a position of honor and responsibility, and as one would try, under such circumstances, to get their bearings, and do just the right thing and nothing else, so Carl was trying to adjust himself to his new surroundings. The silence of the room was broken by the teacher, who said: "Bennie St. Clair, Pearl Boblit, and Carl McKenzie may come and say their lesson." At the mention of the new name every eye was turned on Carl, and he keenly felt the gaze. When he attempted to rise he seemed fastened to his seat. Just as the tears began to fill his eyes he looked at Bess; she gave him an encouraging smile and a pleasant nod; then the anchorage to the seat was loosened, and he advanced with the other boys to the knees of the teacher. Mr. Tracy met all the boys



with a smile, placed a gentle hand on Carl's head, and said:

"We are glad you are going to be in our class."

"So am I" said Carl; I think school is real nice."

This was spoken in a clear tone, and caused a smile all over the room. The teacher then took Carl's book, and opening to the alphabet, began by pointing to the letters and saying, "A," "B," "C," etc., and all the boys repeated after him. After going up and down the column several times in this way, Carl said, "Mr. Teacher, I know all those," and before the teacher could reply, Carl began, and repeated them, both downward and upward, faster than the teacher could follow with his pencil. Mr. Tracy smiled, and then took Bennie's book—McGuffey's Speller—and opening it, pointed to the first word at the top, turning the book toward Bennie, who said "B A;" and the teacher said, "ba;" "b a," said Bennie. "B a spells bah," said Carl; "thats, what the sheep say. My father said so, and he knows." This speech brought the whole school in sympathy with the teacher, and disgusted with Carl. Mr. Tracy simply said, "Well, we will continue to say our lesson;" and so the pencil traveled over ba, be, bi, bo, bu—the teacher saying them first and the boys after him. When the first line was finished Carl said: "Ba-be, ba-bi, ba-bo, ba-bu. Ha! that's funny! Mr. Teacher, what's it mean? Are we getting an education? Father said we go to school to get an education. Mr. Teacher, I saw a rabbit this morning coming to school. Did you see one? I have a pet rabbit at home. Rabbits can do something we can't—they can put one ear back and one forward, and we can't do that."

"Why do they do that, Carl?" said Mr. Tracy.

"Why, they can hear both ways, so nothing can catch them," said Carl.

Mr. Tracy had never made this observation.

"And I have a pet tortoise, too," said Carl. "Do you know how tortoises talk? When mine gets hungry he mews just like a little kitten," said Carl.

"And what does your tortoise eat?" said the teacher.

"He eats bread and milk in the winter-time. He can't lap his milk like a dog, but just puts his under jaw into it and then raises his head and lets it run down. In the summer-time he catches flies and crickets. Would you like me to tell you how he gets on top of his box in the chimney-corner? I set the box, you know, right close to the jamb, and he puts his hind legs against the jamb and his forelegs on the slats of the box and goes up, tail first, till he gets as high as the box, and then he lets go and flops right over on top of the box. Say, Mr. Teacher, did you ever see two toads fight?"

As Mr. Tracy had never observed a pugilistic combat of this kind, he thought it well to close the recitation and hear the next class; so the boys were dismissed and sent to their seats.

Carl sat down and clasped his hands around one knee, which he slightly elevated above the other, and began again to take in his surroundings. He looked at the teacher admiringly for some time, and then watched the other pupils. It was a real workshop. All seemed to be busy; every eye seemed riveted upon book or slate, and every lip was moving. Carl could not understand the

moving lips. His mother had never allowed him to move his lips while studying. He also observed that many of them often seemed to count their fingers, and this he could not understand. He wanted to do just as the others did, but he could not make out just what the others were doing. So, in his anxiety and innocence, and with no thought of interruption, he said:

"Mr. Teacher, what are they all doing with their lips and their fingers?"

"Never mind, Carl," said Mr. Tracy; "you study your lesson."

Carl sat in silence some time, and then the big tears began to come; and jumping down from his seat he ran to Mr. Tracy and sobbed: "But I don't know what you mean by 'study your lesson,' where is my lesson?"

And the teacher remembered that he had not assigned the child a lesson, and had said nothing about what it was to study. Borrowing a speller from Bess, he turned to the page of ba, be, etc., and told Carl to say those over and over until he knew them all.

Carl went to his seat, and for a time seemed happy in conning over the lesson.

Recess came, and Carl found a seat on the teacher's lap.

"What made you send me that candy?" said Carl.

"Oh, because I thought you would like it—most boys do."

"How often do you give them candy?"

"Once a year," said Mr. Tracy.

"I'll make you a sugar egg when sugar-making comes," said Carl. "Why don't all trees have sweet water, so we could have oak sugar, and poplar sugar,

and pine sugar?" Carl put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some wintergreen leaves, and said: "Do you like wintergreen? The berries are so fine just now. Father and I were on the hill yesterday, and gathered these. Father showed me the flowers last May; they are so white—I mean the corolla; that's what father calls it—corolla, and calyx, and stamens, and pistils—such queer names, but I can spell them, every one. I wish I had a flower now to tear to pieces and look at—don't you? You could tell me something about it could'n't you—and would that be education? Say, isn't the laurels just beautiful when they get in bloom. The flowers are white and rose, you know, and they are poison too—but then we wouldn't eat them, *not for anything*; if we did they would kill us, *sure*. You know the corolla is monopetalous—I can't spell that long word, but I know how to say it—and the flowers have just lots of honey. Bees don't get that honey—the cup's too deep—but the humming-birds do. Oh say, Mr. Teacher, did you ever see a humming-bird's nest? It's just the cutest thing. Father and I found one on a beech tree, and I cried because he wouldn't let me take *just one of the little eggs* to show mother: but when father went to town, mother and I went over the hill, and she climbed up and saw them—and that's our secret."

Mr. Tracy said: "Well, Carl, it is time for books." Again the familiar rap was heard on the weather-boarding, the ball was pocketed, the bat laid aside, and the big girls put away their knitting and gave up their seats around the stove. The teacher opened the stove-door, raked the coals forward, put in some more wood, and

walked slowly to his desk. He sat longer than usual before calling his classes. The pupils noticed that he seemed to be dreaming. At last he aroused himself, assumed his naturally pleasant and cheerful air, and called the boys again—Ben, Pearl, and Carl. It was the same old routine. All work stopped for a moment when Carl's time came to recite, and all eyes were turned upon him, to see what the boy might say this time; but Carl took his turn and said his letters, and then let his little mind wander away to his pets. The lesson was over and he was seated again, and nothing occurred of special interest to him until the last class before noon was called—this was the big spelling-class; they formed a line along one side of the room, and when one missed, the other spelled and went up. Carl noticed that Bess was at the foot of the class, and he felt much humiliated; but one time after another she went up (Carl's interest in the spelling and the pride in his sister increasing as she neared the upper end of the line), and when on the very last word of the lesson she went head, Carl could no longer control his excitement, but ran across the room, and putting both arms around her neck, kissed her, much to the discomfiture of Bess and to the amusement of both pupils and teacher.

The class numbered—the next lesson was assigned—the class dismissed—books laid aside—and the noon-hour was on.

Carl and the teacher had a long walk and talk at noon. As they turned the angle at the jutting of the hill road, Carl caught a glimpse of the smoke curling up from the chimney of his cabin home. The sun was

shining warm, and not a breath of air was stirring; it was one of those perfect winter days which our weather prophets call "the weather-breeders." The sight of home was too much for Carl. He pointed to the smoke and said: "I wonder how my pets are; I expect they would like to see me pretty well, don't you? and I guess I'd like to see them, too?"

"You may go home if you wish, Carl," said Mr. Tracy.

"May I? Let me kiss you—I like you real well; you don't seem away off, do you? Have I got enough education for one day? I'll tell father and mother all about ba, be, bi—won't that be nice? And I'll tell mother how easy it is to whisper my lesson and count my fingers; but I couldn't count  $\frac{1}{2}$ s and  $\frac{1}{4}$ s, and  $\frac{1}{3}$ s on my fingers—but you needn't tell me how now, for I believe I'd like to get home pretty soon; but I love you lots. How many things school-teachers must know! Does it make you tired to know so many things? I'd think it would; I'm real tired with just a half day of it. But I like it; ba, be, bi—isn't that funny? I'm going to say it real fast to Bunnie, and see if he won't go to sleep."

Mr. Tracy took Carl up in his arms, kissed him, and said:

"You have taught *me* a lesson too, Carl. I am the gainer to-day; so, my little fellow, good-bye, and come back again to-morrow."

Carl said "Good-bye," and was soon out of sight down the road.

Mr. Tracy folded his arms behind him and walked slowly back to the school-house. The pupils noticed that Carl was not with him, and made many conject-

ures as to what had happened to him, but Mr. Tracy explained at once to Bess that Carl had wanted to go home, and he had thought best to let him go.

When John Tracy lay down to sleep that night, he made the same choice that Solomon had made centuries before. He poured out his love to the Heavenly Father, and asked for *wisdom*; his responsibility had dawned upon him. He began to see that an education did not consist in the dull routine of text-book recitations, and he firmly resolved henceforth he himself would be a student not only of the *text*-book, but of the great book of Nature. This day's experience had taught him that in order to do this work that he had taken upon himself, his mind must needs be a well-filled store-house from which "To pour the fresh instructions o'er the mind, to breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast." He felt keenly his ignorance of the most common things about him. He likewise had a glimpse of the possibilities of the minds he was trying to educate. With tearful eyes, in the silence of his chamber, he said: "Thank you, Carl McKenzie—a *thousand times* I thank you." His soul began to catch a glimpse of this truth, that—

"If there is anything that will endure.

The eyes of God because it still is pure,

It is the spirit of a little child,

Fresh from his hand, and therefore undefiled.

Nearer the gate of Paradise than we,

Our children breath its airs, its angels see."

## CHAPTER III.

### CARL'S BOYHOOD.

"So all night long the storm roared on—  
The morning awoke without a sun,  
In tiny sperule, traced with lines  
Of nature's geometric signs;  
In starry flake and pellicle,  
And all day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own."

—J. G. WHITTIER.

The night of the day when Carl bade good-bye to his teacher was long known on Coe's Run as the night of the great snow-storm. Carl never went back as a pupil to the old log school-house.

Dr. McKenzie and his wife found many hardships in subduing the native forest and making a home for their children. The cares and burdens of pioneer life were too heavy for the devoted wife and mother. The Doctor could observe her failing strength, as well as his own; and one day, receiving a fair offer for the farm, they decided to sell, and the Doctor moved, again assuming the duties of his chosen profession.

Six miles south of Coe's Run is a beautiful level plain—stretching from the hills, which rise abruptly from the east bank of Salt Creek, to the old city of Chillicothe, a distance of twelve miles. The plain is from two to five miles wide, and contains some of the



finest farms and the wealthiest farmers in Ohio. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad runs lengthwise through this plain, and had just been completed to Chillicothe at this time.

Nestled near the hills, on the east side of this plain, was the beautiful village of Griffinsville. A more beautiful location for a town or city could not have been chosen. There was one long main street, running east and west. The farthest house east was the M. E. Church, and in the west part of town was the Friends' Church. The school-house was a frame building, and was located one-half mile east of town. Just at the edge of a great forest, and not more than one hundred yards farther, was a clear brook of running water, which found its source far up in the forest, and which wended its way some two miles farther on before it joined its waters with those of Salt Creek.

The day on which Dr. McKenzie moved to Griffinsville, Carl was just eight years old. Carl rode with his parents in the first wagon, and just as they were entering town they met some boys about Carl's size, going fishing. As they passed the boys eyed him closely, and Carl heard one of them say:

"By jings! he's a hill angel! We'll lick him."

And when all the teams had passed them, the boys yelled out: "Hill angels! Hill angels!"

Carl did not know what "hill angel" meant, but something seemed to tell him that it meant trouble of some sort for him. He wanted to ask his parents about it, but they were busy talking, and he hoped they had not heard it.

That evening, after supper, Carl was swinging on the front gate, and listening to the music of a violin across the street. Carl had never heard instrumental music of any kind up to this time, and was delighted with the sweet tones as they filled the quiet evening air. He had almost forgotten the newness of his surroundings in the keenness of his enjoyment as he listened to the simple melody, that sounded to him the perfection of harmony.

As he was looking and listening, two boys came along—Zip Hammond, and Em Brown (Brown's name was Emerson, but everybody called him Em).

"Well, cap, what's you doin'?" said Zip, knocking off Carl's cap as he spoke.

Carl made no effort to pick up his cap—did not seem angry, but simply held on to the gate, and eyed the boys. Zip said:

"Let's see how much there is of him. Say, lad, what's your name?"

Carl looked at him sidewise, and then turned his face again in the direction of the music, without saying a word. The boys, who were both several years older than Carl, were much amused at his peculiar manner, and retraced their steps until they stood one on either side of the gate. Carl looked first at one and then at the other, and finally said to Zip:

"Mister, won't you please pick up my hat and put it on my head?"

It was said so firmly and so pleasantly that Zip could do nothing but obey; and when the hat was replaced on

his head, Carl said, "Thank you." Then, turning his mild blue eyes full upon Em, he said:

"What is it I hear across the road? It sounds like the thrush, and the red-bird, and the cat-bird, all singing at once."

"That's a fiddle," said Em.

And Carl looked across the street again for a moment and then said:

"Is a fiddle a bird?"

"He's a greeny!" said Zip. "My! what fun the boys'll have with him!"

Carl paid no attention to what Zip said, but kept his eye steadily on Em for his answer. Just at this moment the door across the street was opened, and the gentleman who was playing placed a chair on the porch, sat down, crossed his legs, put his fiddle to his chin, and began a lively air. Carl's delight was unbounded. The boys little by little led him into conversation; and, I must add, before they left they were his warm friends, and always remained such.

The winter school had closed, and there was no summer school in Griffinsville this year. Carl had a varied experience during the summer months. He made friends at once with the boys. He soon learned to play truant from home, and go swimming. The boys' swimming-hole was nearly a mile from town, it was a secluded spot—Blue Lick running close to the side of the hill, with massive rocks jutting out from its rugged front, and forming almost a canopy over the swimming-hole. The rocks were overgrown with ferns, sweet-williams, wild pinks, and rattlesnake-root. The boys were delighted

with Carl's knowledge of these plants, as well as with the facility with which he could name every tree and shrub, and every kind of bird, bug, and worm. He soon learned to swim, and became an expert at playing marbles, ball, mumble-peg, and old sow. He could walk the top board of a fence, or stand on his head. There were two things, however, that Carl could not do successfully—jump and wrestle; but he could "out-wind" all the boys on a foot-race, and could climb to the top of a service bush or cherry tree sooner than any other boy. All the boys in this town seemed to know how to swear, and it is not to be wondered at that Carl learned this habit too. I cannot say that he never told lies to save himself from a whipping—possibly he did. I am also inclined to believe that a few times in his early life, he stole—in company with other boys—apples, pears, peaches, and possibly plums, from Zimmon's orchard.

The deacons of the church organized what was known in this town as the "Juvenile Try Company." It was a secret society, and met once a week in the upstairs paint-room over Wheeler's wagon-shop. It had a written ritualistic initiation. Each boy was introduced into the room blindfolded. The chief of the society possessed a magic-lantern—a thing none of the boys had ever seen until initiated; the boy was brought to face a large screen, and then in the darkened room his mask was removed, and he gradually saw the evolution of a picture. The first one was that of a boy hanging head-downward from an apple tree, the seat of his pants caught on a snag of the limb, a bull-dog with open mouth ready to catch him, and the red apples dropping from his pockets.

The object of this picture was to teach the evils of stealing. I fear it would not be right for me to divulge any more of the secrets, for this society may still be in existence. Every boy pledged himself not to swear, lie, steal, skate on Sunday, play truant, smoke old cigar-stumps picked up off Brown's corner. The temptations to break these pledges came thick and fast, and before a month every boy had become a criminal—Carl with the rest; but doubtless this society did much good, and the boys made better men for having belonged.

Carl made one acquaintance in this town which I must not fail to mention. It was that of old Aunt Amy Snow. She was tall, swarthy, bony, and walked with a limp, owing to a fever-sore on her ankle. She lived all alone, washed for a living, and was the universal favorite of the boys, not one of them but would fight for her. She lived in a log-house containing but one room, on one side of which was a large fire-place. The furniture consisted of a bed in one corner, a table, and an old tool-chest, a dresser containing some old dishes, a few chairs, a large rifle on hooks over the door, an ancestral clock, and various articles of clothing hung on wooden pins around the wall. Here, night after night, the boys would meet to parch corn and listen to the blood-curdling ghost and murder stories told by Aunt Amy. I am not allowed to say whether the boys ever brought dressed chickens, eggs, sweet potatoes, or anything of the kind, to test Aunt Amy's culinary ability; but I can say that many a boy's hair stood on end as he went home alone, on dark nights, from these corn-poppings.

Poor old Aunt Amy Snow passed away. One morning

no smoke was seen to ascend from her chimney; the citizens hurried in. The coroner's jury said, "Died of heart-disease." Every boy in that town attended the funeral, and they placed on the plain casket a wreath of flowers with these words, "Our Aunty."

Notwithstanding Dr. McKenzie entered at once into a large practice, he still found time for many a ramble in the woods with Carl, and Fido always accompanied them on such occasions. The Doctor was also fond of angling, and taking little Carl behind him as he rode on Zack, they were often seen on their way over the hill to Salt Creek; nor did they return empty-handed.

During all these rambles the Doctor never failed to impress some lesson, to point out some beauty in nature, or to impart some moral lesson in the mind of his boy. He often said: "Carl, you must always be look, look, looking, and think, think, thinking."

In that day there was much drunkenness in Griffinsville. There were two taverns, and both of them sold liquors. Every Saturday, every election-day, every legal holiday, meant plenty of drinks and plenty of fights. Carl witnessed many a hard fist-fight; at first he was much frightened, but soon became accustomed to such scenes. Many a time he secretly untied old Fungler's neglected horse, and let him go home to his provender, while old Fungler was dead-drunk in Brown's stable.

At last the hot summer months had passed away, and the cool breezes from North Land began to paint the maple leaves. The poplar and sassafras changed their hues, and the sumach was dressed in royal robes. The

dog-wood berries were turning red, and the chestnut burrs showed signs of opening.

Autumn's earliest frost has given—

"To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
Lendeth to its own."

The blackbirds gathered in flocks; the catbird and thrush had gone; the quails were no more seen in pairs by the road-side, but went whirring past in great flocks; the rabbits were more timid, and darted across the road and disappeared in the tall grass of the fence-corner.

"The melancholy days had come  
The saddest of the year."

The school board had already employed their teacher for the coming year—by name Simeon R. Smiley. Mr. Smiley was a gentleman about fifty years of age. He stood six feet two, was slender but muscular; long arms, and but little beard on the cheeks; keen gray eyes, and a large hawk-bill nose. He had once been afflicted with catarrh, and hence had a nasal twang in his speech. He opened school on the second Monday in September, with at least sixty pupils in attendance, and among the number Carl McKenzie.

A long list of rules was read, and at the close of the reading the pupils who would agree to obey them were asked to stand. All stood except Carl. The teacher looked at him over his glasses a minute, and then removing his glasses said:

"So I have one boy who does not expect to obey me, have I?"

Carl immediately arose and said:

"Mr. Teacher, I intend to obey *you*; but I did not

know the meaning of nearly all you *read*, and I thought I would be telling you a lie if I stood up."

"The boy means well," said Mr. Smiley; "all be seated."

The larger pupils were all seated in comfortable desks placed near the walls. On three sides of the room the smaller boys and girls formed three sides of an inside square, seated on benches without backs—the benches were too high for most of their feet to touch the floor. Carl read with the first-reader class; and for some reason it was deathly still in the room the first time he read—possibly because he was a new boy, or possibly because he had been taught expression, and knew the meaning of what he read.

The teacher compelled this class, as he did all the classes in reading, to stop and count at each grammatical pause—*one* at a comma, *two* at a semi-colon, etc.

Carl had an experience the second day of this term. He was still in possession of one of his baby-teeth, but it was very loose—at least, seemingly so. Dear reader, you have had loose teeth too—I know you have. While the big arithmetic class was reciting, Neal Johnson prevailed on Carl to tie a string around the tooth and let him jerk it out; just as the string was firmly tied around the tooth, and Carl was handing the loose end to Neal, Mr. Smiley turned and smiled. He walked leisurely back to where Carl sat, took hold of the end of the string, and led Carl to the door-knob. Fastening the end firmly to the knob, he brandished his stick as though he would strike Carl in the face, and the tooth came out. Carl never recalled this incident in



after life without feelings of the deepest indignation. How few there are who know how to temper *absolute authority* with deeds of *kindness* and *charity*.

Carl's second experience with Mr. Smiley was brought about by an incident in town. An artist taking daguerreotypes came to Griffinsville. Carl and Charley Dummond immediately set up a gallery in McKenzie's wood-shed, and took pictures for the boys, using pokeberry juice for paint—so many marbles, ginger-cakes, etc., would pay for a picture. The boys did a thriving business. In fact, they had so much to do they got behind in filling orders, so on Tuesday afternoon at recess they quietly crept along the old rail-fence toward town, entered the alley, slipped along to the door, and entering the wood-shed, quietly went to work. All next day nothing was said by the teacher of the truancy; when time to dismiss for the evening, Carl and Charley remained. To their honor, be it said, they confessed the whole matter, and told no lies. The teacher asked them to remove their waistcoats, and with a keen hickory he marked the boys. When he was through, he said:

"Do you boys think you will play truant again?"

Charles immediately answered: "No, teacher, I won't."

"What have you to say, Carl McKenzie?" said Mr. Smiley.

"Nothing, sir; I suppose I deserved this whipping, and if you will excuse me I am ready to go home."

"But will you promise to not truant again?"

"No, sir; I shall not promise."

The teacher dismissed Charles and retained Carl.

"Now, sir, why will you not promise to not truant again?"

"Because I may decide to do so, and I do not wish to lie."

"I shall tell your father, Carl, and unless you do better, I shall have to whip you again severely."

"Oh, I shall tell father all about it as soon as I get home; and I guess I'll show him my knees, too," said Carl.

"Your knees? What do you mean?"

Carl rolled up his pants, and just above each knee it was black and blue where Mr. Smiley had struck him as he passed, almost hourly, inside the little square.

"The knees of all the boys who sit on the small benches are this way," said Carl.

"Well, you should study more and not be looking off your book."

"Does one have to look on the book to study? I studied how I could paint a sunflower yesterday when I truanted, and I didn't have any book. When you came around this afternoon the last time and struck me, I had just finished drawing a saw-buck, and a boy sawing, and was about to say I'd give it to you if you wanted it."

"I shall teach you something besides making pictures, my lad;" and so saying, he dismissed Carl.

Carl told his father all about the circumstance; the Doctor simply said: "I am sorry, Carl, you have had trouble with your teacher."

A few evenings after, Mr. Smiley and Dr. McKenzie met in the road.

"Good evening, Doctor," said Mr. Smiley.

"Good evening, sir," said the Doctor.

"I would like to speak a word to you about Carl."

"Very well, sir; say on," said the Doctor.

"Carl does not seem to care much for his lessons; I suppose you know he played truant. He seems listless, and wants to look out of the window. I scarcely know what to do for him."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Smiley, that my son is causing you trouble. I intend that he shall be both obedient and attentive. I find it difficult to answer his questions and to satisfy his great desire to know. When I take him to the woods he is all animation and enthusiasm; when he comes to my office with his reader or slate and pencil, I find him all attention—he was so delighted when I showed him how he could multiply with two numbers, first by units and then by tens, that the boy actually cried for joy. He often asks me about his pronouns—that is, whether he must say I and you, or you and I; whether he shall say Bess and me, or Bess and I. Last week he asked me how big this county is, and if it has a fence clear around it; and I took the opportunity to teach him a lesson in geography. I think, Mr. Smiley, if you study Carl, and find the best and brightest side to him, you will find him not stupid and listless, but all energy and animation. Take a walk with him and tell him about the flowers and the trees, talk with him, about his pets, show him that you are interested in the things which interest *him*, and then by the strength of this mutual sympathy you may lead him to an interest in the things which interest you, but

at times seem very dull to him. I fear sometimes you teachers confine yourselves too closely to your textbooks, and seldom stop to study the peculiarities of the little minds you are to mould and fashion, and to make better, as well as wiser. The *ox* dies, but the *man* lives forever. The *ox* may be *driven*, lashed if need be, not cruelly; *man* must be *led*. My boy, if he lives to ripened manhood, must stay here sixty years or more, and I want him to love this great world of ours. God is the Author of this world, and He made it exceedingly beautiful. I want Carl to see this beauty, and to look on through this loveliness and grandeur to the Author of it all. I would have him inspired with a love of Nature, of God, and of Liberty, so that with an ever-increasing intelligence and love, he may be able to do bravely his part in the mazy industries of the arts and sciences of human life. I desire my son to do *right*. The highest civilization this world will ever know lies veiled in that grandest of human precepts, the Golden Rule; I would have him *live* it. I would have him attain that perfected culture of heart and mind, which is to purify and bless and glorify the earth. As the years roll on, and the bells of time shall ring for Carl, I would not have them sound with clash and clang and loud alarm, but sweetly and joyfully, as falls a blessing from heaven. The blessed little innocent children here flitting to and fro are earth's angels; let us be careful that no word or act of ours shall in any way plant in them the germ of the demon: "Pardon me, Mr. Smiley—I am keeping you standing too long. Call at my home and spend an evening with me."

"Thank you; I shall be glad to do so". And both said good evening.

Mr. Smiley stood a little time after the Doctor had left him, trying to realize what he had done, or what he had not done, that was amiss. While he felt that he had not impressed the Doctor, as he desired, with a sense of Carl's remissness, he was painfully aware that he had never experienced a more uncomfortable feeling of dissatisfaction with himself.

That evening Carl came into his father's office for some assistance in his number-work; and after receiving it, he threw himself down on a buffalo-robe on the floor. Soon after, Esquire Calver dropped in for a bottle of cough syrup; and so one after another came until the Doctor had half a dozen visitors. Carl was apparently asleep. Their conversation turned on school matters—

"Say, Drummond, I understand the teacher licked your boy yisterday—and Doc's too. They say the old fellow pops it to 'em like fun. Darn my skin! if ever I got but one lickin' in my life, an' I didn't deserve that" said John Nagle.

"This school matter is a kind of failure anyhow," said Bill Buffington. I tell my young uns just so they learn how to read and write and cifer, that's all I care about 'em a knowin'."

"Well, when my boy gets licked at school, I give him another'n when he gets home, said Billy Simpson. If a boy needs lickin', lick him."

"Our taxes is too high, and we pay too much to a set of lazy stuck-up, big-headed, dispeptic, hypocritic, penurious gad-wielders—and it old Smiley ever licks one of

my boys, I'll turn that old hawk-bill nose of his'n t'other side up—by toady! I will as sure as my name's Pete Bell," (Bell never owned any property, and never paid a cent of tax.)

"I never went to school but three months in my life, and I've got along purty well," said Sam Gillespie (he owned a large farm); and there's Daddy Whetstun, that lives in the big brick he's—worth thousands and thousands—and I've hear'n him say he never went to school a day in his life. He sent his son, Sol to Yale—that's som'ers in the East—and now Sol's home, foolin' the old man's money all away on patent-rights. They do say this man Smiley licks the little fellers and lets the big uns go. My children never says anything to me about school nor me to them; and I wouldn't know the master if I'd see him. I expect they're larnin sumthin,—leastwise I pay lots of tax."

"I give my boy Jim a pointer, last evenin', on how to fix old Smiley Christmas if he don't treat. My Jim's a sharper! he gets his lessons and has half his time left for fun. One mornin' last week he shot a big rat: I seed him wipe the blood off nice and clean and stick that rat in his pocket. Said I, 'Jim, what cussidness are you up to now' you sneaker?' Never mins, pap, said he; I'm just a carryin' off the dead rat to keep it from the cat. If the cats can fin' them a layin' around dead they wont'hunt 'em, you know!' Well, Jim asked to go out just before the girls' recess, and he just put that rat on the door-step, and come in just before old Smiley said, Girls recess! Sal Jones was the first to open the door. She screamed and cleared the step—and half

dozen more right after her. You may bet it was a lively time for a little while. And that noon a comin' home from school! old Smiley said to Jim, said he, 'Jim, you are a good boy, and allers have your lessons,' said he, you find out who put that rat on the step, and, says he, I'll give you a dollar.

Jim said it was mighty mean in anybody to do it, and he'd find the villian if he could, and tell on him—provided old Smiley would promise not to keep him to see the lickin'."

Dr. McKenzie had remained silent during all the conversation, but he could not refrain longer from speaking: "My friends, I have nothing to say either for or against Mr. Smiley. I have always found him pleasant and gentlemanly when I have met him. Only a few hours since I invited him to come to my home and spend an evening with us, I fear as parents we are all wrong. The teacher has many trials, cares, and duties that we know nothing of. They need our words of sympathy. They take the children from all kinds of homes—from the families of the vicious and the cultured—and try to produce order and symmetry out of the conglomeration. There are as many tastes and dispositions as there are pupils in any one school. It takes some time for even the shrewdest mind to acquaint itself with all these various dispositions. We ought to retain our teachers longer. We ought to have ten months of school, instead of six. We put our children six months in the school and six months on the street to learn its vices—how can we hope for good results. We ought to pay our teachers higher wages, and then see to it that they are men and women of the

highest culture and refinement—men and women who know how to develop in every child the power and inclination to make conscience in the boy or girl regal in life. Education is not so much memorizing, nor yet the growth of mental ability; it is the developing of the soul and mind. In this free land of ours we need strong, stalwart minds. There are perils ahead, in state, in church, in society, in commerce. We need developed minds, that they may be able to successfully cope with the mighty problems before us. We need training schools, in which our teachers may be taught the science of mind development. There is nothing so dear to me as the public school. I am a poor man, but in the public school I see a future for each of my boys and girls—a fortune of which the sharp schemer cannot deprive them; they may lose *everything else* in this life, but they can never lose *themselves*—themselves they must take with them through eternity. I want to see in our school-teachers those who are mind-builders, and character-builders, who are lovers of nature, of God, and of humanity, and who have the power to impress the nobility, the purity, and loftiness of their own lives and high ideals upon the lives of the children. Let us visit our school, hold up the hands of the teacher, ask him to eat with us, talk to our children of school, assist them when we can in their lessons, and we will soon have charity for the teacher and a love for the school; and the result will of necessity be advantageous to the schools, to the teachers, and helpful to the children; but we ourselves will find our own ideas broadened, our better natures strengthened, and



our power for usefulness increased by this very effort."

The Doctor noticed Mr. Calver looking earnestly toward the corner of the office, and looking around, he saw Carl sitting up, with both hands clasped around his knees; and as the Doctor finished his last sentence, Carl said:

"Father, may I be a teacher?"

"Nothing would please me better, Carl," said the Doctor. "It is the noblest calling on earth. Jesus, who was humanity at its climax, was the great teacher."

"Doctor, I thank you for this firm expression of your views," said Mr. Calver, extending his hand. "I am in full sympathy with you."

Pete Bell had a dazed look. The truths that the Doctor had uttered were beyond his comprehension, yet the earnestness with which they had been spoken, and his respect for the Doctor, caused them to make an impression on him which he did not understand. Billy Simpson began to think that it might be that more was needed than ability to read, to write, and to cipher, and that there were duties for him other than that of repeating at home his licking at school. They all bade the Doctor good evening, and passed out to their several homes. Every man in that little company thought long and seriously of the office talk. The power for good thus rendered can only be measured by eternity.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CARL AND DORA.

"They sat together, a little pair, in an old hull by the sea—  
She was a maiden with curly hair, and a bright brave boy was he,  
'In the skipper,' he cries, 'and you're my wife; and over the sea we go.'  
He cut the rope with his little knife, and away over the sea they go."

Mr. Smiley closed his school in March, and was offered and accepted a position as ticket agent at a station on the B. & O. R.R.

The same month that school closed, Dr. McKenzie was elected a member of the school board. The next autumn the school board employed Milton Phillips, who remained as teacher in the village, year after year, until the breaking out of the rebellion.

Mr. Phillips was a young man, peculiarly fitted for his work. Nature had done much for him: he possessed a fine physique, and stood six feet three in his stockings; he weighed two hundred pounds, and had a high, intellectual forehead. His large, mild blue eyes beamed from an open, cheerful countenance. He was a thorough scholar as well as student, and always met his patrons with a warm shake of the hand. He was frank, open, and free with his pupils. He was a first-class batter, and was often seen on the playground with the boys.

Mr. Phillips was Carl's ideal, and not only Carl's, but nearly every pupil who came under his influence had

the same respect and love for him. Day after day, as the various sessions would open, and Mr. Phillips took his position at his desk, the countenance of every pupil beamed with delight. The evil-inclined pupil had no chance here—the enthusiasm of the whole school was against him; the dull pupil found just that kind sympathy he had been needing all his life, to wake him up from his dreaming. As his eye would meet that of his teacher, he would feel a glow of intellectual enthusiasm reaching to the depths of his soul.

Mr. Phillips changed the manner of reading from the drawling, lifeless monotone to clear, accurate, expressive reading. This was easily done when the pupil understood the meaning, comprehended the sentences, and entered into the emotions of the author. There was no holding up of hands, and saying: "Teacher, John mispronounced this word," or he hesitated, or he let his voice fall, or he didn't stop at a comma, or, last of all, he repeated. One was called upon to read as he understood the author's meaning. If another one thought he meant differently, he was allowed to read and so express it. It was always a delight to hear his classes read.

Mr. Phillips also introduced Stoddard's intellectual arithmetic into his school, and Carl never forgot the fine mental drill he received in the study of this book.

Carl's parents noticed with great pleasure the intimacy between their son and Mr. Phillips, and the Doctor frequently allowed Carl the horse and carriage that he might drive with Mr. Phillips into the country. During these drives every bush, and tree, and rock, and bird had its lesson.

Notwithstanding all these influences thrown around Carl McKenzie, he was still human, like other boys; he had also that keen boy-sense of honor which always resents insult, and which takes the part of the weaker party in contest. Late in the autumn of Mr. Phillips' second year as teacher at Griffinsville, one Mike McCrane moved to town. He had a son named John, who was ten years old; physically he was the very ideal of health and strength. He showed his lack of manliness, however, by his habit of bullying the smaller boys.

It was not long before he had an opportunity to test his strength. He cowardly slapped Lem Dixon, a little boy but seven years old. Lem's brother immediately took it up, marked a line on the sidewalk, and asked McCrane to step over. McCrane began to pull his coat, and then, chuckling to himself, put it on again, saying, "I can lick *you* with it on," and so he did. Stepping over the line he made a feint with his right, and instantly followed it with a left on Dixon's nose that sent him bleeding to the ground. Dixon could not be induced to come to the line again, and as the fight had been a fair one, none of the other boys cared to take it up.

Carl had witnessed the whole proceedings and heard the reprimand the following morning from Mr. Phillips. When Mr. Phillips pointed out the evils and cruelty of fighting, Carl thought he never would fight under any circumstances; and still his little soul bubbled up in spite of him, and he felt that somebody ought to lick that boy. McCrane became more and more arrogant every day. He had had several fights with the boys, and they always resulted in a victory for McCrane.

One evening Carl came upon Zip and Em standing close together and talking in an undertone. "Hallo, boys," said Carl, "what is it?"

"Shall we tell him?" said Zip.

"Yes; Carl's a good fellow, and maybe we will need him to help us out," said Em.

"Well, here it is," said Zip. "You know yesterday morning when Mr. Phillips opened the lid of his desk he found it full of rotten eggs. You remember how sick the smell made him, and how the girls all gagged, and how little May Simpson threw up on the floor; and you know what a time we had, and how you volunteered to carry them all out, because it didn't make you sick—you had been with the Doctor so much, and was used to smelling nasty medicines and other things. Well, we boys think we can prove that McCrane was the fellow what put them eggs in that desk."

"What's your proof, boys?" said Carl.

"Well, you see," continued Zip, "as Em was a bringing his old cow home night before last, from pasture, she turned up the alley past McCrane's old barn, and, as Em came along, he smelled something, and as he kind o' leaned his head against the barn, he heard John saying to hisself, 'By Jehu, I'll git even with him, thanks to the old hen.' And as I was coming home night before last with a string of sunfish from Old Salty, I saw McCrane sneakin' along the fence close to the school-house. Now, a puttin' things together, I think this is 'prima fisha' evidence, as lawyers say—eh?"

"Mr. Phillips shall know about it at once," said Carl, "and I'll tell him. I don't believe in telling on other

boys, for little things; but that was against us all—against the whole school, and done by a cowardly sneak.”

And so it was settled that Carl should be informant, and Zip and Em chief witnesses. Just after the boys separated (it was already dusk), Zip saw McCrane on a run; saw him *cross* and *recross* the street, so as to be in advance of Carl. They at once took in the situation. McCrane had heard their conversation and had determined to waylay Carl. They at once climbed the fence, ran around back of Faust's barn, and slipped along the alley fence, just as Carl and John came face to face.

“And so I am a cowardly sneak, am I?” said John.

“Yes, you are,” said Carl, “and I'm not afraid of you, either, if you are larger than I am. I suppose you heard all that Zip and Em and I said, and that shows again that you are a sneak; and you thought you'd lick me when we were all alone, and scare me out of it. You can lick me if you want to, but I'm going to tell Mr. Phillips, anyway.”

“If you say that agin, that you're agoin' to tell on me, I'll stick your head into the mud, right here and now.”

“I said ‘I'll tell him,’ *and I will,*” said Carl.

The words were scarcely out, when McCrane made at him, but just then four strong hands grasped him, and both Em and Zip said: “Hold on, sir, hold on; we'll have a hand in this business. Now, McCrane, since you *want to fight Carl, you shall have the opportunity;* but it must be in daylight, in the presence of the other boys. If you are not a coward and a sneak, you meet Carl to-mor-

row (Saturday), at ten o'clock, at the brook back of the school-house; we'll need plenty of water to wash the blood off of Carl, and so we will meet there. We are larger than either of you, and we will see that you have fair play; and if you lick Carl, he shall not tell on you, but if he licks you, you'll have to own up the whole thing before the school next Monday morning: what do you say?"

"All right," said McCrane; "I'll pound him to a jelly."

Zip and Em went home with Carl, and when they separated at the gate all the preliminaries had been arranged. It might be supposed that Carl did not sleep well, but he did, and when he arose in the morning he never felt better in his life. At ten o'clock, some twenty boys were under the shade of the trees on the bank of the little brook. Lem Dixon was among them.

Zip explained the circumstance to the boys, and the agreement made the night before. The boys agreed to not cheer during the contest. They also agreed that there should be no biting, scratching, or pulling of hair, and no striking the opponent while he was down.

It is but fair to mention that Carl could use either hand with equal dexterity, and was unusually strong in his arms. He could chin a pole more times than any boy he had ever met.

Both boys came to the mark—Carl, with a confident, pleasant smile, and McCrane was the first to lead out. As was his custom, he made a feint with his right, and, like a flash, followed it with a lefter directed toward Carl's nose. Carl received the blow on his right arm,

and immediately planted a sounder, with his left, on McCrane's ribs. Lem Dixon started to yell, but Em put his hand over his mouth and gave him a cuff which silenced him. The force of the blow staggered McCrane, and it was near a full minute before he came to the line again. McCrane was not accustomed to fight left-handed, and scarcely knew how to proceed, and so determined to let Carl lead out this time, which he did by making a feint with his left, and getting a fine one on McCrane's nose with his right, which sent McCrane sprawling to the ground and bleeding profusely. McCrane showed his pluck by coming immediately to the line. He succeeded this time in getting an under-stroke on Carl's ribs, and, glancing, hit on Carl's right eye; but Carl gave him a second blow plump in his mouth, which again sent him sprawling to the ground.

As McCrane came to the line the third time, it was evident that he was thoroughly mad and would make his most desperate effort. Carl saw the fire in his eye, and, for the first time, his countenance was sober. McCrane struck straight with his left—this Carl dodged; McCrane then caught him by the hair, and Carl jerked loose, leaving a handful of hair in McCrane's hand. Carl said, "*You cowardly sneak,*" and at once went at his antagonist, caught him by his shirt-collar with his right, and with his left gave him half a dozen blows in quick succession. McCrane could stand it no longer, and said, "Take him off."

There was no shouting among the boys. Lem Dixon rolled over a few times on the ground, but did not dare to shout. Carl assisted in washing the blood off John's



face, the boys shook hands, and all sat down on the bank.

When Carl realized all he had done—when he thought of father, mother, and teacher—when he thought of kneeling at his mother's knee that night, to offer his simple prayer, his feelings overcame him, and, placing his face in his hands, he wept bitterly.

Em and Zip tried to comfort him, and John too said: "Why, Carl, it's all right, and I'll be the better for it; and when I ask the pardon of Mr. Phillips and the school, I'll feel like a new boy."

Carl could not rest until he had seen both father and mother and made a clean statement of it all, and had received their forgiving kiss.

And when his mother went with him to bed that night, she said, "Carl, I think I had better leave you to say your prayers alone to-night. I will close the door a moment and then return and tuck you in."

What was said in that prayer, only Carl and the angels know. When his mother returned, he was just rising from his knees, and his eyes were bright with tears. She gently and snugly tucked the sheets about her boy and took his face in her hands; Carl put both arms around his mother's neck, and, as he drew her face to his, he felt her warm tears on his cheek. Gently she raised herself, loosened his arms, kissed him tenderly, and said, "Good-night, Carl, and God bless my boy."

"Good-night, mother—Carl loves you;" and she left him alone.

John McCrane was true to his pledge. He was forgiven both by the teacher and the school, the latter by a

rising vote; and just as all were reseated, Mr. Phillips broke out in his clear, sweet voice with:

“ Let us gather up the sunbeams, lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and the roses, casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comforts in the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing all the briars from the way.”

All, who could, attempted to sing, and every eye was moist with tears.

The summer and autumn of 1860 had passed into American history, showing a record of the most stirring political events ever witnessed on this continent.

Four tickets were in the field, headed by Breckenridge, who represented the Southern Democracy, Douglas, who represented the Northern Democracy, Bell, who represented the old Whig party, and Lincoln, who represented the Republican party of the North. There were tremendous gatherings; the most eloquent speakers of the nation addressed the enthusiastic multitudes; pole-raising and barbecues were of weekly occurrence; Rangers and Wide-awakes marched and counter-marched like drilled battalions; torch-light processions illumed the streets of the towns and cities.

The Douglas Rangers had had an immense mass-meeting at the neighboring village of R, and the Wide-awakes had decided to outdo them, in a grand demonstration at the same place. Wonderful and extensive preparations had been made; all the neighboring towns were to send delegations; massive wagons were built, some having the weight of log cabins, others, as many young ladies dressed in white as there were stars on the flag, and on still others were men splitting rails out of a massive log borne upon the wagon.

On this occasion Carl had been chosen as one of thirty-three boys, who were to represent thirty-three States in the Union. They were to form part of the procession, each boy being on horseback. The boys were all dressed in blue pants, red flannel shirts, and white caps. Carl was unanimously chosen captain, and wore a red scarf as the sign of his office.

Promptly at nine o'clock, with flags and streamers flying, bands playing, horses prancing, and girls singing, the whole procession started for R, a distance of six miles. As they marched along, they were joined by other processions, until they presented a most imposing appearance.

Carl rode his father's dappled gray, and the horse seemed as proud of his rider as the rider did of the horse. Zack, for that was his name, would do nothing but prance, and Carl was perfectly delighted, as the horse, with dainty steps and arched neck, kept his place beside the column.

At half-past ten they entered the beautiful grove of sugar maple and walnut, on the banks of Salt Creek, just above the mill-dam. The town of R had selected thirty-three little girls who were dressed in skirts of blue, white waists, and red caps. It was only natural that the thirty-three boys and the thirty-three girls should gather together on the grounds. There was one girl, eight years old, who wore a red-white-and-blue scarf. Carl at once recognized her as the leader of the thirty-three girls. It was very natural that they should walk a little way by themselves, that they should occupy two camp-chairs under the shade of a walnut tree, and when

they were seated it was natural that Dora Dundore should say: "My! isn't there just heaps of folks here? those horrid old cannons just deafen my ears! Do you like to hear cannon, master? There, you haven't told me your name, and here I've been with you five minutes."

"You may call me Carl, if you like."

"But suppose I don't like—but I do; Carl—I never heard that name before. It's a real pretty name, isn't it?"

"And what shall I call you?" said Carl.

"Me? Oh, call me Dora. How many of you folks came here to-day?" said Dora.

"About five hundred," said Carl.

"All from Griffinsville? I was there once to an Indian show, and I didn't think there were that many folks in the whole town; did they all come?"

"Oh, we gathered them up along the road," said Carl.

"You mean you want some of my roses, and you shall have them, if you will promise one thing."

"And what's that?" said Carl.

"Will you promise?"

"Not till I know what I am to do," said Carl.

"Well, you see that river there—Old Salty, we call it?" said Dora.

"Yes, I see Old Salty."

"Well now, just down there under those bushes is our boat, the red one; now you must promise to take me a boat-ride after dinner, if I give you half my roses."

"Do you think I can manage it?" said Carl.

"Course you can; lots of little boys here, not near so big as you, row all over the river, and you would look

so nice, rowing with that scarf and uniform; the folks would all look at us; now will you promise?"

"I'm afraid I can't manage the boat," said Carl.

"You are a little *coward*," said Dora; "I don't like you half so well as I did; I'm going away now."

"Not till I have my roses," said Carl.

"You sha'n't have *one* 'less you promise," said Dora.

"I'll promise," said Carl; "that is, I'll promise to *try*."

"All right then, here is your roses; come around after dinner and we'll sail."

Carl wandered around with the boys, looked at the cannon, the big wagons, saw them raise the pole and run up the flag, and joined in the cheering. He staid a little while at the stand to hear the speaker, and then wandered off to where the band-boys were, and wished in his heart that he was the drummer-boy. But all the time there was the picture in his mind of a brown-eyed, brown-haired, rosy-cheeked girl. And when the other boys talked to him, they noticed that he frequently asked, "What did you say?"

The dinner hour seemed a long way off. Carl thought, can there be a Joshua here commanding the sun to stand still so the speaker can get through?

At last he was beside the boat, and Dora came a moment later. As yet there were no boats out in the river, for most of the people were still at dinner.

Dora had gotten the key of her father; she unlocked the boat, stepped in, and told Carl to pull the chain in after him. As Carl stepped in and the boat moved out from the shore, he almost toppled over. He soon regained his equilibrium and seated himself cautiously, ex-

amined the oars, placed them in their sockets, and pulled for the opposite bank. He succeeded in reaching it, but noticed that he had drifted considerably down the stream. They pulled a few wild honeysuckles, watched the people on the opposite shore, ate candy-kisses taken from Carl's pocket, and read the verses they contained. All the time they were slowly drifting down the stream. Presently Dora said, "O Carl! See how near we are to the dam! Do take me back!" Carl for the first time realized his danger. Taking hold of the oars, he worked manfully, but he soon saw they must go over.

At this moment their danger was observed by the people on the shore and a great shout of alarm went up. Everybody ran frantically to the river's brink.

"Lie down flat in the boat, Dora," said Carl; "I am a good swimmer, and I'll get you out all right." He succeeded in turning the boat's prow at right angles with the dam, just at the moment it went over. It shot like an arrow down the decline, rose and sank, rose and sank again, then whirled round and round, and then with a mighty plunge, it went end first entirely out of sight. Scream after scream went up from the shore. Men turned pale and women fainted.

Two boys with blue pants and red blouses were seen half way to where the boat went down. A moment later and the boat appeared in sight, fully twenty yards below where it went down. A single arm was seen to clasp the side of the boat just where the oars were fastened. It was the right arm of Carl McKenzie; with the other arm he was clinging firmly to Dora Dundore. A moment later, Em and Zip had reached the boat, and, in a few

moments more, all were landed safely. Dora had done just as Cari had told her to do, and just as they went over the dam he had placed his left arm around her, and had taken a firm hold of the iron fastenings of the boat.

Dora was soon resuscitated, and a change of clothing was found for the boys. As Carl rode home that evening, his noble horse seemed to realize that his arm lacked the strength of the morning, and, but for the bowing of his neck, he might have been taken for a farm-horse.

It is not strange that Carl and Dora both dreamed of fairy-land and falling cataracts that night.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SPELLING-SCHOOL.

Carl did not see Dora Dundore again for a little more than three years, and then by mere accident.

Among the joyful gatherings of olden times, the "spellin'-school" was chief; 'wood-choppin'," "corn-huskin'," "log-rollin'," and "apple-peealin'" bees were the more substantial. The big stir-off at the sugar camp was sweeter, but *nothing* equaled the "spellin'-school," in social eclat and intellectual grandeur.

To "spell good," was the chief concern of an "education."

These were the days of the Rs, when school-masters taught Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetic, and the Rod.

In those days the principal branch was birch, and all scholars were supposed to take it.

At noon and night the "little class," the "middle class," and the "big class," all spelt for head, and prizes and honors were lavished upon those who could stand at the head most of the time.

Fridays were always expected to close with a match, or a general "spell-down." The students were arranged in a circle around the room, and when one missed he was seated, and so on, until none were left standing. The teacher stood in the midst of the group and pro-



nounced the words and was supposed to be like the living creatures in the book of Revelations, having eyes both before and behind; for those having fallen in the first round would soon tire of 'hearin' the master give out to the rest," and would devise various schemes of entertainment.

Sometimes, having chosen up and arranged on two sides of the house, they would "draw over" those that missed, until one side or the other would be entirely destroyed. This was lively, as it gave all a chance to continue to the end, and permitted the big boys and big girls to be together, as those who missed had to cross over and be seated by the side of the successful speller.

A kaleidoscope could hardly furnish a larger number of changes than would be possible at one of these grand entertainments.

Some students in every school could boast that they had spelt, "Webster's Elementary clean through, without missin' a word." But having performed such a feat *one* winter, would not make it certain that it could be done *a year from that time*.

All the accomplishments in the spelling art were the results of memory. They got it "by heart," but it did not stay "by heart."

They knew nothing of analogy, orthoepy, or orthography, though they could spell every word from "baker" to "incomprehensibility."

They scarcely knew the meaning of one word out of twenty, and it is not much better in *some* of our district schools yet.

They thoroughly mastered such catch words as daguer-

reotype, phthisic, ptisan, hautboy, vignette, and belles-lettres; they knew how to compare, impair, prepare, and repair, but they knew nothing of any rules for those pairs, or how to pare a pear, for no two seemed to pair off; they only knew that one set "spelt" one way, and the other was "spelt t'other" way.

When they got over to "grammar," they learned that the customary fare, was different from the beautiful fair, but why they should both fare alike, neither student nor teacher ever knew. The whole of the art was in packing the words into the mind and retaining them, remembering each word by itself and for itself.

Spelling was not for use, but a training for the prize-ring.

I fear the absurdity of the past has given way to the other extreme of neglected orthography. The world nowadays tolerates and fondles a superficial refinement that cuts pie with a fork, though it spells God with a small g, or County with a K.

The contest which I am about to describe in this chapter occurred at what was known as "Whisky Run school-house." It was the first district down the river, from the town of R. Carl was visiting, at the time, a friend over at Yorkville. The boys thought it would be a rare treat to visit the school, and they decided to start early, and go over the hill past "Salt Peter Caves."

When they arrived, they found a great crowd, and also learned that the "spellin'" was a match contest between the town of R, on one side represented by six spellers, and one speller each from the following: viz.—Pigeon Creek, Higby's Ford, Brimstone Holler, Tweeds' Point,

Mud Run, and Whisky Run. Carl's friend, much against Carl's judgment, plead for Griffinsville to be represented by one member, and the judges and spellers finally consented, and Carl was introduced. Before time to begin, the house was full, and the yard was full. In those good old times everything was neglected for these contests. The honor not only of the family was at stake, but of the whole neighborhood as well.

And on this particular occasion, if gambling had been indulged in anything larger than penknives or cheap, open-faced watches, it would be hard to guess the number that would have been left bankrupt.

In order to perfect fairness it was agreed that the teacher from Vigo, James Burke, should pronounce for the evening, or if he should need rest in the meantime, Tom Sigler, from Yankytown, should take his place.

As was customary the "spellin'" began at early candle-lightin'." The contestants were arranged in this manner: the six district schools on the north side, the town of R, on the south side, and Carl in the center between them.

Dora Dundore had not recognized Carl until the light fell full in his face as he took his place. When she recognized him, somehow she felt a dizziness come over her, and she felt that she would most certainly miss the first word.

After the fiftieth round there was still on the floor, Jim Stunkard, Jake Frump, Isabella Lamasters, Susan Crable, Carl, and Dora.

The pronunciation had been a little peculiar and many were the complaints on the part of the friends there who

had been disgraced by the first rounds, and they were of the opinion that the town teacher was no good in giving out to the folks in the "Kentry." But there was no opportunity for loud swearing. They were down and it could not be helped, and the districts still represented depended upon their representatives to maintain the honor of the country districts.

Now the words went faster. Full a hundred rounds and still the six were on the floor. The room was warm and the interest was up to white heat. Mr. Burke became hoarse and Mr. Sigler had to relieve him. The people called for "hard spellin' " in order that the contest might end before midnight. Finally Isabella went down on "flagitious" using a "c" in place of a "t" though she affirmed she was right according to her book. Mr. Sigler now pronounced the word air, the atmosphere, which was correctly spelled and then came "are" the plural of "is," which was missed by Jake, as he had always heard it pronounced as the preceding word. There was general dissatisfaction at this calamity, for Jake was known as one of the best spellers in the country, and to be sent to his seat on so little a word, of only three letters, was regarded as a disgrace to Brimstone Holler. The remaining four held their places for twenty more rounds. It was decided to resort to geography; and so they began with Equator, Quito, &c., to Buenos Ayres, which sent all to their seats, save Carl and Dora.

They were the youngest of the contestants, and it might have been heard whispered around, "them's trumps." The excitement rose high, for though the dis-

tricts had been defeated by the town of R, all the country people immediately became Carl's friends. No jockey-race ever produced such intense excitement; the people involuntarily rose in their seats, and once, when Carl seemed to hesitate for a moment, they leaned forward with eyes and mouth wide open and held their breath. The long, green and black, navy tobacco lay unpressed in the cheek. Carl up to this time had not recognized his opponent. The word Niagara was pronounced to her, and, as she seemed to hesitate, he looked her full in the face, and actually sank into the seat behind him. At this instant there was an occurrence at the door which gave them both time to recover themselves.

The Walkers and Smiths had been at misunderstandings for a long time, and they had been thrown together that night by accident and were having a kind of "*your'e another*" conversation out of doors. Finally, Bill Walker struck Harvey Smith, who thought he might be shot, as he bumped up against the door and the fire flew out of his eyes; and concluding he would be dead in a few moments, he gathered himself into a heap on the doorstep and began to pray for the Lord to have mercy on him. His voice was recognized by his sisters who were on the inside and who ran to the door screaming that their brother was killed. The stampede was general; the rush for the door was such that everything was in a general confusion and no one could either get in or out. Windows were thrown up and many of the young men were hustled out to protect the innocent, and punish the guilty. But Walker had fled and could nowhere

be found. Smith had a fairly good-sized "Fourth of July" over his right eye.

The fight now being over, nothing remained but to return and see the spelling through. Some of the young "bloods" were so disappointed that it seemed that they must have a row; however, things quieted down, at least on the surface, and the spelling began. During the commotion outside, Carl and Dora had fully recognized each other and renewed their acquaintance.

Dora said: "I am to spell Niagara, and had you thought that only one of us must go over the falls to-night and down below the chilly waters, and that to rise no more, surely Carl you will not be so cruel as to send Dora all alone down the awful precipice to the foaming, seething vortex below!"

"I cannot relinquish the oars, now, Dora, we are too near the brink. If you *will jump overboard*, how am I to save you? But here they come and we must collect ourselves for the contest." "The last word," said Mr. Sigler, "was Niagara; will Miss Dora spell?" The word was spelled correctly. Finally geographical names were laid aside, and Webster's Academic Dictionary was taken up. Such words as the following were selected: till, until, tyranny, annual, Koran, unbiased, basin, beaux, bayed, bade. At last the word corolla was missed by Dora and immediately snatched up by Carl. The judges awarded him the prize, but he immediately presented it to Dora, saying, "you have fairly won it. I was a mere accident in the contest." After congratulations Carl walked with Dora to the carriage, and, while her father untied the horses, Carl assisted her to her seat and, as her hand

lingered in his, he raised it to his lips and was gone.

As Carl and his friend wended their way over the hill that night, Carl seemed to be dreaming; usually so talkative, he was now so silent.

"Are you ill, Carl?" said his friend.

"Oh, it's only my throat. I shall be all right tomorrow."

Will the realm of infinite futurity ever be able to add a sweeter sensation than the purity and dreaming felicity of early love? It is not earth-like. It is born from above.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CARL AT HIGH-SCHOOL.

**" Build to-day, then, strong and sure.  
With a firm and ample base,  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.  
Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the unreal as one vast Plain  
And one boundless reach of sky."**

—LONGFELLOW.

The spring of '61 found in Griffinsville, as in every voting precinct of the Northern States, a recruiting officer. Carl felt that he was losing all his best friends with the first call for three years' men; both Carl's brothers and Mr. Phillips entered the field; Em and Zip both went as drummer boys—Em as tenor, Zip as bass.

Carl went with them to the depot, and was the last to take their hands as they stepped aboard the cars for Camp Chase. The scenes of excitement throughout the land at this time have been told by more eloquent pens than mine, and I will not attempt to recall them in this narrative; suffice it to say, that Carl entered into it all with a burning enthusiasm. Every day he read with increased interest the thrilling accounts in the *Daily Gazette*.

He wrote letters full of home news and excited questionings to the boys, and received replies, describ-



ing camp and field, march and battles. From the many letters still in Carl's possession, I select one for my reader:

"MURFREESBORO, January 1, 1862.

"DEAR CARL: Last night I had charge of our advance picket line, and the Johnnies were right in front of us. As I was placing my men, the Sergeant of the rebel guard said 'Hello, Yank.'

"I said, 'Hello yourself, Johnnie.'

"He was advancing toward me, and I met him half-way. We shook hands and talked a few minutes, and, as we separated, we agreed to meet again after we had completed our rounds. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I took the precaution to place Bill Hudson behind a clump of bushes, near to where we were to meet, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout.

"Johnnie and I met according to agreement, and had been talking about the war for some ten minutes, when suddenly we were both startled by the report of Bill Hudson's rifle. At the same moment Johnnie threw up his hands saying, 'My God! he has shot my brother!'

"He asked me to go with him, and I did so; and sure enough, a few rods down the hill, we found the lifeless corpse of his brother, with a bullet hole in his forehead. With water from my canteen I washed away the blood, and, seeing that I could do nothing more, left the brothers alone.

"When I returned to Bill, he said, that just after we began to talk, he noticed the Johnnie slipping up, and, just as he was drawing bead on me, Bill fired, with the result given.'

"Your brother,

DICK."

Carl regretted keenly that he was not old enough to participate in these scenes of danger and excitement. 'Twas not only patriotism and love for his country and flag that thrilled every fiber of his loyal soul, but he had all a boy's love of change and adventure; and of all things he desired most to go to the front. For four years he accomplished but little in the school. His interest and attention were drawn from school and school-life by this excitement of his surroundings. The teachers who followed Mr. Phillips were not so good as he had been, although Carl attended as a regular pupil whenever school was in session, and of course made some progress in all his studies; his chief advancement was made in United States history and the geography of the Southern States. Carl built many a fort and in his imagination fought many a battle during this time.

In after life, Carl always had an enthusiastic history class, and the place where every great event occurred was always pointed out again and again, until thoroughly implanted in the memory. He also drew, and had his class draw rough sketches of the forts and battle-grounds.

I might mention here that the platforms of political parties were always discussed by the class. No great political event was allowed to pass without a thorough investigation, and every pupil was not only allowed, but was encouraged, to express fully his or her views on the great questions of American history.

At last the great war was over, and the tented field and the shock of battle became events of history. The 26th Regiment O. V. V. I. were mustered out at Camp

Chase. Two days more and Dick and Will took their seats at the McKenzie table. Carl's old teacher returned to his home in Pennsylvania, where he was afterward given the chair of mathematics in an Eastern college.

Poor Zip was taken prisoner and was never heard of afterward. Em came safely back to his home, and is now in business in Columbus, Ohio.

Carl's parents decided to send him away to school. He was not far enough advanced to enter a first-class college, and they wisely decided to send him to some good high-school, where the academic studies could be pursued. He was therefore sent to Moon's Academy.

This institution contained about one hundred students; was located in the Miami valley, in a quaker village which was surrounded by a class of wealthy farmers. Prof. Moon, who presided over the school, was one of the kindest of men. He was one of the few men before whom you could not stand without the impression that you were in the presence of one of nature's noblemen. He had that dignified nobility of character, which always commands respect, as well as that tenderness of heart and gentleness of manner that invariably won the love of his pupils.

As an instructor he was enthusiastic and practical.

The various boarding-places of the boys were designated as barracks. Carl was located in Barrack No. 6. There was not the college hazing here that is found in the College proper, yet the boys always liked an impressive introduction to a new student. Carl's roommate was a boy named Nolder. He was a quiet sort of

fellow, but was a lad of good principles and fine native ability, and for many years the warmest friendship existed between the boys.

On the second evening after Carl's arrival, one young man from each of the barracks was chosen as a select committee to introduce Carl and his room-mate to all the boys. Just after dark Carl heard a rap at his door, and upon opening it five young men entered. One of the boys, named Ousley, acted as spokesman and introduced the others; they were all introduced under the title of "Chief." Himself, Chief Ousley, and then each chief in turn was presented to Carl and Nolder. Just as he had finished this ceremony, a sixth party entered without knocking. He was immediately introduced as Chief of Barrack No. 6. Carl began to take in the situation and was exceedingly amused.

Chief of No. 6 said in a commanding tone, "all the gentlemen belonging to Barrack No. 6 are commanded, by the Most High Executive Council of this Barrack, to assemble in the double room of the third floor of this Barrack, at once. Thereupon, Freshmen McKenzie and Nolder, you will at once follow your Chief." Carl said, "Come on, Nolder, let's follow our leader." All the boys of No. 6 were assembled in the upper room; they were chatting and laughing, and paid no attention to the parties entering until called to order by the Chief, who said, "Gentlemen of Barrack No. 6, I have the great pleasure of introducing to you Carl McKenzie, who will begin the entertainment this evening by singing us a song. Mr. McKenzie, will you please mount the box?" Carl knew there was only one thing to do and that was to sing, so he mounted the box and began:

"One night as the moon was a beaming,  
I lay fast asleep and a dreaming,  
That the sun was shining bright,  
In the middle of the night,  
And the boys had collected  
For to have a little fight."

He sang the entire song. Nolder was then required to mount the box and sing as Carl had been obliged to do. Then each was to declaim. Afterward it was politely suggested that they engage in a debate, choosing their own subject.

After a moment's consultation, Carl and Nolder chose this question: "Resolved, that the high-toned Chiefs Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive, are a set of asses." Carl affirmed, Nolder negatived. Before Carl had finished, they knew something of his keen perceptive faculties, and his gift of sarcastic language; they declined to hear the negative.

Chief Ousley then advanced, and took from his inside pocket what seemed to be a tallow candle and asked Carl to take a bite. Carl did so, without hesitation. His quick eye had recognized, in the candle, a piece of "sweet gum." Nolder followed suit, and then all the boys took a chew from the same candle. The mysteries of the order were explained, the two boys were welcomed as members, and all adjourned to their several rooms.

In his studies Carl's tastes inclined to the natural sciences, but he excelled only in mathematics, and he always attributed his success in this line to the excellent drill he had received in the Intellectual Arithmetic. He was not naturally possessed of superior reasoning powers, but his mind had been so strengthened and developed by his early and thorough training, that he

easily took and held first rank in those studies which taxed the reason and judgment.

Prof. Moon was a master in elocution, not that *ranting, gesticulating*, ridiculously absurd performance we so often see to-day; but he was clear in enunciation, forcible in expression, accurate in emphasis and pronunciation. And while imitative reading may not be the best, *and is not*, yet his pupils caught from him the spirit of good reading and always left his school with improved articulation, and better readers.

Carl graduated fifth in his class of twenty-five, and after returning home took a trip with his friend Nolder to Niagara, to Albany, then down the Hudson to New York City, Washington, and then home. This little trip added much to his knowledge of our natural scenery, and gave him an idea of the world about him outside the little circle in which he had always moved.

When Carl returned from his eastern trip he found nearly all the schools in the immediate vicinity of his home had been taken, and he felt the keenest disappointment, for his whole nature had been aglow with the enthusiasm of beginning his chosen ideal of life-work.

He believed that he would inaugurate a new era in the world's history of education, and gain for himself undying fame, could he but have an opportunity to try *his* skill in a country school. A friend of Carl's, who had been visiting near Centerville, told him of a vacancy in a school in that neighborhood. Early next morning Carl set out on horseback, in search of the school.

The average price paid teachers in Clinton Co., at that time, was forty-five dollars per month. As Carl rode

along he decided he could afford to teach his first term for thirty-five dollars, and would, therefore, ask that price.

When Carl was about ten miles from home he overtook on the road a farmer dressed in blue shirt, brown overalls, and white straw hat. He was sitting sideways on an old bay mare, and whistling, "Paddle your own Canoe."

Carl rode up and said: "Good morning, sir."

"Howdy," said the farmer. "You seem to be a stranger in these parts," continued the farmer.

"Yes, sir," said Carl; "I am looking for a school; do you know of any vacancies near here?"

"Well, now," said the farmer, "I do that; our own school is vacant and we want a teacher."

"What wages do you pay?" said Carl.

"Well, we paid forty-five dollars last year."

"I will take your school at thirty-five dollars, as I have never taught," said Carl.

"Your never having taught makes no difference to us; the gentleman we had last year had never taught, and he gave us a good school. Forty-five dollars is the price we pay, and, if you are our man, that is what we will pay you."

By this time they were at the cross-roads.

"Now," said the farmer, "my name is George Dronen; I live right there," pointing to his house a few rods down the road, to the right. "I am the president of the board; the other two men are Samuel Thompson and Solomon Mooriman. You see them and, if they are willing to hire you, tell them I am too. I hope you can get back to my house by dinner time."

Carl left with an anxious heart; he saw the other directors, arranged a meeting at Mr. Dronen's for half past one, and got back in time to eat dinner with the farmer.

Mr. Moorman and Mr. Thompson were on hand promptly at half-past one, and a contract was soon signed, and Carl arranged to board with Mr. Dronen.

As specified in the contract the school was to open the second Monday in September.

"Now," said Mr. Moorman, "we are all through except the rules and regulations; we might just as well arrange those at this meeting."

"Do you think it necessary to have a set of written rules?" said Carl.

"Yes, *sir*," said Mr. Moorman, "by all means. A ship without a rudder is likely to be lost, especially with an inexperienced pilot."

Carl thought best not to object further, so the rules were soon drawn up and signed by the board and Carl, much against Carl's better judgment. But after all, the rules bore fruit, and produced what was afterward known in that community as the "Revival."

The sixth rule read as follows:

"All pupils over sixteen years of age shall be expelled from school for unruly conduct unless they voluntarily choose to accept such punishment as the teacher shall decree."



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE REVIVAL.

The revival was not a religious revival, but one of quite a different kind, as will appear further on.

The pupils who attended during the autumn term were all small children except a few of the larger girls.

Nothing unusual happened during those months. As winter drew on, "and the frost was on the pumpkin, and the corn was in the shock," the big boys began to enter the school, and the enrollment reached fifty-seven. There were three of the pupils over twenty-one, who could attend only by permission of the board; but this was granted, as those young men promised not to make any trouble, and were not to call on the teacher for assistance only when they got "stuck" in arithmetic.

The school was so crowded that Carl often found it to his advantage to call on one or another of these three young men to assist him in his work, and then he often remained after school-hours to assist them in their work. They appreciated his kindness in doing this and a friendship arose between them.

Their assistance in the revival far more than repaid Carl for his extra trouble.

The names of these three boys, were George Fisher, Tom McFadden and James Hodson. Government in a

country school of sixty pupils, to one without experience, is no easy matter. One fellow named Tom Wright made his boast that he could lick the master and that he would do it if he ever undertook to thrash him. Carl determined to be master in fact as well as in name. He attempted to whip Tom, who resisted, but whose courage failed him, and Carl succeeded in giving him a severe and much-needed whipping. This occurrence established Carl's authority.

One of the rules, above mentioned, was to the effect that there should be no boisterous playing in the school-room, during noon or recess. This rule was adopted to protect windows and furniture, and the board insisted on its observance.

Carl was invited to Mr. Wright's for dinner one day, not because of any great affection the family had for Carl, but that he might compute the interest on a promissory note of five hundred dollars, on which there were many indorsements. Carl accomplished this task and came back in time to call school by one o'clock.

As Carl neared the school-house he heard the "sound of revelry," and closer examination showed a broken window pane, a shattered desk, and snow-besprinkled floor.

Carl called the roll as usual, and then said; "I am surprised to find so many of my large pupils disregarding one of the rules, by playing in the school-house."

George Fisher held up his hand and then arose and said, "I for one am to blame for this, and I ask your pardon." Several other large boys and some of the girls arose and made similar confessions.

Carl said: "I am willing to forgive each of you, since you are so frank about the matter. All who are sorry will arise." All arose but three boys near the door.

"Did you violate the rules, Thomas Moore?" said Carl.

"I played in the house," said Thomas, "but I'm not sorry; I don't see any sense in such a rule, and I don't want your pardon; if you don't want me here, turn me out."

"I say the same," said Bill Moore.

"So do I," chimed in Tom Wright.

"This rule is not of my making," said Carl; "you may think the matter over for one hour, and then ask pardon or stand suspended." At the end of the hour they all arose, took their books, and passed out. That evening after school, Fisher remained for some assistance in arithmetic.

Carl said: "What do you think about my expelling the boys?"

"It is just what they wanted. Tom Wright has not felt so happy since you gave him such a decent whipping."

"What will come of this, George?" said Carl.

"That's hard to tell; nothing ought to come of it, but the fools are not all dead yet," said George.

Next day more than a dozen of the pupils were absent, and the falling off continued from day to day until fully one-half the seats were vacant.

Carl had another talk with Fisher. "A storm is brewing," said George, "and it promises to be a regular twister. My opinion is that there will be some fighting before

this thing is over with. As I told you, the fools are not all dead yet."

"George, you are my friend, as I truly believe, and you are three years my senior; shall I resign?"

"No, do not resign," said George, "that is just what they want you to do. Either rowdyism or civility is going to rule in this neighborhood, and I believe now is the time, and you are the man, to lead the better element to victory."

"I shall not resign, at least not until after I am vindicated," said Carl.

That evening Carl requested Mr. Dronen to call a meeting of the board, and have the matter sifted to the bottom.

Mr. Dronen informed him that a meeting of the entire voting population had been arranged for the next day, at one o'clock, at the school-house.

Carl informed Mr. Dronen that he was amenable to the board alone. "Certainly," said Mr. Dronen, "the board will act as court. We wish to give every one an opportunity to enter complaint. We shall hear the charges and your defense, and then decide according to law and testimony."

"That suits me exactly," said Carl; "I want to meet my enemies face to face."

Mr. Dronen continued; "The feeling against you, Mr. McKenzie, is bad. Old man Collins is excited because you scratched Brad's face in trying to button his coat when you were about to whip him. He is rather hard to manage when he is angry and will give us trouble. Wright and Moore are mad and blame you wholly for

their boys being expelled. Wright usually gives more thought to his hogs than to his children, but he is thoroughly aroused now. Moore is spoiling for a fight. He is a rough man and thinks fighting is the only way to settle a difficulty; he will be hard to manage."

"How do Mr. Moorman and Mr. Thompson stand in the matter?" said Carl.

"They are both against you; Thompson is vacillating and goes with the current, which is just now against you. I am surprised that Mr. Moorman has gone over to the other side; he has always been your friend; and George Fisher, who boards with Moorman, is a warm friend of yours. I think Moorman has been deceived by false statements, and I am certain if we can get him to see the facts in the case he will be for you with all his might."

Before sleeping that night, Carl had decided in his own mind two things; first, that Mr. Dronen was his only friend on the board, and second, that after making his vindications he would immediately resign and return home. Having so decided, Carl packed his valise and made out his report, ready to be handed in with his resignation.

When school opened the next morning nearly all the pupils were in attendance, except the three boys who had been expelled. It was evident that many of them did not come to study. This, in their minds, was the last day. Some were insolent, and some seemed to be sad.

During the noon-hour Carl took a stroll with his true friends, George Fisher, Tom McFadden, and James Hod-

son. They passed around Bernard Point and were soon out of sight.

"Now," said Fisher, "we will tell you what we want. There promises to be a warm time this afternoon. As I said before, the 'fools are not all dead;' Moore is furiously mad, and says the only way to settle this fuss is to fight it out. He says he will thrash you before night. Dan Hopper is another one of the fools. He swears he will cowhide you unless you get down on your knees and beg for mercy. Now, we three have pledged ourselves to stand by you; we take no pride in being classed as fighting men, but we are going to see fair play. Their talk simply amounts to nothing, but, the moment they attempt more than that, we shall interfere. Go ahead, make your defense, and say what you want to say and have no fears. You do the talking and we'll do the fighting if any has to be done."

Carl thanked them for their proffered assistance, but expressed the hope that it would not be needed.

When Carl and the boys returned to the school-house they found that quite a crowd had gathered. The board was holding a council at the back of the house. Dronen was calm and composed; Moorman was excited, and while he talked he gesticulated wildly with both arms. Thompson was nodding his little head and saying, as Moorman rattled on—"That's so, exactly; that's my mind."

By the time to call school, most of the district was there. Old man Collins looked like he would burst with rage; Mocre was walking around with his hands in his pockets and was like the army in Flanders; Dan Hopper

had his black-snake under his arm and tried to look fierce as a lion.

When all were quiet, Carl said to the board: "Gentlemen, the school is now in your hands; proceed in any manner it suits you."

Mr. Dronen then stated to the patrons of the school, that, as there had been much dissatisfaction in regard to the management of the school, the board was now ready to hear any complaints that any one had to make, and that after complaints had been made, the teacher would be heard in defense of his cause, and that it would be their duty as directors to judge according to the law and testimony.

Moorman blurted out, "That's what we come fur;" and Thompson nodded his little head.

Old man Collins was on his feet in a moment. He was a fat man and wheezed when he talked.

"I have a charge to make," said Collins, "for the manner in which my boy was lick—licked. I don't object to the lick—lickin'," wheezed Collins, "mind that; but he wanted Brad to button his coat, and Brad wouldn't, and the teacher scratched his face; there's the boy, and there's the scratches—ahem. I know you will decide that the whole thing of makin' the boy button his coat was wrong." Moorman nodded his head; and Thompson did the same.

Carl arose, and stated that it had been customary, in schools where he had attended, to have pupils button their coats when punished.

Collins jumped up and wheezed out: "I don't keer what they do in other places; I want my boy licked as he is when he does the mischief. If his coat is buttoned,

it's to stay buttoned; if unbuttoned, it's to stay unbuttoned. Take things as they are, what is your verdict?"

Carl said, "Hold on, Mr. Collins."

"I don't see no use in holdin' on," Collins replied. "Do you deny the facts?"

Carl still remained standing, and this so irritated Collins that he again wheezed out: "Do you deny the facts? Say yes or no, or own up that you are beat."

Mr. Dronen said: "Be seated, Mr. Collins, and let the teacher make his statement; that is fair; he has not interrupted you and you must not interrupt him."

Collins sat down. At heart he was a good man, and he knew that Mr. Dronen was right, and he had judgment enough to see that he had been too hasty.

Carl called William Collins forward and asked if he was present when his brother Brad was whipped. He said he was. Carl asked him to state to the directors whether Brad's coat was buttoned or unbuttoned, when he did the mischief. He answered: "His coat was buttoned; when he was called to be whipped, he unbuttoned it."

Collins sprang to his feet once more, saying, "I'm wrong, men, I'm wrong; I have acted like a fool. I should have inquired into this matter before I made complaint. I withdraw the charge against the teacher."

After a moment's pause, Mr. Dronen said: "If there are any other complaints, let them be presented." There was a painful silence for a few moments; the termination of Collins' affair had somewhat dampened the fires of resentment, but the burning was too great to be put out by that little shower.



Mr. Wright broke the silence by saying: "Our boys have been turned outen the school fur doin' nothin.' If they'd been licked I'd a made no complaint, but this turnin' out business I object to. I think this school ought to be stopped right now, and this teacher run off; them's my sentiments."

"Has any one else any complaint to offer?" said Mr. Dronen.

Moore sprang to his feet and roared out: "Yes, sir, I have. I say that any teacher who has a rule about turnin' out big boys is a cowardly puppy; let him lick 'em or get licked; nothin' but lickin' some one will ever settle this fuss. Let that smooth-faced coward give me any of his sass and I'll lick him quicker than you can say rats. If he ain't put out of this school before the sun sets, somebody'll git a skinned nose."

Mr. Dronen asked if any one else had anything to say, and, when no one responded, he nodded to Carl, who came forward and said: "I shall pay no attention to the threats just made. There is a saying that those who are born in the woods are not to be scared by an owl."

"I'll slap the man's mouth who calls me an owl," roared Moore; at the same time, springing to his feet and drawing off his coat, he took a step toward Carl; but George Fisher arose before him and Moore stopped; the two men eyed each other for a minute and not a word was said.

Moore was not a coward, but his courage did not run away with his discretion. He knew that he was no match for Fisher. Finally, Moore said: "George, what

does this mean? are you here for a fight?" The response came with great firmness:

"No, Mr. Moore, I'm here to prevent a fight, not to engage in one; you and I have always been friends, but you can't touch the teacher until you pass over me. There are others here who feel as I do, and before you can whip the teacher you must whip us. We want no quarrel with you or any one else; we will have fair play and will defend our friend."

Mr. Dronen said, "Men, be seated." Fisher sat down and Moore followed his example.

Mr. Dronen continued: "I am not only president of the school-board but Justice of the Peace; and if any man in this audience makes any more threats I will put him under arrest. The teacher has the floor." Carl briefly reviewed all the circumstances connected with the affair, and showed not only the board, but all present, that in suspending the boys he had done only that which he was under contract to do—enforce the rules made by the board.

The board immediately retired and in a few minutes returned, Mr. Dronen saying, "I am glad to inform you that we have no trouble in agreeing on this decision. We sustain the teacher in the course he has pursued. We could not do otherwise without condemning ourselves, for he has gone according to the rules we signed with him." Moorman nodded, followed by nods from Thompson.

Carl said: "I thank you for my vindication; and now I believe it is best for all parties concerned that I tender my resignation; and here it is, together with my report."

This caused the impulsive nature of Moorman to take fire, and he sprang to his feet and dancing about the platform exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, men, let's don't let the teacher go; what a set of fools we've been; if we wasn't so ignorant, we'd a knowed better; let's try and do better; let's turn over a new leaf; I've done wrong, so have all of us; let's forgive and forget; I believe all the scholars like the teacher and want him to stay; let's have all come up and shake hands with the teacher; ain't that all right, Squire?"

Mr. Collins said: "I second the motion, Squire; I done wrong and I want to forgive and forgit too. I want my children to shake hands with the teacher to show that they have nothing against him. Hadn't we better all stand up, Squire?"

Mr. Dronen nodded, and all arose. Moorman cried out: "Come on, children, come on!" Brad Collins was the first to reach Carl and grasp his hand; Brad was crying audibly. Crying as well as laughing is catching, and in a moment the whole school was crowding around Carl, anxious to grasp his hand.

All came forward except the three boys who had been expelled. They stood back by the door and showed no disposition to go with the others. All eyes turned to them; there was silence for a few moments, save the sobbing from the girls. This was too much for Moorman. Again he broke forth. "For heaven's sake, boys, do come, it will do you good; come, do come." Thomas Moore, who stood nearest the aisle, looked at the other boys and then started, and the others followed.

Moorman clapped his hands and shouted, "Glory to

God!" Mr. Dronen said, "Good for you, boys." Thompson said, "That's right."

When the three boys reached Carl and felt his warm grasp they broke down completely. Mr. Dronen said: "My children shall not go ahead of me;" and, suiting the action to the word, he walked up and heartily shook Carl's hand. Moorman followed the example. Mr. Collins, with his kindly face flushed with excitement, came up and said, with much difficulty for want of breath: "I hope never to be so hot-headed again; I've learnt a lesson I'll never forget."

One after another of the men came up and grasped Carl's hand. There was no holding back from the "Revival," as the boys afterward called this general handshaking. It seemed to have laid hold upon all present. When all had shaken hands with Carl and had again been seated, Mr. Dronen said: "That, as all were reconciled and the past buried, he hoped the teacher would remain."

He proposed that all who wanted Carl to remain and finish the school should rise to their feet. Every one arose. Carl consented to remain. He finished his first school without another jar, and also without producing any great revolutions in the system of education.

He was tendered the same school the next year, at fifty dollars per month, but declined the offer for a position nearer home.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CARL—THE BUCKEYE-HAWKEYE.

“ Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,  
And prudent caution needful to avert  
Impending evil, equally require,  
That the whole people should be taught and trained.

“ Earth’s universal frame should feel the effect;  
Even till the smallest rock,  
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs  
Of humanized society; and bloom  
With civil arts, that send their fragrance forth,  
A graceful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.

“ From culture unexclusively bestowed,  
Expect these mighty issues; from the pains  
And faithful care of unambitious schools,  
Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear,  
Hence look for these magnificent results.”

—WORDSWORTH.

There was nothing of especial interest in Carl’s life, for several years following the events narrated in the last chapter. He taught six months each year, in the district schools, and, as an evidence of his marked success, it may be truly said that in every instance he was offered the same school again and also at an increased salary. Carl always took the precaution to visit his school house, and put it in order before the opening of the term. He saw that the floor and windows were clean and that the stove was blackened; that he had a new broom and a clean water-pail; that his blackboard was newly painted; that the apparatus, if there was any,

which belonged to the district, was always in the best of order; that the seats were arranged, and all the old papers and other rubbish were removed from the desks.

He possessed two thermometers, one he placed in the northwest corner, and the other in the southeast corner. He picked up the rubbish from off the playground and burned it. His own desk was looked after and was always adorned on the first morning with a bouquet of flowers. These flowers formed the basis of an after-dinner talk, during which he always gained the hearts of a majority of his school, on the very first day. After talking of the flowers in general for a few minutes, he would select some special kind, and give to each member of the school one of this kind. Then, taking one himself, Carl would dissect it and show them the various parts, writing the names of each on the board, etc. In this way he met his school, around one common center, and wove with them a web of fraternal feelings: In these informal talks he reached the hearts of every one, and they helped him to form his estimate of their dispositions, their likes and dislikes. Carl believed that there was a key to unlock the heart and affections of every boy and girl; that there was some key that would unlock and open, to vigorous activity and self-exertion, the most sluggish intellect. And each year's experience only deepened this conviction.

The talks about plants and flowers were followed by other talks. Sometimes they talked of the animals with which the children were familiar; sometimes of the rocks, the sea, the sky, or the earth beneath their feet, **always** having a care to not carry the lesson beyond the

point where the pupils were interested. And further on we will see him, Carl, as principal of the high-school, still farther stimulate the zeal of the boys and girls under his care, in the work.

Carl, in all his experience, both in the district and graded schools, never allowed himself to be carried away by hobbies. He believed it to be the duty of the teacher to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, etc., by the most approved and best established methods. He was a constant reader of his School Journal. And he read Page the first term he ever taught. He read and studied, carefully, Wickersham, Johonnot, Phelps, and others.

Carl always took a hand on the playground, and there was always an entire lack of profanity and vulgarity in his presence. One day during his second term of school, as he and some of the larger boys were engaged in a game of ball, one of the boys swore at the pitcher, and then, recalling himself, turned and walked up to Carl and said, "Mr. McKenzie, I beg your pardon, sir; I forgot your presence." Carl replied, "I freely forgive you, James, but there is One greater than either of us, here; He, too, is offended." This gentle reminder of the presence of the Heavenly Father bore fruit in after years.

Carl possessed a strong love for truth and a burning desire to know not only what the Heavenly Father had revealed in nature around him, but what the great world had thought and done; and this desire and enthusiasm he burned into the hearts and consciences of his pupils.

Carl was always a favorite in the social circles. His acquaintance with nature, with books, and with men made his companionship most desirable. Although Carl

was not a dreamer, yet there was a poetic somberness in his demeanor—there seemed something wanting to complete his happiness. The fact was, he carried in his mind the picture of a lovely girl whom he had seen but twice, once in the boat, once in the spelling-school—but they had been sufficient to command his admiration and win his affections.

Carl's parents had moved to Highland County in the fall of '65. The time of which I write was the spring of '73.

He determined to visit his former home and see again the mill-dam where he came so near losing his life. He spent two whole weeks in and around Griffinsville, and lived over again his boyhood days. He found John McCrane and Lem Dixon doing a flourishing business, manufacturing flour.

The old school-house was gone, and a large two-story brick occupied its place.

He visited his former cabin home on Coe's Run. The old cabin had departed. The one landmark he recognized was a lonely pine planted by his sister Jennie, just above the spring. His brother Will was now the owner of the farm, and lived in a more modern dwelling.

The last place for Carl to visit was the town of R and the mill-dam. He arrived in the afternoon, and took rooms at the Eagle House. After arranging his toilet, he inquired if a Mr. Dundore still resided in the town. He was shown his residence. His heart beat fast! How should he introduce himself? Should he send a note? Should he go to the residence, or to the father's place



of business? If to the residence and Dora should be the first to appear, would he be able to hide his confusion? Was she married or single, dead or alive, sick or well, at home or abroad, as beautiful as when a child, or had her face lost its childish sweetness? Why was he there anyway? He knew no one. As all these things came rushing into his mind, Carl never felt so foolish in all his life.

Carl noticed that the landlord observed his confusion. He returned to his room to look at himself again in the mirror, to see if he still looked rational. Satisfied on this point, he sat down and tried to control himself, but somehow he became more and more embarrassed. He felt hot, he must have fever; he put his finger on his wrist—seventy times to the minute. He put his hand to his forehead—he was perspiring. He decided that he needed fresh air. Putting on his hat, he went out on the street, and in a direction opposite to Mr. Dundore's residence. He had gone but a little way when he heard the sound of falling water. "Ah, that's the mill-dam," said Carl. He continued his walk and soon stood upon the pier of the old bridge just above the dam. Some boys were sitting on the bank fishing. The barn-swallows were flitting to and fro, from the eaves of the old mill. A robin was singing from the top of a sycamore just up the stream. Casting his eyes up the stream, he saw some boats moored under the willows. He felt impelled to try the oars and so turned his steps in that direction; but when he arrived he found them all locked. He stood there in disgust. He said to himself, "I might have known as much;" and

then aloud he said, "If Dora were here, she could unlock it."

"And so she will," said a voice behind him.

Turning around, he saw before him a lovely woman with a smiling face, and she had a book in one hand and a key in the other. Carl took off his hat, bowed, and went forward with outstretched hand—Dora pressed it warmly, unlocked the boat, and asked him if he could row?

Dora begged leave to handle the oars herself, at least until they were out of danger of the dam, and Carl did not object. "Now you wonder," said Dora, after rowing a little way up the stream, "how I came to be here this afternoon? Well I'll tell you. A friend of mine who lives at Griffinsville, wrote me of your arrival, and of your business trip (as you expressed it) to R, before returning. I knew that the first place you would come would be right here to this old dam. Yesterday I received another letter, stating that you would be here this afternoon; so you see I came down to surprise you. When I saw you on the bridge pier, I was sitting under the old walnut, where we sat so many years ago when I tempted you to commit both murder and suicide, and you would not."

It was almost dusk when Carl assisted Dora from the boat and accompanied her home; they seemed to each other like old-time friends. Each had a long experience to relate, that the other was anxious to hear. Carl remained several days, and in the evening of each day, the little boat made its rounds to Tweed's Point and returned. As they reached the landing place on the last evening of his stay, Carl let the oars rest and, looking

full at Dora, said: "Dora, you remember Carl McKenzie, when a boy, asked you to divide your roses with him—Carl McKenzie, as a man, asks you to divide your life with him."

"And Carl McKenzie must remember," said Dora, "how nearly fatal to both was that division; Dora, as a child, tempted Carl, the boy; but, as a woman, Dora would not tempt the man."

"I do not understand you," said Carl. "Every word and act of yours since I came here has tempted my request."

"Dear Carl, you are hasty," said Dora. "First, I have not refused you."

"Then you'll be mine?" broke in Carl.

"Wait, Carl," said Dora, "wait till I explain, since you do not understand me. As a child, I tempted you to row with me, because I admired your uniform, and because you were Captain, and I wanted people to see me; I divided my roses with you, because you satisfied my vanity; the motive that should lead me to consent to sail with you over the ocean of life should be born of the purest love; my heart may possess it; I do not know, I can not tell yet; but, dear Carl, I do think the roses are budding, and the sunshine of the past few days has developed them greatly. Now, can't you wait till they are full-blown roses? And should they, from after cause, blight and drop before they are full of the sweetest nectar, I know you will not censure Dora—will you, Carl?"

Carl sat silent and thoughtful a while, and then repeated this stanza:

" Over our hearts and into our lives  
 Shadows sometimes fall;  
 But the sunshine is never wholly dead,  
 And Heaven is shadowless overhead,  
 And God is over all."

Carl landed the boat, assisted Dora to the shore, accompanied her home, and promised to call in the morning before he took the train. He went slowly and thoughtfully to his room at the hotel.

At ten o'clock the landlord rapped at Carl's door and handed him a telegram. It read as follows:—

"DEAR SON:—Come home at once.

"F. MCKENZIE."

Carl said: "How long till the first train west?"

"Just thirty minutes," was the reply.

Carl knew it was too late then to call and see Dora; he sat down and hastily wrote:

"EAGLE HOUSE, 10 P. M.

"MY DEAREST DORA: A telegram this moment calls me home; I cannot tell why, as it simply says, 'come at once,' and is from my father; I fear the worst; I know that in whatever sorrow the near future may have in store for me, I shall have the comfort of your sympathy. Oh Dora, can you not be mine, mine for life? Believe me, I can, I will, row our boat clear of the fall. Will you not reply to this and tell me I may try?"

"Your own

CARL."

Carl sealed this note and took it to the office, which he found closed; he struck a match and by the light which it afforded found the slot in the weather-boarding. In his haste the letter seemed to stick, and would not drop into the box; the match in his hand went out, but Carl

pushed the letter on, and when he lighted another match he saw that it had disappeared.

On arriving at home, Carl found no one sick or dead, but an uncle of his from Iowa, who was passing through and could only stop for the night and the next day, and the father knew Carl wanted to see him.

Carl listened with the most intense interest to his uncle's vivid descriptions of the glowing west, and secretly made up his mind at least to visit that country. He could go there and make a home for himself and Dora.

He did not doubt what her reply to the letter would be. He knew he loved her and believed she loved him. Day after day passed and still no letter came. He could not understand it. He thought of writing again, but then he thought, what use? She had, no doubt, the one already written, and, if she could treat that so coldly, she would treat a less impassioned one more so.

He would go west anyway. But, after his trunk was packed, he was induced to give it up by the tears of his parents. However, the spring of '74 found Carl on his way to the town of D, in Iowa, to take charge of the schools in that thriving little town. Carl visited for a few days with his uncle and had his first experience in shooting prairie chickens on the wing, a sport of which he became exceedingly fond. When he visited the town of D, where he was destined to remain for twelve years, he met the board, signed his contract, and arranged for a course of study, a thing this school had never had.

He then, in company with the president of the board, went to visit the school-building. It made an imposing appearance on the outside, and Carl was much pleased.

But when they entered it, and he saw the falling plaster, the worn-out blackboards, the broken windows, the pencil marks, the vulgar caricatures, the dirty floors, the entire lack of apparatus of any kind whatever, (not a globe, map, chart, or even eraser could be seen—not a clock, or a picture on the walls)—when Carl saw all this, he well knew that no man could teach a successful school inside such uninviting walls. He turned to the president of the board, and said: "Sir, do you expect me to teach school in such a place as this? If you do, please accept my resignation at once." Before they separated the president had promised Carl to have the house put in order. At the next meeting of the board the contract for repairs was let; Carl's course of study presented, accepted, and ordered printed. At this meeting the president stated to Carl that the board had employed him to have charge of the school; that so far as consistent they would comply with all his reasonable requests; that in the matter of government they would stand by him; but when he found it was necessary to call them together to settle difficulties, they would be glad to receive his resignation.

Carl thanked the president for this frank statement; said when he found he could not govern the school he would resign; and hoped they would turn a deaf ear to any gossip they might hear concerning the school, and asked them to come to him with any reports against him or his school-work. He assured them his government would be mild, but firm. He asked them to not expect results too soon, as it took time to lay a broad foundation, and he realized that in his work here he must nec-

essarily begin at the bottom. He stated further to them that he had come there to stay; that he felt sure efficient work would be appreciated here as well as in any other place; and that he realized that one of the most fatal mistakes both to the schools and teachers, was the frequent change of teachers. Therefore, whether he should remain long or not, he came with the full expectation of remaining. He stated further that his work would always be open to their inspection, or to the inspection of any patron of the school, and that he should always court the fullest investigation of his work, both as to instruction and discipline; that he would have nothing to keep from their scrutiny or that of patrons. Finally, he said: "Gentlemen, I hope you will take pains to introduce me to the parents, whenever an opportunity occurs, for I wish to know every one who has an interest in the school."

Among the many to whom Carl was introduced, there was one, a young physician, fresh from college, by the name of Corwin. Between Carl and Dr. Corwin there grew up the most intimate friendship. The Doctor frequently took Carl with him on his rides to the country, and these trips were most restful and delightful to Carl after his close application and confinement in the school-room. Carl always felt grateful to the Doctor for his thoughtful kindness; and, on the other hand, it was a pleasure to the Doctor to have with him one so cheerful and talkative and hopeful; for the early experience of a young physician, just starting in life, is not always conducive to hopeful and pleasant thought.

Carl was not only a member of the church, but was a

regular attendant at all its services, and it was not long until the Doctor was likewise a member and an attendant. Carl, however, never claimed to have influenced the Doctor in this direction.

Upon the opening of the school, in September, the interior of the building presented a striking contrast to the scene that met Carl's view on his first visit. The walls had been calcimined, the boards repainted, the wood-work grained, the floors and windows cleaned; a clock had been placed in every room. Every room possessed a new pail and cup, thermometer, erasers, pointers, and a vase for flowers.

The out-buildings had been carefully looked after, and the yard had been mowed and raked. Carl had arranged to board with Ezra and Mary Brown. They were a quiet, unassuming couple, about fifty years of age, and resided in a quiet and shady part of town. Mary was one of the best of housewives, and Ezra had a passion for good novels and fine horses.

On Wednesday before school opened, Carl met all his teachers in the high-school room, for a talk about their work; and, should these pages fall into the hands of some one about to enter the graded school, let such an one read slowly.

When a friendly hand of greeting had been given to each one, Carl said: "Ladies, I wish to briefly outline the scope of work we have before us. Some of the things I may mention may at first seem trivial and unimportant, but years of close observation have taught me their value. First of all: Your rooms have been put in good order for your reception; see to it that they are kept so. Let the



vase on your desk never lack for flowers. In each of your rooms you will find a thermometer; look at its face many times each day. Your ventilation registers will need your careful attention. Study closely the light and shade of your window-blinds. Your rooms have been supplied with waste-baskets; allow no waste paper to find its way into the coal-box or to be left on the floor. Order, neatness, cleanliness, and a pure atmosphere will always be characteristic of the *successful* teacher, and the lack of these or *any* of these will characterize the *unsuccessful* teacher. Should the janitor at any time neglect any of his duties or become insolent in his manner, you will report the same to me at once. Next, as to instruction: A printed copy of the course of study you already have in your possession; keep a copy always in your desk, for ready reference, and also a copy at your home. I have carefully prepared a more specific outline for this term's work for each of you, and I wish you to carefully carry it out. You will also find, attached to this outline work, a copy of your daily programme; keep it always exhibited in your rooms. I have had special boards painted in your rooms for this purpose. Our course of study is not to be a *dead letter*—it is to be *spirit and life*. We will not be vacillating—one month all excitement on this hobby, and next month something else—and thus ever changing, like the skin of the chameleon. Such a plan could bring only disaster.

"Each room will commit to memory a poem each term, and recite it aloud in my presence. Sparta conquered when her sons had learned the poems of Tyrtæus.

"Third, as to government: We must first govern our-

selves. By this I mean, let no teacher, under any circumstances whatever, allow herself to say aught against any other teacher in the building. Should you do so, your resignation will at once be requested. Our trials are mutual—*we must be united*. The same will hold good in regard to your pupils; do not say evil of the most refractory; punish when necessary, but do not speak evil against the pupil. Believe me, every boy and every girl has a good side somewhere—*search till you find it*.

“As to corporal punishment: I insist that but one kind shall be administered, viz: a good switching, with the natural branch. Pinching, slapping, tying handkerchiefs over mouths, putting pepper on the tongue, and all such practices are heathenish, and will not be permitted. Many of our pupils will come from vicious homes; let us make their school environment conducive to the development of their better natures; if they do not get it here, they will not get it anywhere. Our regular teacher’s meeting will occur each Monday evening, and, at our first meeting next Monday evening, we will decide upon a text book in Mental Science, and we will form a class in that delightful study. The school on Monday evenings will be dismissed at 3.45 o’clock, and thirty minutes will be devoted to teacher’s meeting proper, and thirty minutes to Mental Science.

“In conclusion, I wish to say, ladies, your first and greatest duty is to interest the child in himself. Begin to do this the first day, and keep *on* doing it *every day in the year*. Lead him day after day to see more clearly that the life he builds here, he must take with him into eternity—that he can never put away from self. Let us re-

alize as teachers, that the child we mold and fashion awakens into this life like Adam in the garden of Eden, and finds himself in a paradise, higher than the bloom and fruitage, higher than the streams and embalming shades can create. He finds the earth a vast and perfect apparatus of means adapted to ends. And God created it all for him. Every tint, and every harmony, and every impulse nature gives, is for the development of the children we teach."

There lived, in the town of D, a man by the name of Barney Strong. He is introduced to these pages because year after year he met Carl, on his way to school, and always had a passing greeting. He was an old North Carolinian, tall and bony, with shaggy beard and long hair silvered with age. His pants of blue jeans, his "wammus", and broad-brimmed white hat, were as familiar as his face. He was known for miles around as the "weather prophet." When he was first introduced to Carl, he looked him over and said: "Wall, you're a likely lookin' chap. Take keer, boys, that ere Eph of mine's a smart 'n. He never causes the teacher any trouble. I say, take keer now, boys, he's a writer I—I see, but he writes with the best of them. So school begins a Monday?—wall, you'll have a nice day—moon don't full till Thursday."

There are no scenes that linger longer in our memories, or sink deeper into our hearts, than those of September morns, when old Nature is rallied in the fruitage of the opening autumn. The air is cool and freighted with the pollen of the corn and golden-rod. The sound of the school-bell, the bustle and hurry of the home, the

filling of the dinner-pails, the gathering up of the books, laid aside since spring vacation, the joyous voices of the merry children, upon every road and street, buoyant with life and vigor, all conspire to develop the best and purest elements in our natures. The teacher stands in the school-house door, with pleasant face and outstretched hand, greeting all alike, rich or poor, white or black. What a blessing that warm grasp and that bright smile to many a pinched, dwarfed life, that has known only kicks and cuffs at home, and cursings on the street. May there not be here an opportunity for Galilean miracles—eyes to be opened, ears to be unstopped, dead possibilities to be resurrected? Such were Carl's thoughts as he stood in the open doorway at the beginning of the first day's labor in the Hawkeye State. When evening came, Carl felt well satisfied with his first day's work. He had learned the names of the pupils; formed a kind of classification, subject to changes; and made friends with most of his pupils. He had convinced them of one thing, that the fault should be theirs if there was not cheerful, pleasant work for them all in the future.

Carl made careful preparation for what he called his "*morning talks on general history.*" These talks occupied twenty minutes after the opening exercises every morning. With a map, in full view of the school and pointer in hand, Carl led his pupils on, day after day, through the history of the centuries. At the same time an outline of the subject was made on the board, and copied by the pupils. The degree of interest awakened was wonderful; soon the pupils were asking for books of reference. Carl immediately arranged for a school entertain-

ment. He offered a prize of a silk flag to the room selling the most tickets. As a result every seat in the town-hall was taken. The entertainment was first-class, as was every one that followed. Thus the people became anxious for their school entertainments. Not a cent of the money was wasted; a large library was soon gathered; pictures were put upon the walls, apparatus of every kind was secured for every grade. Go, teacher, do thou likewise!—thou canst.

The books were read, at home and at school, by the pupils. The desire to read the best books became contagious, and the older people organized a Historical Society, and afterward a C. L. S. C., of which Carl himself was an active member, and became a graduate. There was no trouble in governing such a school—*the school governed itself!*

I do not mean to say there were no misdeeds and no punishments; but such occurrences were rare, and every wrong committed was promptly met and punished.

Every day Carl met his old friend, Barney, and learned of the weather.

When the first snow came, Carl said: "Barney, what do you think of this snow—will it last long?"

"Wall, ef it fell in the dark of the moon it may last some time; I've allers noticed that ef you throw a board out on the dark of the moon, it'll go down, and ef you throw it down in the light of the moon it'll turn up."

"I suppose, Barney," said Carl, "every man ought to tell the truth?"

"Thar's no man," said Barney, "but w-w-what'll vary a

leetle; I-I-I'll bet all I'm wurth that any of our preachers'll vary a leetle. I-I-I've tried 'em."

"But a man may not choose to tell everything, Barney," said Carl.

"T-t-take keer there now, boys, the Good Book tells us to be prompt in all things."

"That's right, Barney, I do not believe you would lie."

"T-t-take keer there now, boys! No, if-if-if a man asks me anything, I'll tell him the truth, every whack."

Year after year, the school at D grew and prospered; year after year, the same teachers were employed at increased salaries; year after year, pupils from other districts flocked in, until the school-board was compelled to build additional school room. The outside attendance added wealth to the town, vivacity to the school, and pleasure to the social circle.

Carl labored on with a double purpose in view, viz., the good of mankind, and a home some day, somewhere, with—dared he hope—Dora, "some sweet day, some sweet day."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LOST LETTER.

"The tender trouble of her eyes  
Is burning hope deferred: the tears  
In witness of her grief, arise  
From day to day, through all the years."

Dora Dundore had been born and reared in the suburbs of the town of R. Her father was a wealthy farmer. There is, perhaps, no more fertile spot anywhere in the world than the Scioto valley. Mr. Dundore was the possessor of four hundred acres of this productive soil, and his possession touched the corporation line of R.

He was one of the few farmers that could oversee a farm successfully without doing its drudgery.

His wife was a literary lady of fine culture, and was always foremost in every enterprise of philanthropy. Her parents were both "Quakers," and in the home circle the whole family used the plain language of the "Friends."

Dora had two brothers and one sister, all younger than herself. Her sister, who was the youngest, was at once the pet and plaything of the whole family.

When Carl first met Dora, her dark expressive eyes and her sprightly imperious manner were her chief attractions. The slight willfulness, which was displayed

when a child, gave energy and self reliance to her character as she approached womanhood. Both pride and ambition, as well as a sense of duty, impelled her to do well whatever she undertook to do. Nature had given her more than average mental ability, and no pains were spared by the loving parents in the development of her intellectual faculties. During her school-life, Dora learned the most valuable lesson that any student *can* learn, and that lesson was, *to study from love for study*. She did not however allow her school-work to cause her to neglect physical exercise. She enjoyed riding horse-back and frequently made half-day excursions to the country, with her father or brothers for company. There was no form of outdoor exercise that gave her so much pleasure, as a quiet row on the river. Almost any pleasant day she might be seen sending her boat swiftly up the stream. Sometimes she would land under some shady tree and read or dream an hour or two; but more often she would row until tired, and then, turning the boat toward home, would slowly float with the current.

But Dora Dundore did not live the life of a dreamer. She could not; the life blood that coursed with such strength and vigor through her veins, imparted too much vitality, too much energy, to permit an idle life. Trained to habits of industry by a careful, Christian mother, Dora found, as every oldest daughter may find, that many of her mother's cares and duties were passing into her hands, and, being an unselfish, loving, conscientious girl, their discharge was a pleasure rather than a burden to her. The influence of a Christian home, and



daily reading of God's word had early led Dora to see the need of spiritual development, and so carefully was she taught and trained, that her religious life had grown as her mind grew. She took delight in the reading of her Bible, in secret prayer, and in the public worship, because it satisfied the demands of this faculty that an allwise Father had given her to develop.

These she felt to be just as enjoyable as the row on the river, or the studies of some new subject. Nor is it strange, that she *should* enjoy them. She had developed the *capacity* for their *enjoyment*. Her parents fully appreciated the truth, that we can enjoy doing only those things which we have *strength* to do; and so, little by little, all her life, they cared for the spiritual nature of their child, and taught her to do those things that would add to her spiritual strength. She enjoyed the row on the river, because she was *physically* strong; she enjoyed the mastery of new subjects, because she had *mental power*, and she found delight in the performance of religious duties, because the development of the *highest* and *best* part of her nature had not been neglected. Dora was not perfect; she was simply a healthy, happy, conscientious, Christian girl, who loved home and parents, laughed and sang with her brothers and baby sister, and did each day the duties nearest to her hand, and trusted her heavenly Father for the morrow.

After her adventure on the water with Carl, when the gratification of her childish vanity came nearly not only costing her her own life but that of another, for a long time she was more serious and thoughtful than ever before in her life. No thoughtful mind can realize that

they have been so near eternity, and not be sobered by the thought.

All through her childhood days she loved to wander down the street to the old mill, and although, for years, she would involuntarily catch her breath at sight of the dam, and a feeling of fear would thrill her whole being at sound of the waters falling over into the current below, she could not find it in her heart to wish that the circumstance had not occurred.

The time of roses never came but she remembered that she had once shared them with the playfellow who saved her life.

As years passed, Dora formed the habit of comparing Carl with the boys who were her playfellows. Knowing so little of him and admiring him for that one act of bravery, she did just what every girl and woman in this world does at one time in her life—forms an ideal character and invests a poor, imperfect piece of humanity with its characteristics. Happy the man who has manhood enough to try to live somewhere near the ideal created for him by the woman who loves him; and happy the woman whose blindness continues through life, and who never realizes that her idol is clay—*common clay*.

When Dora met Carl at the spelling-school, he in no way disappointed her. She was too honest to disguise the pleasure that meeting of him gave her, and too young to ask herself why every incident connected with that meeting was recalled over and over again with so much enjoyment.

No school exhibition, church or Sabbath-school sociable was quite complete without Dora. She was a favor-

ite not only with her young companions, but with older people as well. She had a clear, sweet voice and, whether heard in recitation or song, it never failed to please those who listened.

I insert a little poem composed by her at the age of twelve years, and declaimed at the school exhibition:

THE FARMING MAN.

"Who may with the farmer vie?  
See his fields of wheat and rye;  
Harvest yields a rich supply—  
To the farming man.

When the autumn winds appear,  
See his corn with golden ear;  
Welcome seasons of the year—  
To the farming man.

See the orchard's fruitful trees;  
Apples lie among the leaves,  
Peaches better still than these—  
For the farming man.

And to make the sweetest wine  
Plucks the grapes from off the vine;  
Everything is done in time—  
By the farming man.

Horses fine may farmers keep,  
Cows and hogs, and fleecy sheep;  
Everything is here complete—  
With the farming man.

He has buckwheat, oats, and hay;  
Fowls of many kinds alway;  
Pienty crowns the autumn day—  
For the farming man.

Blest are they who own a farm,  
For the country has a charm  
Pleasing to the heart that's warm—  
Like the farming man."

While not an artist, Dora dearly loved to use her pencil; and many an overhanging tree or rugged bluff along

the bank of her favorite river, had been reproduced by her on canvas. But, among all her pictures, there was not one in which she had put so much of patient work and tender memories, as the picture of the old mill-dam.

When Dora learned of Carl's intended visit to R, her heart told her at once that he was coming to see her; she then believed what she had long hoped, that she still lived in his affections. She was now in her early womanhood. She had known nothing of Carl during all the years since the spelling-school. She could only remember the boy. She knew she had admired the boy; but would she love the man? Would he be educated and refined? He would mark the changes in her as well—would they please him?

Her affections had been sought by other young men, but their proffered love was not reciprocated, although at one time she had tried to persuade herself to care for one who seemed in every way a most estimable young man.

She tried to think calmly of Carl's intended visit and to prepare herself for it. Possibly, he would make only a formal visit. Possibly he had not remembered her with the same warmth of feeling that she had remembered him—perhaps, after all, it would really be a business trip, and he would return without *even visiting her*.

On the other hand, should he offer his love—and in spite of her effort, her face would flush when the thought came—could she reciprocate it? Was he not, after all, a stranger to her? Certainly she could not trust her future to the keeping of one who was so nearly a stranger.

Should she receive him in a cold, formal manner until she knew more of his feelings and purposes?

When all these thoughts had passed through her mind a thousand times and more, she decided that, if he was aiming to see her, the first place he would visit would be the old mill-dam. She would meet him there; she would take this as an index of his feelings toward her, and she would meet him kindly and, if he offered her his protection and his love, she would not refuse them. Carl had always been a factor, uninvited, yet ever mysteriously present, in all her schemes of future life. When he came and she met him at the boat, she did not feel satisfied that she knew her own heart as she had thought she would. And long after Carl had gone to his own rooms, she sat by her window not *dreaming*, but with every faculty *alert*, reviewing the hours of the afternoon and evening and trying to plan her future, for she knew, now, that sooner or later, there would come to her a question which she must answer. And from her inmost heart she wanted to be able to decide for the good, as well as the present happiness, of both herself and Carl.

She did not, she could not, decide it now; and, kneeling, she prayed earnestly for wisdom and guidance in this one of the most important events of her life.

Day after day, during Carl's visit, Dora learned to realize the depths of her affection for him. And she had almost determined when the supreme moment came, when he should ask her companionship for life, that she would give the answer her heart prompted, and Carl so much desired. But when it came she was not ready, she would be sure of herself, would know more of Carl be-

fore she would bind herself by any definite promise. Carl had seemed so sure of a favorable reply, perhaps, she had unconsciously encouraged him to believe that she was to be had for the asking. His slightly confident manner touched her pride, and she determined to not give him just the answer he most desired. Dora, however, was not a little disappointed, when Carl bade her a kind, almost a tender, good night, but did not once allude to the thought that each knew to be uppermost in the mind of the other. Before they reached home she would have given all the world, had she answered him as her heart dictated. Had Carl really called that night at ten o'clock, he would have found Dora still awake, and his dark forebodings would have been lightened, and his heart cheered and comforted by what her eyes, if not her lips, would have told him.

Her first awakening thought, the next morning, was that Carl would call early to bid her good-bye. Would he renew his request—could she reasonably hope that he might?

She gathered the choicest flowers and arranged two tiny bouquets, in each of which she put a rose, a pansy, and a dainty sprig of heliotrope; drawing a single strand of hair from her glossy braids, she bound them together in such a way that they would separate easily. When Carl came, he should have one, and she would keep the other—she knew that he would understand. Much has been said of maidenly loveliness; pen and brush, in the hand of poet and painter, have vied with each other to produce a picture, that may impress the heart through the eye or ear, as does the vision of budding woman-hood.

But father, mother, and lover know that no poet's dream or painter's canvas ever rivaled for one moment, in sweetness or beauty, the dainty, girlish creature, who is all the world to them. Such was the thought of Mr. and Mrs. Dundore, as Dora, in a pale pink morning gown, passed lightly from room to room, with a smile on her lips and light in her eye. She was happy, and that happiness beamed from every feature of her expressive countenance. Nothing of this escaped the mother's notice, and her smile was not all joy, as she heard the sweet, full tones of her daughter's voice, singing an old love song which she learned to please her father.

But the moments flew by, and no Carl came. She heard the whistle of the train; it was now too late to expect him, and with anxious face and heavy heart she went about her daily duties. As the day wore away, she felt that she must be alone; she could not longer appear indifferent. The weather was delightful, she would go to the river. She walked slowly down to where the boat was moored, she unlocked it, stepped in, and pushed out from the shore. As she took up the oars, the events of the past few days, and especially the conversation of the day before, came vividly before her. Her eyes filled with tears and, as she slowly pulled up the stream, she wondered if it were possible that he had misconstrued her answer into a positive refusal. She felt that this was hardly possible—she had but asked him to wait—and waiting, he might hope. The thought that Carl had been base enough to win her affections to gratify his vanity, and really cared nothing for her, was one unworthy of herself and dishonorable to a friend. Her woman's heart

was wrought upon by fears, of she knew not what. Suddenly the thought came that he might be sick in his room at the hotel. Reproaching herself for her thoughtlessness, she would go at once and inquire. She turned her boat toward home, but before she reached the shore her heart failed her. Why should a young lady be inquiring at a hotel for a young gentleman? What explanation could she offer to the landlord? Heart-sick and sad she returned to her home, and, without seeing any of the family, went at once to her own room. She removed her hat and, tossing to one side her roses, threw herself upon the couch and wept long and bitterly.

When the supper hour came, her place was vacant. She did not respond to her mother's call. Somewhat alarmed, the mother ascended to Dora's room and found her still weeping.

A few broken words and her daughter's tears told the loving mother more plainly than the clearest explanation could have done, the cause of the sudden change that had come over the happy girl of the morning. With loving words and tender caresses the mother bathed the aching head, and cheered the heavy heart of her child. As Dora grew calmer she laid her head upon her mother's knee and told her all that there was to tell, both of childish dreams and girlish love.

Then she told her mother of the question asked the day before, and the answer she had given. The mother's breath came quickly but she said quietly, as she passed her hand lovingly over the waving brown hair, which shadowed the pure white forehead: "You did quite right, my dear, in not deciding quickly; and



whether this experience brings thee all joy, or subjects thee to trial, thou hast a loving Father's care, and 'all things work together for good to those who love Him.'" Dora soon became quiet and the mother left her.

It was decided that her father should go to the hotel and ascertain if Carl was still there; if not, at what time he left. Upon making inquiry he was informed that Mr. McKenzie had received a telegram the previous evening, the contents of which the landlord did not know—that he seemed much excited—asked the time of the first train, paid his bill, hurriedly wrote a letter, asked for an envelope and stamp, took it to the post-office and went immediately to the train. Mr. Dundore turned his steps towards the post-office expecting to find the letter for Dora, that would make the necessary explanation. So he walked leisurely down that way, talking with one and another he met on the street. As he came within a block of the office, he met Deacon Smith who lives just across the river and was known far and wide for his acts of charity, and staunch nobility of character. Dundore and Smith had known each other from boyhood; they were members of the same church and used the plain language; both were staunch Republicans. After chatting a few minutes about the crop prospect, Smith said: "Neighbor Dundore, I would like to have a little private talk with you, and, as soon as I mail this letter, I will return."

"I will go with you, neighbor," said Dundore, "as I have not been this morning."

The two stalwart farmers walked together down the

street to the post-office. Deacon Smith mailed his letter, and Mr. Dundore asked for his mail.

"Nothing for you, Mr. Dundore," said the postmaster.

"Have any of the family got the mail to-day?" said Mr. Dundore.

"No, there has none come for you."

"May I ask if thou wilt be so kind as to look into the box, receiving the mail from the outside slot?" said Mr. Dundore.

"It is not necessary, as I have already looked in there once to-day," said Mr. Dewey, dryly.

Dundore and Smith walked out of the office, and when, a few minutes after, they were seated on two boxes, in the back-room of Arment's store, Smith began: "Neighbor, Dundore, thee and me have known each other for a great many years, and I have always found thee a faithful friend—one in whom I could confide my secret thoughts."

"And I can say the same of thee, neighbor Smith," said Dundore.

"Now," continued Smith, "what I am about to say concerns the man we have just left, Michael Dewey, our postmaster. Some time ago I mailed a letter to widow Smolton, whom you know is needy, and as the Bible says 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,' I put the letter through the slot on the outside. I asked the widow to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, which she never has done. But this is not all, neighbor Dundore—*others* have been losing letters and money in the same way. The good Lord knows I do not wish to judge anyone wrongfully. Mr. Dewey has always seemed like a straight-forward man; he pays his

debts; he is temperate and frugal. I signed the petition to Abraham Lincoln, asking for his appointment. I have not mentioned my suspicions to any one but thyself, and I have come to thee for advice and counsel."

"What you say indeed seems strange, neighbor Smith. Michael Dewey has always seemed to me like an upright man, and we have not a better Republican among us than he. Suppose we let the matter rest for awhile, and await further developments. We have no positive proof at present, and I am a firm believer in the statement '*murder will out.*'"

Deacon Smith concurred with Mr. Dundore, and so their conversation ended.

Mr. Dundore thought seriously of the matter as he walked homeward. Arriving at home he related to Dora, and her mother all that he had learned of the telegram, and the sudden departure of Carl McKenzie.

For a long time Dora looked daily for a letter from Carl, but as the time lengthened into weeks, and then into months, she no longer expected it. She heard, through the friends who had written of his intended visit to R, that he had gone to Iowa; and then, except as he lived in her memory, he had dropped entirely out of her life.

While attending the Friends' College at Richmond, Indiana, Dora made many warm friends; among them was one to whom she was especially attached. This friend was the daughter of missionaries who had spent the best part of their lives in trying to Christianize the Indians of Montana. Mary Martin had lived among these people until she was twelve years of age, and loved her

home and the work of her parents with a feeling that was almost devotion. About the time that Carl came to R, Mary had written Dora to come to the mountains, and spend the summer. It was talked over in family council, and decided that Dora could not be spared, but a pressing invitation had just been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Martin to allow Mary to come to Ohio and spend a few weeks, at least, with her school-mate. Mary came and won all their hearts with her pure, sweet face, and gentle, loving ways. The visit of weeks grew into months, and snow was on the ground when Mary Martin started for her western home. Besides the loving remembrances and kind wishes that Mary took with her, she carried the heart of a tall dark-eyed cousin of Dora's. The next spring, investments were made in some mines not far from the reservation, and a new home was made in the delightful little valley where Mary had always lived.

Dora was losing sprightliness and vigor. She was not sick, but the daily round of simple duties was becoming wearisome to her; she longed for a broader field and harder work.

Two years had now passed since that memorable evening in the boat, and she had heard not a word from Carl, nor did she know anything of his whereabouts—only that he had gone to Iowa. Mary, in her far-away home, had written repeatedly for her to come to them and enjoy the benefit of the mountain air. The feeling of dissatisfaction with her life grew stronger and stronger; she knew that she had powers for usefulness that were unemployed, and, after consultation with father and mother, she wrote, offering herself as a helper to Mr.

and Mrs. Martin, in their work among the Piegan Indians.

The offer was gladly accepted and all the preliminaries being settled, Dora began her preparations for her journey. These were few and simple, and soon completed.

Many were the loving admonitions and bits of advice, given by father and mother, in the quiet evening talks with this dear daughter who was so soon to try her wings outside the home-nest. Never had home seemed so dear, or home-companionship so sweet, as in those last few days. And had Dora not felt that she must have employment to occupy both hand and brain, and have no time for thought of self, she would even now have given up the work which she had undertaken. But there was too much persistence in her nature, and the sense of duty which urged her forward was too strong, to permit her to waver.

On the morning previous to Dora's departure, the town of R was thrown into a fever of excitement. Deacon Smith's suspicions grew in his mind to certainties. People no longer whispered their suspicions, but talked them broadly in the street. The feeling became so strong this time that there was a petition, with many hundred signers, asking for Mr. Dewey's removal. The Post-office Department at Washington had frequently been notified of the missing letters, and, at this very time, had one of Pinkerton's detectives in the town, at work, although he was not known to the citizens. For a long time the detective was completely baffled. He found that whenever he mailed a letter in the office, it always reached its destination; but twice out of five

times, when mailed through the outside slot, the letters were lost.

Taking with him the officials of the town, he called at the post-office, put Mr. Dewey under arrest, and proceeded to go through the contents of the office. Here he found everything all right. He then examined the letter-box. He handed a gentleman half a dozen letters and sent him on the outside to slip them in; when the lid was raised but four could be found. It was the work of a moment to tear off the box. All was plain: the little slot between the plastering and weather-boarding had slipped from its place, and, unless care was taken, the letters would fall down inside the plastering, instead of into the box on the inside. In a few moments, the lath and plaster were removed, and there were found more than one hundred letters which had failed to reach their destination. Among the many was one containing five dollars, addressed to Widow Smolton, and one which Carl McKenzie had written to Dora Dundore.

## CHAPTER X.

### A DAY'S EXPERIENCE COPIED FROM CARL'S DIARY.

Needful instruction; not alone in arts,  
Which to his humble duties appertain,  
But in the love of right and wrong, the rule  
Of human kindness, in the peaceful ways  
Of honesty and holiness severe.

This is a glorious morning—never felt better in all my life. I hope for a good day's work. Not a cloud in the sky outside. Mary's coffee, steak, and waffles, all seemed to taste extra nice this morning. Some one is knocking—

"Good morning, Mr. McKenzie."

"Good morning, Mr. Gillam."

"I don't want to bother you in your work or find any fault with the school, but them Thornton boys keeps cloddin' my Freddie, on the way home from school. I know Freddie is a good little boy, and always wants to do what is right; and I never knew him to tell a lie in all his life. I don't allow him to fight, and we always tell him he must mind his teacher. I thought I would just tell you about it. It must be stopped or I'll have to take Freddie out of school; I can't have him crippled."

"Very well, Mr. Gillam, I shall look into the matter. Will be glad to have you visit the school, Mr. Gillam." It is eight o'clock—passing down the street I meet my old friend.

"Good morning, Barney. This is a glorious morning; How about the weather to-morrow, Barney?"

"T-t-take keer now, boys. It'll be playin' another tune now, mighty quick—I-I-I tell you old Barney hain't watched them ere stars all his life, for nothin'. It'll snow before ten o'clock to-night. T-t-take keer now boys. Thirty-eight years ago to-morrow morning, and old Barney would be a goin' out with his gun after a buck, and I'd git him, too."

'Barney, how did you like Johnson's sermon yesterday?'

"Johnson is a mighty smart man. H-h-he is a calm man and can keep this thoughts together. That's what it takes to make a smart man."

"What do you think of the legislature, Barney."

"Both sides is wrong. T-t-t-take keer there, boys; they ought to be doin' something else besides dividin' the spoils."

Here comes ten-year-old June.

"Good morning, Mr. McKenzie; I brought you a bouquet."

"O, thank you, June—those are very beautiful; shall I kiss you for them?"

"No, indeed, papa would be jealous if you did; and, besides, if you kissed me, I'd kiss you; and you see you would be still more in my debt than you are now, for you know, although flowers are sweet, that kisses are sweetest."

I reached my office.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith."

"Good morning, Mr. McKenzie; sorry to take your time, but the W. C. T. U. have arranged for a grand mass-



meeting in the hall, to-night. The mayor and all the preachers are to speak, and we want a speech from you, also—just a ten minutes talk."

"I never make speeches, Mrs. Smith, and, really, I cannot grant your request."

"But they told me you was for temperance and the home."

"Well, so I am, but I don't make *speeches*."

"Well you'll be there anyway, and I know you'll announce it through all the school."

"Certainly, I'll do that, Mrs. Smith."

"Well, I'll not take more of your time—Good morning, Mr. McKenzie."

"Good morning."

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I do not wish to trespass upon your time, but I am here to represent Jones' Brothers, and am selling the 'Wonders of the World.'

"Can't buy—you know the laws of this state forbid agents to vend their goods in school-buildings."

"Good morning, sir."

"Well, Nellie, what can I do for you?"

"Here's a note teacher sent you."

"MR. MCKENZIE: I am unable to take charge of my room to-day. Will you please send a substitute?"

TEACHER FOURTH GRADE."

"All right, Nellie—tell her I'll send a substitute."

"Jimmie, you come next, my fine boy—what is it?"

"Mr. McKenzie, please, teacher wants a box of crayons."

"And here it is, Jimmie."

"Della, let me see your note."

"MR. MCKENZIE: Sir: My children was sent home for scarlet fever, and they are out a pensil and a Scratch-Book. Yu'll hunt them up and send them this noon.

"MICHAEL MAYHO."

"All right, Della; I'll look them up."

On my table, two notes:

NO. 1. "TEECHER, please let my little Henry Change his seet claud Romic sister have just got over scarlet fever and He is apt to take it eny time a most and Oblige

"MRS. E. J. EVANS."

NO. 2. 'MR. PROFESSOR: This thing of children a study-in' drawin' i don't see no sence in, and i don't want my boy to study it—tech him his numbers, readin' and ritin', that's enough fur him to lurn. THOMAS SNODGRASS."

"I see I still have one occupant in the office beside myself—may I inquire your name?"

"Joan Headly."

"And you wish to enter school?"

"Yes sir."

"How far have you been in arithmetic, Joan?"

"Through Ray's Third Part, three times."

"Oh, can you tell me the amount of 150 pounds of hay, at \$4.00 per ton?"

"How many pounds?"

"One hundred and fifty."

"At what price?"

"Four dollars per ton."

"Why, we never had anything like that—I never heard of such a problem."

"Well, take another one: three-fourths of twelve is three-fifths of what number?"

"I'd have to have a pencil for that."

"Have you studied grammar?"

"Oh yes, but I don't know whether it is the same kind you have here or not."

"Will you analyze this sentence for me—Washington crossed the Delaware in the middle of the night."

"I can diagram it."

"But can you not analyze it?"

"We only diagrammed where I went to school."

"Who was your teacher, Miss Headley?"

"Miss Jane Simpson."

"I remember her quite well, she was in the Normal last year and she holds a first-class certificate. It is now my class-time, Miss Headley. There is the morning paper; entertain yourself until my return."

Geometry class recited well, yet, I must confess a feeling of disappointment because in studying the lesson myself, I had Oscar Knell especially in my mind, and he is absent this morning. In my office again, and Miss Headley assigned to seventh grade. Sat down and just began to look over mental science lesson for teachers' meeting. A loud rap.

"Good-morning. Mrs. Baker, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that's just who it is."

"Will you be seated, Mrs. Baker?"

"I haven't time to set down, but I believe I will anyhow, for I see I am a little nervous."

"Climbing the stairs, no doubt. Take this easier chair Mrs. B."

"Well, sir, I just can't stand this any longer—that teacher in seventh grade a-beating my boy. I just hate her; she ought never to have had a position in the school."

"Have you visited the seventh grade, Mrs. Baker?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Possibly if you visited the grade you might find things different from what you suppose them to be."

"I do not wish to visit the room, and besides I am so thoroughly provoked with the teacher that I don't wish to even speak to her."

"You say that the teacher has beaten Kee; when did this happen?"

"It happened last Friday."

"Where did she strike him, Mrs. Baker?"

"Over the head, sir, and bruised it terribly."

"I am sorry, indeed, if such is the case. Remain here a moment until I see the boy."

The boy, the teacher, and Mrs. B. all in the office.

"Kee, did you have any trouble with your teacher on Friday?"

"No, sir."

"None whatever?"

"No, sir, only she slapped me with a blotter for being down between the seats."

"Kee Baker! what did you tell me?"

"Well, mother, I guess part of what I told you wasn't so; you know I said 'that she struck me,' and then I put my hand to my head where the bruise was; and you said, '*the wretch;*' and then I cried, and that's all there was of it."

"But how did you hurt your head, Kee?"

"Well, Mr. McKenzie, I see you know all about it, so I guess I'll tell the truth. Jim Snider and me didn't want to speak Friday, so we played hook, and I fell off the top of a car and banged my head. Jim said I was senseless for awhile."

"Oh, my goodness—you, Kee Baker!"

"Never mind, Mrs. B; I hope you are satisfied, and that you will have a more kindly feeling for the teacher, and a closer watch over your son. My class is waiting; so, good-day, and call again."

A fine recitation in Algebra.

Recess—the Ones beat the Twos at football, and I am the worse of a bruised shin.

On my way to dinner met Mr. Owen. He says that his children never learned so fast in their lives. Says, he will visit the school in a few days.

Met the president of the board; he smiled and shook hands, and said he guessed everything was running nicely, as he had heard no complaints.

In my office, just after dinner—Willie sobbing—  
"Well, what is it, Willie?"

Willie begins to tell. "Sit down, Willie; I think, from what you say, you have told your teacher an untruth. When you think it all over please tell me just the whole truth about it." At end of first half-hour. Willie is uneasy.

"Well, my boy, what have you to say?"

"I *did* tell my teacher a *lie*; and may I go down and tell her so, and that I am sorry?"

"Yes, and your *tears* and *manner* tell me you are sorry."

3:45 P. M. All the teachers present at teachers' meeting. The first fifteen minutes devoted to the discussion of Kindergarten work in the primary grades. Unanimous opinion of the teachers that the work in solids and clay-modeling should be carried forward, through all the primary grades. And an outline of this work was promised for our next meeting. The last fifteen minutes devoted to synthetic reading. The discussion was very spirited, both pro and con. At the conclusion the principal gave his opinion as follows:

"To the synthetic system in the hands of a skillful teacher, and combined with other methods, I have no objections. As has justly been said here this evening, the system requires *study* to understand it, and *work* to succeed with it. It seems to me the synthetic system is but a rounding out of McGuffey's speller. A long experience with McGuffey has taught me that to follow his idea, *exclusively*, is to perfect in articulation and pronunciation, at the expense of expression and thought, and I am satisfied that the synthetic system, used exclusively, would lead to the same result. I wish to say further, however, I would not recommend any person to the school-board, for a position as primary teacher, who had not mastered the synthetic method."

The first half of chapter five, Porter's Psychology, taken up and discussed for thirty minutes.

All alone in the office. Can hear the janitor whistling down-stairs. Good! I see Dr. Corwin driving up this way—that means a ride in the country; and then supper, and the temperance meeting, my mail, my lessons for to-morrow, and finally, sleep, blessed sleep!

And so ends one day's experience, taken *verbatim et literatim* from Carl McKenzie's diary.

This may seem an exaggerated day's work; but every one who has had even a small experience in graded-school work will recognize it, perhaps as an off day, but as one which frequently comes. It was always said of Carl, by his assistant teachers, that he was always the same—not easily excited, and never allowed himself to become "fussy." He was always polite, and, no matter how his work crowded him, he was always cheerful and hopeful.

This tended to make every one around him cheerful. No teacher ever went to Carl for aid or advice but she received the kindest treatment; yet he was positive. He could say "no" so firmly, and yet so kindly, that all respected his decision, whether they believed it for the best or not.

Carl was likewise pleasant and affable with the patrons of the school. He was very often found in the homes of his pupils. On Saturdays it was his custom to visit the stores and business houses, and speak a pleasant word with the proprietors. Carl was liked by the business men, not only for his sociability, but from the fact that he always *paid the cash for whatever he bought*. He never allowed his name to be placed on their ledgers. He claimed that a man on a salary could, if he would, pay for his goods when he bought them, and thus have at least a month's wages at the end of the year to carry him over through vacation.

Carl's high-school boys always came to him for advice, and out of many hundred talks I choose a brief one.

The boy, whose given name was Thomas, was from the country; he was about sixteen years of age, and was a member of the Baptist church. His parents were well-to-do farmers. He said:

"Mr. McKenzie, you seem to take a great deal of interest in us boys and girls, and as I want to get as much out of my life as possible, I wish you would outline a course of action for me to follow."

"Well, Thomas," said Carl, "that is a pretty large request, but we will see what we can do with it. Let us get our bearings first—a kind of invoice of yourself. Physically, you are strong—plenty of bone and muscle; you are attending school, and trying to educate yourself; you already know that an education is not memorizing, but an awakening of your whole intellectual life to self-exertion and activity, and you are willing to toil to secure this, because it will make you useful to yourself and to mankind. You have learned that Christianity is not believing some *dogma* or *creed*, but that it is the active development of the soul in works of philanthropy and love, and the copying of your life after that of the Nazarene.

"Now, let us look into the future. Care well for your physical body, and see to it, Thomas, that no *act of yours* ever degrades it. Continue your course at school, if possible, until you graduate from the college; be ever active in your work for *church* and *Sunday-school*.

"But, Thomas, there is a *business* world, and you must mingle with it. Select you twelve men, and make it a point to show yourself particularly pleasant and polite to each of them; seek to do them little kindnesses; be



in their society whenever you can do so politely; in short, interest those twelve men in yourself. Do not lose your interest in other men, but be especially interested in these *twelve*. There will be many advantages to you arising from this: First, if they are men of character—and you should select only such—their silent influence, aside from their companionship, will lend you a dignity of character. Second: When you are older they will introduce you into business circles, and will give you a prestige you would not otherwise have.

“Should you wish to enter a professional or political career, their influence will be a wonderful force in your behalf. Try this, Thomas, *not in a half-hearted way, but persistently*, and you are sure to succeed. Interest yourself in others, and others will interest themselves in you. Do not believe all men rascals, Thomas, but rather believe all men *honest*, until you find them to be *dishonest*. Like Barney said to me this morning, ‘T-t-take keer there, boys; we’re all good men, and only once in a while a bad one; t-t-take keer there, boys, you shouldn’t think every man a thief.’

“ ‘If what shines afar so grand,  
Turns to nothing in thy hand,  
On again; the virtue lies  
In the *struggle*, not the *prize*.’ ”

As the spring of 18— approached, Carl felt his health failing. Dr. Corwin advised him to do less work—but how could he? He toiled on day after day, feeling many an evening like he would rather lie down on the office floor than go to his boarding-place. At times like these there came to him a longing for a change of occupation, but the door of no other vocation was near at

hand. The Heavenly Father had especially fitted him for and called him to this work, and Carl believed—

“ That failing the appointed task,  
No further service he might ask.”

In March of this same year, Carl prepared and read the following paper before the students of Dexter Normal School:

“THE TEACHER A FACTOR IN PROVIDENCE.”

There is much in our existence here that is indefinite and uncertain; but there are some things that are *positive* and do not admit of uncertainty. We are sure of our existence; we are sure that the earth exists, and that it is only one of many planets. We are sure that order and harmony exist in the manifold works of nature around us.

Reason is acknowledged by all scientists to be the highest faculty of the human mind, and *reason* can arrive at but one conclusion in respect to the above facts, viz: that the worlds, with all their beauty of system and harmony, must have come into existence through design, and not by chance, and that design implies a designer; and that design also implies *purpose*, for to design an existence of any kind without the element of purpose would be idiotic and ridiculous. The element of purpose in creation, as well as in construction, means that the *minutest part* has a purpose.

The old statement, so often made, “that the idea of God is intuitive in the human soul,” is pregnant with truth—yea, *it is the truth*. The history of all peoples proves it.

There are two corollaries which necessarily follow the

proposition "that God exists." The first is, that God created, understands, and upholds the universe by a ceaseless putting forth of divine energy. Second, that an ideal creator would not thus create, and uphold, and control, without a mighty, omnipotent purpose—a purpose coextensive in magnitude with our highest conceptions of love.

It should not be thought inconsistent and unreasonable with this conception of God and the universe, that the highest earthly intelligence, the human mind, should attempt, by reason, by history, and by revelation, to catch glimpses of the golden thread of divine purpose, interwoven into the fabric of human existence. Neither should it be considered presumption if, from data of the past and a clear conception of the present, one should step a little way into the future and see this golden thread of providence in our own country's history, and be able to see the human leaders of civilization, the common school teachers, as factors in the hands of the great *Master* and *Teacher*. To make such an attempt is the object of this paper.

In the line of history, what can we say of the divine hand of providence? As to natural position, we are in the right latitude and under the right stars.

It is an oft-repeated fact that the history of the world has been written between the parallels that bound the north temperate zone. That wonderful history of human discipline, "The Forty Years' March in the Wilderness," was in this latitude. Jesus of Nazareth wrought his miracles by this temperate sunlight. The ancient tower of Babel stretched its unfinished sum-

mit toward the clouds within this zone; and we find the most intelligent art of that scattered people, after a lapse of years, rising higher and higher into intellectual grandeur, in the peninsula of Greece. Homer first recited the *Iliad* in this latitude. The battles of Marathon, Plataea, and Salamis were fought between these lines. Beneath these temperate stars was written that brilliant page in Grecian history, in which Pericles fostered the fine arts; and Grecian mothers gave birth to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

If we cross the Adriatic, in the same latitude, we may see the temperate sunlight kissing the hill-tops of Italy. Then will come rushing to our mind her wonderful history—a marble city, queen of the world, a Cæsar and a Cicero. We cross the Alps, and after the fifth century, a Charlemagne gathers together the splintered fragments of the western empire and binds them into one. And then comes the Norseman, disintegrating his empire and infusing that heroic blood into the veins of Central Europe, making her stronger and more invigorated. Then follow the Crusades, the Reformation, the growth and civilization of England—all of which is written within the boundaries of the north temperate zone, the latitude and the climate which has fostered the civilization and written the history of the world.

Now, is it not providential that our country lies within the same latitude and is warmed by the same temperate sun? This divine thread can be seen in the development of the nations. Nations are developed just as individuals are. Every individual who reaches normal maturity passes through five distinct stages of de-

velopment: First, that of infancy, in which the child necessarily depends entirely upon the wisdom of the parent. It is a despotic existence. Second, is childhood, or discipline of conscience. Third, youth, or development of personal liberty. Fourth, discipline of will under social law. Fifth, development of philanthropy.

It can be shown that our present civilization has passed through all five of these stages of development.

Oriental civilization was one of absolute power. The Hebrew civilization was one of the discipline of the conscience. The Grecian civilization was one of personal liberty. The Roman civilization was a development of will under social law. And, fifth and last, Christian civilization corresponds to the full ripened manhood, *the age of active practical philanthropy*.

These wonderful facts could easily be bounded by dates and fully illustrated by examples, and let it suffice to say they stand out on the face of history so plainly that we are compelled to admit that *complete Christian civilization* is an element in the divine conception of the ages.

The history of our own country furnishes examples of the divine hand in our own destiny.

Near the close of the fifteenth century, and during the famous Moorish war of the Spanish peninsula, there had settled in Lisbon the man who gave to the world a new continent. While Ferdinand and Isabella were planning campaigns against the Moors, Columbus was drawing maps and bringing into existence the idea of the rotundity of the earth. He was planning a campaign across the Atlantic. There were some things connected with

this voyage which make transparent the hand of providence. The first volume of Irving's history of Columbus tells of that wonderful and mysterious swelling of the ocean, the turning of the prow of the *Pinta* to the southwest for almost a whole night. Had they kept directly west at this time, they must have struck the main land, and this country have been given to Spain. Can you map out the history of our country if such a thing had happened? Would not the noble civilization which Christianity has achieved been bound and fettered by an ecclesiastical priesthood? I believe that it was the providence of God that sent that swell in the ocean, and those birds in the air, and that directed the hand of the pilot to turn the prow of the *Pinta* until that little fleet looked to the southwest from west on the eve of September 25, 1492.

The butchery of the Aztecs and the unhappy reign of Montezuma seem, indeed, repellant to our modern civilization; but when we remember *Jericho* we can but see the hand of providence wiping out forever the abomination of human sacrifice. Surely the nation has existed long enough, which can pile up in one ghostly heap a hundred thousand human skulls as a monument of her bloody altars.

God sent *Joshua* over the *Jordan* and *Cortez* across the *Gulf*. There is a combination of circumstances interwoven into the history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which shows the handwriting of divine providence more clearly than that seen by the Babylonian court of Belshazzar. Two hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims, type-printing was invented, and im-

mediately the presses of Gutenberg, Faust, and Caxton are multiplying printed copies of the Bible. Just at this time Constantinople was taken by the Turks, and the Greeks are driven to the west, and with their language they furnish the West the key to the proper understanding of the New Testament. And thus Central Europe in the early dawn of the new era began to see the chains bound around her by the power of Rome. Then Martin Luther appears, and you all know the history of the contest.

This is the time in the world's history when a new civilization is bursting from embryo. Shall the new civilization be left to develop upon the barren soil of Europe, among the traditions and superstitions of the ages, or shall we find it a new home?

New scenes, new associations, and travel are necessary to broaden the intellect and give vivacity to action. No two civilizations have ever occurred in the same region. Abraham was called out, and so were the Pilgrim Fathers.

A new civilization was born in Europe, but cradled in America—a land than which there is none other so lavish and munificent in all the varied gifts which nature can bestow in climate, fertility, and scenery. To suppose that God has had no hand in all this is to suppose that the greatest intelligence of the universe has forgotten and neglected some of the mightiest conceptions of His own handiwork.

There are two master ideas enthroned in the mind of man. These are—God and Liberty.

I wish to attempt to show that these two master ideas have had unfettered growth *only upon American soil.*

God is love, and in its widest, deepest sense—in the sense of universal brotherhood.

Let us trace it down the ages through the muse of the poet, and the fruitage will ripen only on American soil. There is not a line in all the "Iliad" which expresses that fine conception of love—"Love your enemies." We may call the poem a masterpiece of human genius, and the poem of the ages, and yet it does not begin to grasp that high ideal of the universal brotherhood. The "Odyssey" is no better.

Virgil says: "For love is lord of all, and in all the same;" but the next half-dozen lines betray his lack of any *holy* conception of love.

Dante talks of love, but we know his world of love was no larger than his passion for Beatrice.

Milton both "Lost and Regained Paradise," but in all that beauty of language, and thought, and figure of rhetoric, we do not find an exemplified "*Golden Rule*."

"Paradise Lost" may be called the sublimest epic, but it is too *rigid* to be *gentle*, and too *self-doctrinal* to be *kind* and *brotherly*.

And the world's greatest dramatist, Shakespeare! But did Shakespeare ever write a drama equal to the good Samaritan? But the conception of the good Samaritan was not in American soil. True, it was not conceived here, but here it fruited. I'll prove it by history. Who first gave the world this high ideal of love? Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus was humanity at its climax, plus the eternally divine. He was the *great factor* in the divine purpose.

Before the seed which he had sown could develop, it



was seized by the strong arm of civil power and severally bound to the state.

This, as you all know, was done in the time of Constantine. I attempted to show that the human intellect, so far as we can see, is the noblest work of the Creator; that He has not neglected that work, but has a ceaseless, watchful care over it. These facts were shown by history. And this civil power of the state never let loose its grasp upon the church until Roger Williams said on American soil, "Let every man worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

*Then* and *there* was set free that noblest impulse of the human soul, love—love to God, love to humanity. It still grows.

It has rooted out slavery, and as soon as we think as much of our fellow-men and of humanity as we *ought* to think, it will root out the rum power and make woman the peer of man.

To return once more to our poets, and this time on this side of the Atlantic. Longfellow comes to us all with his balm of Gilead, and says:

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portals we call death."

How grandly sublime is Bryant's "Forest Hymn!" Here is a quotation from the "Song of the Sower:"

"The love that leads the willing spheres  
Along the meandering track of years,  
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,  
Shall brood above thy winter's rest."

And our grand old seer, of whom every American is proud---John G. Whittier---says:

“ I know not where God’s islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.”

I have given these quotations simply to show that American poets come into our homes, into the palaces of our souls, and decorate the walls, and put therein real plants, with odor and blossom, so that when we look out of the window, the landscape is softened and the light is mellowed. And this is not strange, for Christian themes and Christian ethics furnish the poet a wider scope, and a purer air, and a holier light, than were furnished before love and liberty were unbound.

If what has been said thus far in this paper is true; if the universe *is* the handiwork of Omniscience, and not of chance; if God is a God of purpose; if this “whole creation moves toward one far-off divine event”—then surely the American teacher, living as he does in the best land under the stars, under the best government known in history, and in the most enlightened world’s progress, becomes a factor in the hands of providence to assist in bringing about the consummation of the divine purpose.

We need a higher conception of the scope of our work. We need an education of the *heart* and *conscience*, as well as of the mind. We have been cowards in the past; we have been afraid to hold up to our pupils the illustrious characters of the Bible for fear we would be called sectarian. We speak of Alexander, of Pericles, of Socra-

tes, of Plato, of Cicero, of Hannibal, of Napoleon, of Homer, of Milton, of Byron, of Shakespeare; but we blush if we happen to mention the name of Moses, or Joseph, or David, or Daniel, or Paul.

I want to say, *I believe it is all wrong, radically wrong.* Of what concern to the children of to-day are the battles of Rome and Greece, and of how infinitely less concern to them are the vain and false philosophies of the buried ages?

The Bible gives us *living* characters. No classic is the peer of the Bible, no system of ethics its equal, no philosophy equal to the Sermon on the Mount.

If Jesus *is* divine, if he *is* the son of God, then his life above all others should be impressed upon the lives of the children of this nation; and we cannot leave this to the home and the church; for many homes are depraved, and the churches are *creed-bound*. Why *should* we leave this to the home and church? Our objects as teachers can only be to make better citizens; and what a nation this would be if every citizen was doing his best to imitate the Nazarene.

Answer me this: Did Jesus utter the *truth* or a *falsehood* when he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I am the Good Shepherd;" "I am the door;" "I am the vine;" "I am the resurrection;" "I am Alpha and Omega." The religion of the Bible stands as the bulwark of this nation. It is the bone, fiber, and muscle of this republic; and as American teachers we shall fail to carry out our parts of the divine purpose unless we build our work upon this basis.

This nation is destined to stand till the end of time,

unless it falls by its own sins. The life of the republic does not depend for a single day upon the *tariff* question, or any other *financial* issue.

The great heart of humanity is heaving with the hope of a brighter day. All the holier impulses of our better natures prophesy of its near approach. We as teachers are *factors* to help it on.

We are not to be discouraged. The cycles past teach us that the "mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." I repeat that we are not to be discouraged. All the combined evils of both earth and hell cannot equal the power of the cross of Christ.

I remember standing on the back platform of a speeding train as it receded from the base of Pike's Peak. The glories of a setting sun bathed the mountain-top in a flood of mellow light and tipped its summit with a golden tinge, but the valleys were shrouded in darkness.

The light from the Son of Righteousness has fallen upon a few of the higher heads and hearts on the summit of humanity, and the foot-hills are still in the darkness of ignorance; but the foot-hills are rising, and the glory of the sun is rising too. The last fifty years have marked more progress—intellectual, scientific, political, social, and religious—than half of the centuries since the beginning of the Christian era.

It takes time to work these changes; but time is a relative term. "To the boy frolicking in childish sports, a thoughtless spendthrift of the golden moments, a century is an eternity; but to a nation it is the babyhood of existence—the gray dawning of the morning of a day."

Former nations have given this world much in language, much in art, much in bloodshed and cruelty. America has set free the twin ideas of love and liberty, and the blessings which flow from these, viz: free schools, free church, free ballot, free speech, free press, charitable institutions of all kinds, a liberal heart that knows how to send food and clothing and money to an unfortunate Dakota, to a burned Chicago, to a racked Charleston, to an inundated Johnstown. And why is this? Simply because the power of the Nazarene is *felt* in the *hearts* of the people.

I do not plead for sectarian dogmas in the school-room, but I do plead that the life and character of Jesus should be held up as the one great life of the ages. And if this can be done by the American teachers in connection with the other potent factors in the hand of providence, this nation will be seen coming up out of the darkness of the past ages crowned with beauty, with perpetual fruitage, and with eternal sunshine. And so the kingdom of Christian civilization growing up through the ocean of sin and sorrow will come out at last *redeemed* and *glorified*. And then will the American teacher who has faithfully done his duty reap his reward, whether in this life or in the life beyond, and shall finally enter into the enjoyment of "splendors and symphonies and loves which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart felt."

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE ROCKIES.

“Your peaks are beautiful  
In the soft light of these serenest skies;  
From the broad highland region, black with pine,  
Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,  
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold  
In rosy flushes, on the virgin gold.

—BRYANT.

When school closed in the spring of 18— Carl was easily persuaded to take the advice of his physician and personal friend, to spend the summer in the Rocky Mountains.

Procuring a ninety-days' excursion ticket over the Union Pacific road, he set out early in June for Denver.

After spending a few days in Denver, by the merest accident he met his former pastor, Dr. J., who was on his way to visit a brother at Camp Celestial, twenty-five miles back of Boulder. Carl received and accepted from the Doctor an invitation to accompany him on his visit. They found his brother in a comfortable summer residence at Camp Celestial.

After a few days of rest, the two brothers and Carl and a guide started by team to Arapahoe. They had a splendid team and were well equipped with blankets, provisions, and fire-arms. Captain Mac acted as guide

and teamster. The route lay over mountains, through canyons, through the most beautiful groves of fir and pine. Through almost every ravine a mountain torrent ran, foaming, dashing, and rushing over its rocky bed, telling of the rapid dissolution of the mighty snow-fields by which these streams are fed.

Arriving at Caribou in the middle of the afternoon, they are informed by their guide that it will be necessary to perform the rest of their journey on foot. Each carried provisions or blankets. Carl carried two blankets in a shawl-strap.

After some hard and rugged climbing, they reached the timber-line, at an elevation of eleven thousand feet, this being the limit of perpetual snow. Rare, delicate, beautiful flowers bloom in rich profusion, where neither snow nor rocks cover the soil. It was often possible to reach forth the hand and gather enough of these blossoms to form a bouquet while the feet still rested on the snow.

Here, where winter claims an eternal reign and ever wears his snowy crown, nature puts him to defiance—driving the snow by mighty winds from the mountain-ridge, and weaving over its face the richest carpet of flowers. Snow Lake lay across the canyon from the trail—a beautiful, clear, crystal lake, which, by the sun's last rays, mirrored in its bosom the rocky mountain peaks, and sent forth from its side a silver stream, which fell over the precipice and was lost in the canyon below.

The raging waters, the snowy peaks, the murmuring of the winds in the pines below them, and the setting sun, gave, to a nature like Carl's a sensation of the

most ecstatic delight, mingled with awe and reverence to Him who said: "Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together."

As they proceeded up the mountain-side, the air grew thinner, and more frequent rests were necessary.

During one of these resting-times, Carl could not resist the temptation to enjoy a bit of boyish fun. So, *throwing* down his bundle, he proceeded to *roll* down a few boulders; these went leaping, rushing, careering, thundering down thousands of feet, until lost from sight below timber limit.

The guide had cautioned Carl to watch his bundle. Just as he and the others are starting on, suddenly a mighty shout is heard, and they turn to look for Carl, who is a hundred yards or more in the rear and in rapid pursuit of an object which went leaping from rock to rock. With almost equal celerity Carl followed, while peal upon peal of laughter from the guide and his companions made the mountains ring.

Smaller and smaller grew the moving objects as they descended, until at last they disappeared from sight behind an intervening precipice. They were not more than out of sight before the quick firing of a revolver was heard. They gazed intently down the mountain-side, and a moment after saw Carl, several hundred yards below them, appear around the precipice. And then there came, wafted to the ear, Carl's voice, as he shouted: "I have found it! I've found it!"

When Carl again joined the company, they declared his blankets contained several bullet-holes, and pronounced him a success after mountain-sheep.



The moon had climbed above old "Baldy" ere the company reached Lone Cabin, a rude structure formed of pine logs and covered with bark and moss. "Hallo!" said Captain Mac, and immediately the rude door swung open, and a head appeared. It was the head of the "Wild Man of the Mountains." Captain Mac and he were old-time friends. They had been together in the rebel army, had repented their enlistment, deserted, and come North.

Carl did not wonder that he was called the "Wild Man of the Mountains." He was unshaven, unshorn, and dressed in buckskin pants and red flannel shirt.

He gave them a hearty welcome, and, after a warm supper prepared by himself and Captain Mac, they spread their blankets and lay down to sleep.

Every member of the little company was up before the sun, on the following morning, and went forth into the morning air to breathe its freshness and listen to the songs of the spring birds.

Breakfast over, they proceeded to execute the most difficult part of their journey.

Captain Mac took their dinner-basket on his arm and beckoned them to follow, and, with feelings of mingled hopes, expectations, and fears, they obeyed. Up, up, they toil; now they reach a great snow-bank, and crawling to its edge, look down, down, over the awful precipice, thousands of feet below. The thin air of the lofty height is too much for Carl, and he is compelled to stop and rest, and when he shuts his eyes he sees visions of himself tumbling down the sides of the mighty mountains.

Still onward and upward they press, leaving far be-

low them forests of silver pine, dizzy precipices, a panorama of majestic peaks, whose heads were capped with clouds. They reach the summit. Ah, when did man ever purchase a richer reward at a smaller cost than they had purchased in the sublime scene which spread out before them! Carl was aroused as never before in his life. The man who could behold such a vision as was now spread out before them in all its loveliness and grandeur, unmoved, would certainly be of the earth earthy.

To adore the Creator, to praise Him for His mighty works, to feel an ineffable reverence for His holy name, seemed only the natural emotion of the soul. After drinking in the grandeur in one general view, Carl began to question the guide.

"That lofty peak to the north," said Captain Mac, "is Long's Peak; now look to the south, and those snowy caps are the summits of James and Gray; look to the westward—you are looking at north, center, and south parks. That blue line to the far west is the crest of the Wasatch, three hundred miles away." Turning again, "Yonder," he said, "is Denver, seventy-five miles distant." The morning was clear and the atmosphere in the best condition possible to take in an extended landscape. Toward noon they noticed a singular appearance upon a lofty mountain to the west. It looked like a column of smoke—Mac said they were going to have a storm. He continued: "We are in the home of the storm-king—he sits on these mountains as his throne. Out there the cloud not bigger than a man's hand begins. These mountains are all electro-magnets.

That mountain where you see the cloud will form the storm and pitch it over to yonder peak. James will toss it over to Arapahoe, which in turn will send it on to Long's Peak. Long will give it a mighty cast down to Pike, and Pike will send it to the plains." The clouds grew, became dark, and illumined with lightning. It stretched eastward until it spread like a mantle around James' Peak, hiding it entirely from view; then it reached over until it was beneath their feet, shutting out the scene below.

Carl marked how the upper surface resembled the mighty ocean tumultuous with waves. They could see the lightning and hear the thunder, but they were above the storm, and on them the sun was shining brightly—fit symbol of those souls which in purity of motive and action rise above the storm-clouds of life's tempest and bathe in the sunlight of Heaven's love.

When the company returned to Camp Celestial, Captain Mac was handed a letter mailed at Fort Benton, Montana. It was from a brother whom he had supposed dead, but who was alive, well, and *wealthy*, and who wished Mac to come to him at once.

Mac decided to start for Helena by rail the next morning, and Carl consented to accompany him.

Bidding adieu to the Johnson brothers, they set out on the following morning, and, after a tiresome ride of several days, reached Helena. Here they found it would be necessary to stage it the rest of the way to Fort Benton, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. A ride of thirty-six straight hours in a regular tally-ho

coach and four was to Carl's mind a delight he could scarce have hoped for.

They learned that the road would take them through Prickly Pear Canyon. After the first flush of pleasure at thought of taking such a ride had passed through Carl's mind, stories of stage robberies, road agents, Younger brothers, and the like passed before his vision. Then came thoughts of home, of parents, of loved ones far away, of Dora—oh! what would he not give to know why she had never answered his letter!

The day for their departure at last arrived. Several days in advance they had secured a seat on the outside with the driver. Their fare amounted to twenty-three dollars each, and no extra charge for sleeping accommodations, as they partook of that luxury as best they could, either sitting, standing, or doubled up, as the case might be. Carl had hopes of securing sleeping-quarters in the boot, which lies under the driver's seat, and which he was told by old-timers was quite comfortable.

When the day for departure arrived, Carl was ready long before the hour of starting came.

Several stages were standing before the office in process of loading, which is as mysterious as it is incomprehensible, for more can be stowed away to the square inch in a coach, by an old hand, than tongue can tell, or the mind of a tenderfoot conceive. Carl and Captain Mac having discovered their coach, mounted beside the driver, the good-natured, jolly, weather-beaten Jack McDugal, famous as a story-teller—not liar—as they discovered **after** starting; and also quite a *beau* along the lines.

Captain Mac had laid in a large supply of cigars for himself and driver; for all who smoke know what an open sesame to a smoker's heart a good Havana is.

The summer morning was quite cool, and there were some indications of rain, but Carl was provided with both overcoat and water-proof. Carl and Captain Mac were the only passengers on the top, the others having been stowed away among boxes and packages inside. Two of the passengers were ladies, who, Carl learned afterward, were a mother and daughter from Cincinnati, Ohio.

All things were ready, and Jack had clambered to his seat, lighted a cigar furnished by Captain Mac, took up his whip, and with a crack like the report of a "42," they were off like the wind. The motion of the coach swaying on the long leather thorough-braces, is not unlike that of a monstrous cradle, although more unsteady and uncertain. The motion is much more pleasant to those on the outside than to the inside passengers—the latter often suffering the worst pangs of seasickness.

Swinging down around the foot of Mount Helena, they were soon winding through a canyon, over a wild and broken highway, toward Silver City—afterward the scene of one of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders, and one most quickly avenged.

Before arriving there they met the incoming coach, and were notified that a lady passenger awaited them at Silver City.

Carl noted the mutual friendship arising between Jack and Captain Mac, as each spun his story for the benefit

of the other; but Carl himself was thoughtful and melancholy.

Captain Mac noticed this fact with much concern, for it was so unlike Carl's usual buoyant spirits. He knew that something unusual must have happened, and he awaited an opportunity to make inquiry of Carl as to the cause of his sadness. In the meanwhile his conversation with Jack did not lag, nor were the cigars left unlighted.

Soon they espied the houses of Silver City, nestled among the foot-hills, but offering scarcely space for them to stretch their legs and walk about a little, preparatory to another fifteen-mile ride, while a change of horses was being made.

The new passenger proved to be a lady of the strawberry-blonde order—fat, fair, and forty, if a day; she was arrayed in Mother Goose ecru straw hat, with dark blue ribbons and a pink flower, apparently all in the first stages of newness, and of which she was evidently very proud. Mr. Jack, as the ladies called him, managed to stow her away somewhere in the already well-packed coach. As they rolled away, they could hear a voice like that of the grave-digger in Hamlet, exclaim at every violent motion of the stage, "Oh, my hat! oh, my neck!" but where the neck was, Carl had failed to discover.

They were now entering the canyon, and the scenery was grand beyond description. High above them on either hand towered the lofty mountains, nature's bulwarks, and from out the crevices where it would seem no vegetation could exist; grew tall pines whose tops

seemed to pierce the blue of the summer sky. Below them, now on the right and now on the left, glittering in the sunlight like a band of burnished gold, again like shimmering silver, ran a mountain stream, clear as crystal. Carl's heart leaped within him, and his face brightened, as he contemplated the beauties by which he was surrounded; and his soul was filled with the deepest reverence as he gazed upon the ever-changing landscape.

“ The mountain ridges against the purple sky  
Stand clear and strong with darkened rocks and dells:  
The cloudless brightness opens wide and high  
A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.”

Still on they went, winding along the side of a mountain, over a road so narrow that it seemed as though they must be capsized. And as they looked down below them upon the rocks and pines, Carl could not repress a shudder now and then. But Jack was a skillful driver, and Carl soon threw his fears to the wind, and drank in the beauty and grandeur about him. Occasionally, however, he was compelled to descend from his heights of rapture, to listen to the narratives of Jack and Mac—for one who has for years driven a stage-coach through the mountains has a wonderful fund of information, both amusing and interesting, and Jack was not an Irishman without the native wit.

From Jack's lips Carl picked up many choice bits not found in history, which in after years he related in the class-room, much to the refreshing of his classes.

The sun had now completely gained the mastery over the clouds, and was rolling his way across the flecked sky, scattering and dispelling the clouds, until soon the heavens presented one unbroken dome of blue.

Carl sat silent and thoughtful; Captain Mac and Jack had dispensed with their cigars, and each seemed wrapped in his own meditations.

Finally Carl broke the silence by turning to Captain Mac and saying:

"Captain, do you believe in dreams?"

The Captain was so absorbed in his own thoughts, that it was necessary for Carl to repeat his question, which he did hesitatingly, as if ashamed or afraid of being considered superstitious.

"I cannot say I do," said the Captain. "Why do you ask?"

After a moment's thought Carl answered: "Let me relate to you an incident, for I am certain you will be interested."

"When I was a boy," continued Carl, "I knew and loved a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl. Once I saved her life. In youth my love grew stronger, and when manhood came, I offered my ripened love for love. I had every reason to believe she would accept it, but my letter to her was lost; she never received it. Last evening, in looking over the '*Helena Daily*,' I read, under the title 'A Defective Letter-Box,' a history of how through a defective slot more than one hundred letters had been lost among the dust of the old building. It was at that same office that I mailed my letter. When I went to my room I could not sleep; I lived over again all the scenes with Dora, and thought how heartless she must have thought me to leave her so abruptly and never to have written. I sat down and wrote to her at once telling her all, and cutting out the notice in the *Daily* to inclose with



my letter. Then I remembered she might be married, and so I destroyed my letter.

"Again I threw myself on my bed, and vainly courted the sleepy god. Toward morning I fell into a heavy slumber and dreamed. I cannot tell where I was, for the surroundings were new and strange to me; unknown faces were about me; the sky became darkly overcast, and the mutterings of a storm were heard in the distance; birds were fluttering about, calling to their mates, and exhibiting the unmistakable signs of fear and impending danger.

"Suddenly, above the tumult of the storm, I heard a cry of one in distress. I listened, but no one else seemed to hear; again I heard it, and this time I could distinguish the words, 'Carl, Carl! save me!' I could move neither hand nor foot. It was Dora's voice calling to me, but I seemed riveted to the spot. In my struggles to move I awakened; and I was sitting up on my bed trembling from head to foot, and great drops of perspiration were on my forehead. Such a hold did my dream take upon me that sleep was now impossible, and I arose and dressed myself, but could not banish it from my mind. I firmly believe that I shall see Dora soon."

With this recital, Carl lapsed into silence, and Captain Mac, after looking sharply at him for a moment, turned his face toward the snowy peaks on their left.

Jack was the first to speak. Taking out his watch, he informed them they would soon be at Mitchell's Ranch, where they would eat and rest.

Before reaching there, however, he pointed out to his companions a beautiful little spot and said:

"There is where Captain Clark was massacred by the Indians. Captain Clark had come to Montana in a very early day, and, like many others, had married an Indian wife, from the Piegan tribe, and had settled in the Prickly Pear Canyon. He had in a great measure supported his wife's family until patience ceased to be a virtue, and he drove them away. Becoming incensed at this treatment, a party of them returned one day and shot him dead in the presence of his wife and children. This was in 1869. Helen P. Clark, one of his daughters, is probably one of the best teachers and best educated half-breed women in Montana. For many years she has been superintendent of schools in Lewis and Clarke County. She is now studying for the stage, and is quite an elocutionist."

"Mitchell's Ranch! All unload for dinner!" was the welcome call of Jack as he alighted from the stage; and never was a call more welcome or a dinner better appreciated. After an hour of rest they resumed their seats and were off again. The day continued beautiful and the scenery none the less magnificent, and Carl felt in sympathy with the one who penned this sentiment:

"I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me, and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities a torture."

This day, like all others, had its close, and they were nearing Rock Creek, where they were to change horses and drivers, eat supper, and take a little rest. The last was much needed, for the passengers were sadly fatigued from their long ride.

Within a few miles of the station, as they were traveling leisurely along, each intent upon his own thoughts,

a rattling, as of a vehicle being driven rapidly over the rocky road, broke upon their ears; but they could see nothing, as the road wound around the mountain.

"We're in a pickle," said Jack, "for we can't pass anybody here."

Carl had not thought of this; but he at once saw the truth of Jack's words.

The rattling now became louder and more distinct.

Suddenly there dawned upon them a sight which almost caused their hearts to cease beating; for directly in front, and coming toward them, they saw a pair of horses, wild with fright, attached to an open buggy in which was a lady.

"Great Heavens!" said Carl; "she will be killed!" And before a word could be said in reply, he was on the ground and running at full speed toward the runaway team.

Jack called to the ladies to jump from the coach, which they did, and at once clambered upon the projecting rocks out of the reach of danger. On came the maddened creatures, while Carl stood like a statue awaiting their approach.

Suddenly, above the tumult was heard the cry:

"Carl! save me!"

Carl grasped the bits of the near horse, and was lifted from the ground.

Then horses and man went to the ground together.

Captain Mac was on the spot in a moment, expecting to find the brave fellow killed; but Carl sprang up immediately, and leaving Captain Mac to quiet the trem-

bling, foam-covered horses, he was by the side of the buggy, assisting the lady to alight.

"Carl!"

"Dora, you are safe."

But the shock was too great for her nerves, and she fainted. The contents of a flask from Jack's pocket soon restored her.

"Am I dreaming? Carl, where are you?"

"Here, Dora—you are not dreaming, but you have had a narrow escape."

Dora explained that she and her cousin had stopped at Rock Creek for a drink, and while he had gone down the hill to get it, the team became frightened at a flock of sheep, and she could not hold them. Carl volunteered to drive her back to Rock Creek.

When alone, Carl said:

"Dora, how is it that you are here, and alone? I cannot comprehend it."

She replied: "I am on my way to the Friends' Mission to teach the Indians;" and after a pause she continued: "Oh, Carl, I owe my life to you! How shall I ever repay you?"

"I am already repaid," said Carl, "in knowing that I have helped to prolong such a noble life. Here comes your cousin, and I will relinquish my seat to him."

As the coach came up, Carl refused his seat, preferring to walk the rest of the way to Rock Creek, which was now very near.

After supper Carl and Dora walked down the mountain road alone. She clasped her hands around his arm, and allowed him to assist and support her, as she was still

nervous from her fright. Carl felt that never before in his life had he been so happy.

They reached a shelving rock on the hill-side, just above the spring, and both were seated for a quiet talk, and as the setting sun shone over them and glorified the look of happiness on Dora's face, Carl had no words with which to express the emotions that filled his heart. So the sun sank lower, and the air from the mountain grew chill, and Carl drew the fleecy shawl, which he had carried on his arm, closer around Dora's shoulders. Words were hardly needed, for eye and tone had told the old story that is ever new, in the first few moments that they were together.

It did not take long to explain all. Dora told him of her anxious hours, and he told of his work in the West. The air grew cooler, and they started to retrace their steps.

As they came to a turn in the road, a wild rose-bush hung, full of bloom, over a projecting boulder. Dora unclasped her hands from his arm, and plucked the inviting flowers, and with a few fern-leaves made a bouquet, and turning to Carl, she held them up and said:

"How beautiful! Shall I divide them with you?"

He stepped forward, and as he received them he kissed the hand that presented them.

It was now time for them to return, as the stage would start again in a few moments.

When they arrived at Rock Creek the coach was already in waiting. Carl bade Dora a hasty good-bye, and was soon out of sight, around the mountain cliff.

Captain Mac found Carl more cheerful, but not **more**

talkative. As night approached a snow-storm set in, and Carl and the Captain found more comfortable quarters on the inside. All night long the storm raged. A blind confidence in their driver drove away all fear from the passengers.

In due time Fort Benton was reached, and Carl became for a few days the guest of the Captain's brother. He then joined a party of tourists bound for Seattle. Arriving there, he took a vessel for San Francisco; and after a pause of a few days spent at the pleasant home of Ripley Long, a former class-mate at Griffinsville, he again continued his journey southward to Los Angeles. Carl stopped long enough to purchase a young orange grove a little south of the city. It included ten acres. From Los Angeles he returned overland via the Santa Fe route, and arrived at D in ample time to rest before beginning the work of the next school year.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOME.

“And when men see some fruit of work well done,  
When something of earth's happiness is won,  
And they begin to dream of rest and strife—  
When children fill the home, and day by day  
Our youthful dreams of glory fade away—  
Then is the mellow autumn tide of life.”

Dr. Corwin met Carl at the train on his return, and noted with much delight the improvement in his health.

Carl was thoroughly “*tanned*,” and with a blanket and feathers might easily have been taken for at least a half-breed. As they came to the hotel where the Doctor had formerly boarded, Carl expected him to stop; but as the Doctor showed no signs of doing so, Carl inquired if he had changed his boarding place. The Doctor responded, pushing his hat on the back of his head as he spoke:

“Well, yes, I should say I had—that is, I have set up housekeeping myself, and taken in a single boarder.”

“What! you married? Great Scott! give us your hand!”

While they were shaking hands, along came Barney Strong, and as he recognized Carl, he reached out his hand, saying, “T-t-take keer there, boys! T-t-take keer, there's the professor: I was tellin' the old woman

you'd be back all safe, as the stars were all right when you went away. T-t-take keer there, boys! I've been a visitin' too, since you was here. I was in Des Moines, a visitin' Uncle Jimmie DeMott. T-t-take keer there, boys! They're the same old couple yet."

Ezra and Mary welcomed Carl as though he had been their own son, and that evening at supper he enjoyed the waffles and tea with infinite delight; and when the shades of evening had come and he ascended to his chamber, he knelt down in the silence and poured forth a prayer of thankfulness for his safe return, and for all the joy that had come to his soul during his absence. And then he added a petition for strength and vigor to carry forward the work of the school-year to a successful termination.

When the old school-bell called again to duty, there was not a vacant seat. The work for the term had been carefully prepared by Carl before he went West; therefore the first day's work was just as effectual as any. Carl felt his renewed strength and vigor, and also that he had largely increased his stock of general knowledge.

It would be well if every teacher could find the time and money to spend a vacation, now and then, as Carl spent this one. It would add new life and vigor both to mind and body. And that school board would be the wisest who would pay such wages as would warrant the teacher in making such summer tours.

To enter into the details of this year's work in school would be but to repeat what has already been written in these pages. That the work was well done, I need but to mention that Carl was offered the position again, and accepted it at an increased salary.



When the May cherries were blushing again, and the peonies were dropping their petals, Carl thought of his long absence from home, and decided at once to return and visit it. It would not now seem the same old home, for a mother would not be there to greet him; but there were other loved ones there; and the rocks, and hills, and streams would be unchanged, and he would renew their acquaintance once more. They would have for him a thousand recollections, a thousand refreshings and blessings. Carl's cultivated taste in perceiving the beautiful and the sublime in nature had led him to be favorably influenced by their ministries.

He had been led to see the supreme relation these tastes and sensibilities bear to moral and spiritual life. He could not tell the psychological reason why nature made these ecstatic impressions. He had studied somewhat the laws of light and shade, and the mechanism of vision; but he had learned that beyond this science does not conduct us. The deep secrets, the divine mysteries of our life and being, are forever hidden. Carl could see that of proximate causes he knew nothing. Even within the domain of consciousness and intuitiveness, he found himself shut up within the limits of observed and registered phenomena. He could not get beyond their chronological relations and dependencies, but on this account he did not love philosophy less, but revered his own being more, and admired with a deeper intensity universal nature, instinct with diversity, and full of the secrets and mysteries of God.

Carl's psychological studies in trying to understand his own being had led him to see, not only in himself,

but in every one, that long before the capacity to reason is developed, or habits of reflection formed, deep-seated in the soul of infant man is the love of the beautiful manifest. Attractive objects to the infant eye, and simple melodies to the infant ear, are as old as Cain, both to civilized and uncivilized life.

Oh, teacher, here was Carl's greatest success—leading upward, upward, along God's pathway of endless beauty and symmetry.

The Indian heard the roar of the great cataract, and named it Niagara, "*The Water Thunder.*" He looked by night into the bosom of a quiet river, and called it Shenandoah, "*Daughter of the Stars.*" The plashing of a western river sounded in his ear like the voice of mirth and gladness, and he called it Minnehaha, "*The Laughing Water.*"

What testimonies are these to the great fact that the love of the beautiful is first, is always, is everywhere!

Carl believed that in childhood this love of the beautiful was ever trying to gain despotic sway over the entire soul. This to him was the supreme law of taste. It demands that all things with which the human soul has to do, material or immaterial, animate or inanimate, shall conform to some ideal of beauty; and it is only after a continued warfare against this esthetic element of our being, that it yields, and leaves the soul a prey to selfishness and lust. In taking this view, Carl could not conceive of a greater misfortune, save the utter abandonment by the spirit of God, that could befall a human being in this present life, than that this love of the beautiful should remain undeveloped.

Thanks to the Heavenly Father, this capacity of the soul to drink in the beautiful has no relations to dollars and cents, to interest-tables or discounts. It has no immediate relations to our animal life. We look upon an opening rose-bud and *feel* that it is beautiful, without thinking of its ultimate purpose in the economy of the plant. This element of the soul is not the heritage of the rich alone. Thank God, beauty and sublimity, the soul's needed good, unhedged lie open in life's common field, and bids all welcome to the vital feast. Oh, teacher, wander with the children in this common field! It is the river of life in this world; its waters are for the healing of their child-troubles and sorrows.

The morning for Carl's departure came, and as he passed down the street, grip in hand, he met his old friend Barney.

"Hello, Barney! I'm going away again; how are the stars this time?"

"T-t-t-take keer there, boys! take keer! Dog my cuts, Mr. McKenzie, if I didn't tell the old woman last night that something unusual was goin' to happen, and here it is. T-t-take keer there, boys! there's a weddin' in it too, somewhere. I know a thing or two. Old Barney hasn't always had his eyes shut. I-I-I haven't lived always for nothin'."

"Thank you, Barney; but I fear all you predict will not be true—at least in my case."

"T-t-take keer there, boys! the stars never lie—mind that, now!"

Carl gave Barney a warm shake of the hand, and bade him good-bye.

The first man whom Carl met as he stepped off the train at Cincinnati was Charles Dummond. He informed Carl that he owned and operated the largest art gallery in the city, but that he had long since ceased to paint pictures in an old wood-shed, with pokeberry-juice for paint.

Carl changed cars at Cincinnati, and as he took his seat a fine-looking gentleman offered him his hand, and said:

"You do not know me? Well, I am the boy who swore on the ball-ground when you taught at Glady."

Carl shook his hand warmly, and during their conversation he learned that James was traveling agent for a school-furnishing company.

Dr. McKenzie met his son at the depot. It seemed so long to them both since they had met.

He drove Carl to the country home of his daughter Bess. The Doctor made his home there since the death of his wife Jane. Carl marked the silver in his father's hair, the lack of elasticity in his step; but the spirit was as buoyant as ever, softened a little in a gentler love.

During those happy June days, Carl and his father lived over again the former life with gun and rod. But *Fido* was not with them; he had died from snake-bite long since.

The Doctor took infinite delight in hearing Carl tell of the great West, and many times expressed a desire to visit it; and Carl determined in his own mind that, if

the Heavenly Father permitted, that desire should be fully realized.

Carl spent a day at the academy at M. He learned while there that Prof. Moon was president of a college in Eastern Ohio; that his room-mate, Nolder, was a practicing physician in the city of Chicago; that Mr. Ousley was in the employ of the United States as civil engineer.

The first Sabbath morning dawned with a cloudless sky. The trees were perfect, robed in their new foliage and fair luxuriance. The bees hum about the clover. The bob-white, from his perch upon the rail, calls to his mate. A solemn stillness reigns. It was—

“A morn when all the hedgerows glimmer white  
With summer snows, scattered by hawthorn flowers;  
A morn when Nature trembles with delight,  
And love is lingering in the golden hours,  
And hiding 'mongst the purple shades that lie  
Where the dim forest fringes meet the bending sky.”

Carl and Bess have woven a garland of smilax and pansies, and are wending their way across the field and through the woodland to a quiet little cemetery, beautifully located on a mound of more than an acre, and neatly kept. There their mother sleeps. As they walk along Bess relates to him all the story of her sickness, suffering, and final victory in death.

As they approach nearer they walk in silence. Carl lifts the latch to the little gate, they enter, and Bess takes his arm and leads the way. As they approach the grave both kneel down, and the garland is placed on the head of the grave. The thoughts that come to Carl at this hour are too sacred for these pages.

There is a chamber in life's halls where God and self alone may enter and commune together. The doors to that chamber are widest open to the Father when sorrow is the deepest: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." May it not be that sorrow comes often because we will not hear, and will not open?

The grave was overgrown with myrtle. Carl gathered a few leaves to carry away and keep. They start back to the little gate, and not a word is spoken; before they reach it Carl stops and turns around to look again. He puts an arm around his sister, leans his head on her shoulder and weeps.

Again they turn, and pass out the little gate, silent at first; but gradually the veil of sorrow lifts. The spirit has mellowed and sweetened the soul, and life is more blessed. "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." They stop on the way to enjoy the cool breezes under the shade of a spreading chestnut. Carl related to Bess the incidents connected with his journeying in the mountains, and his strange but happy meeting with Dora; and Bess enters into full sympathy with him in all his experiences. He informed her that he expected Dora to come to Ohio in a few days—and that she might guess the rest.

Again they wandered on, and it was high noon when they reached home. During the afternoon of that Sabbath, Carl accompanied the Doctor in a visit to see a patient; but when evening came Carl felt that he would like to be alone, and recall the events not only of the day, but of the long, long past. On the hill-side he found a jutting rock and sat down. It is well for the

soul at times to claim a season of meditation when evening folds her drooping wings, and let your soul be won to reverence and love by the subdued glories of the dying day. No hour like that which immediately succeeds the setting of the sun on a calm summer evening! The shadows gradually deepen in the woodland, and darkness gathers in the valleys; the birds close their vesper hymn; one by one the bright stars appear, and slowly and gently the night, cool and dewy, comes down with a holy stillness upon the world. It is hard to conceive how Heaven itself can be more divinely beautiful!

Carl sat wedded to the beauties of the stilly night long after the lights went out in the home he had just left.

He sat and listened to the voices that whispered to his soul of the days gone and of those to come. They were not specters, those voices, but angels with messages of love; and as he sat and listened to the night wind that murmured among the trees near by, or the hoarser moaning through the swaying trees of the distant forest as the wind arose, he thought of the infinite and omniscient spirit whose presence was his safety and his life, and his enfranchised soul ascended to claim its part in the rejoicing suns and circling worlds that chant their battle anthems in the deeps of heaven.

On the following morning Carl received this missive:

"HOME, June —, 18—

"DEAR CARL:—

"The roses are in bloom, and the placid waters of the river await the disturbing oar. DORA."

Carl answered this note in person the same evening.

For the few following weeks he was often at the Dundore home. Then there was a quiet wedding, and, shortly after, Carl, accompanied by Dora, returned to D., where a neat little cottage home awaited them, and where Dora was a constant help and sympathizer with Carl in all his school-work, and where evening after evening they entertained Carl's senior class, in their social and literary efforts. It was a home where *all* found their welcome, and where the sad at heart found burdens of care lifted by kind and sympathetic words. Society at D. found in Dora just that friend it needed—not an arrogant, selfish, flippant daughter of fashion, but a warm-hearted, cultured, earnest Christian worker, whose mind and heart was ever fertile with helpful word and practical suggestion.

Next morning after their return to D., as Carl was walking down town, he was startled by the voice of a person not seen but near by: "T-t-t-take keer there, boys! Take keer! I knew them 'ere stars wouldn't lie. T-t-t-take keer there now, boys! Last week, when the old woman and me was pullin' a mess of roastin'-ears, Old Barney just wheeled right over, and the old woman thought I'd gone; and when she turned me over, I opened my eyes and said, 'T-t-take keer there, boys! Old Barney han't a-goin' yet.'"

"Well, Barney, will we have an early winter?"

"T-t-take keer there! The sweet potato vines are in full bloom, and that's a sure sign of late fall and winter."

Carl and Dora labored together for many years in this happy home in D. But Carl felt the need of a change of climate and occupation. They had been frugal and



saving, and had amassed enough to build them a comfortable home on the property owned at Los Angeles, California.

And now, my reader, as I approach the last pages of this little volume, I ask you to pass over several years and go with me to a beautiful home a little south of Los Angeles. Picture to yourself a high table-land, fertile as a garden, with orchards of pear and quince, grape and apricot, peach and plum. Look to the north or to the south, and snowy mountain-peaks meet your gaze. Look to the east, and long avenues of orange trees invite your steps, and their golden fruit tempt your appetite. Look beyond the beautiful lawn in front, and to the west, and "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" meets your view. Bring your eyes back to the lawn. In the center is a fountain sending its silver spray high in the air. From its base white pebbled walks radiate in eight directions, as if to meet the angles of an octagon. These walks are lined with the most delicate flowers and foliage plants; oleander and rhododendrons are interspersed here and there, and the closely mown sward feels like a carpet to the feet.

The residence is modern in structure, but is more convenient than palatial, more useful than elegant.

This is the home of Dora and Carl. Here is where they hold sweet converse with nature. Here is where they look out on the beauties of God's world, when the morning breaks and the curtain of night is slowly lifting. Here is where they hear the first notes of the robin, and inhale the sweet odor of the orange blossom. This is not a home of luxuriant, dissipated ease, but it is a

home of cheerful, active employment, interspersed with the comforts of repose.

As I sit and pen these lines, and look out upon old ocean and hear its distant dashings and murmurings as the tide comes in, the white sail upon its bosom is a silent reminder that we are all, all, on the ocean of time, and these lines of Whittier come to me most forcibly:

"I know not where God's islands lift  
Their froned palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

And a sentence comes down over the centuries and cheers my soul: "In my father's house are many mansions."

And now I hear the patter of childish feet on the stairway; the door is gently pushed aside, and Blanche and Paul have come to call me to the evening meal. They take each a hand, and we descend.

Dr. McKenzie, with his cheerful face and silvered beard, stands at the head of the table. I take my place on his right; Dora, with baby Lavinia in her arms, opposite to me, with a face radiant with the bloom of health, contentment, and love; Blanche goes to my right, and Paul to Dora's left. We sit—the Doctor raises his voice in simple thanksgiving. The last rays of a sinking sun throw a mellow light upon the happy group. Let us leave them to the enjoyment of their repast and the rare delights of a happy home.

THE END.









JUN 4 - 1947

